



*FIFTY YEARS OF SPORT*

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## TO MY WIFE

who for more than twenty-six years has never allowed her personal convenience to interfere with my expeditions for business, sport, or soldiering, but, on the other hand, has invariably helped me and given me every encouragement.





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## FOREWORD

OF all living sportsmen none has had so varied a career, none has had so great an influence on the rising generation, and none is so well known and universally popular as Lieut.-Col. E. D. Miller.

Born in 1865, he was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, joining the 17th Lancers at Lucknow in 1887. Though Ted Miller retired from the Army as a young man, his military career excelled that of many who have spent their lives in the regular Army. In the South African War he was selected to act as Brigade Major to General Lord Chesham's Imperial Yeomanry Brigade, earning his D.S.O. in 1900; and in the Great War he served in Flanders, first as a squadron leader in the Northamptonshire Yeomanry, from which he was promoted to command the Pembrokeshire Yeomanry, and, towards the end of the war, he acted as Master of the Horse on the staff of the XV Corps.

In the latter capacity his exceptional knowledge of horse management, his keen sense of duty, combined with his genial manner with all ranks, soon brought him to the notice of higher commanders, and no one deserved recognition by the award of the C.B.E. more than he did.

Although Colonel Miller is generally known more as a polo player, this has been but one of the many sports in which he has taken a prominent part. He has hunted all his life, both in Ireland and England, and for the past thirty years with the Pytchley, where, even when not mounted as well as many, he was always to be met with in the front rank.

When in India with the 17th Lancers, and, later, on several visits, he joined shooting expeditions in Kashmir and Nepal, and was well known as a pig-sticker at Cawnpore and in Behar. To this may be added big game shooting in East Africa. Even apart from his remarkable polo career, this record of a soldier and a sportsman is one that is much beyond the average.

As a polo player, organiser, and manager Ted Miller stands alone. He had not been with his regiment two years before he

played in the winning team of the 17th Lancers in the Inter-Regimental and Calcutta Polo Tournaments of 1888 and 1889, and within four years of organising the Rugby Polo Club in 1893 he captained this team, and won the Champion Cup at Hurlingham in 1897, also winning it again in 1898, 1899, 1902, and 1904.

Ted Miller was polo manager of Ranelagh from 1895 to 1902, when the three brothers organised Roehampton, and in 1905 he was selected as polo manager at Hurlingham, which post he held until 1908. For five years he managed the polo at Ostende, and in 1907 he started polo at Cannes, and acted there as manager for seven years.

In America he is as well known in the polo world as in England, having been manager of the Duke of Westminster's team, which competed for the International Cup in 1913, since when he has been in constant touch with America's representatives, visiting Long Island again in 1924.

Now in his sixtieth year, Lieut.-Col. Miller is becoming well known as an organiser in county work in Warwickshire, where he is Deputy Lieutenant and a Justice of the Peace, and was the chairman of the Conservative Association of the Rugby Division.

In 1899 Colonel Miller married the daughter of Colonel Langtry of the 8th Hussars. His elder son, Gordon, was killed in the late war, a great loss to the Royal Artillery, of which he was an officer, and to the sporting world as well. His younger son, Desmond, is now an officer in Lieut.-Col. Miller's old regiment, and shows every promise of following in his father's footsteps, both as a soldier and a leading polo player.

To give in detail all the achievements of Ted Miller would occupy more space than is available. As the chairman of the County Polo Association, of the National Pony Society, of the Hurlingham Polo Handicapping Committee, he has worked as hard for the public good as he did as a soldier in the field, or as a polo player when trying to win for his side.

BEAUVOIR DE LISLE.

# *Fifty Years of Sport*

## CHAPTER I

1870

No game was ever worth a rap  
For a rational man to play,  
Into which no accident, no mishap,  
Could possibly find its way.

—*Adam Lindsay Gordon.*

It was in the winter of 1870-71 that my father moved from London and took on a long lease a big, old, rambling house called Tolmers, on the top of a hill in Hertfordshire. Here it was that at a very early age my sporting career may be said to have commenced.

Though it was only eighteen miles from Hyde Park Corner, it was in the depths of the country, five miles from any railway station. An ideal place for children, it had a very large garden, some seventy acres of grass land, a wood of about a hundred acres, and about a thousand acres of partridge shooting, which belonged to the estate. We were close to a big chain of woods stretching for many miles, from Potter's Bar, on the Great Northern Railway, to Broxbourne, on the Great Eastern.

My first experience of fox-hunting was in 1872, at the age of seven, and it was hardly a success from my point of view. I only went out once that season, and then never got beyond the meet of the Hertfordshire Hounds at Hatfield Park. My pony, a wicked little brute called Trusty, bolted when he saw the crowd and tried with both heels to kick a very tall horse, ridden by Sir Edgar Lubbock, in the stomach. Fortunately, the pony was too diminutive to do any damage, but I thought hunting a much over-rated amusement, for I was sent straight home by my father, in charge of his second horseman. I was not allowed to go out again that season.

The second horseman in question was a lad named Hartwell, who remained with us till the day of his death, in 1923. He served my family for fifty-three years, and was one of the best known and



most respected men in the polo world. He was marvellously clever with horses, and I am sure that, had his lot lain at Newmarket, he could have become one of the leading trainers of thoroughbreds. Any success my brothers and I have had with ponies was largely due to his knowledge, energy, and devoted attention to our interests.

Hatfield was an unlucky meet for the family, for a year or two later my brother George distinguished himself on another tiny pony, a yellow one called Bluebell, by pursuing the fox before the hounds came out of covert. There was a procession across the park: first the fox, then the small boy, with the hounds a bad third. The hunt in this order did not last long, for the pony stopped dead short at a small ditch and shot George into the bottom of it, where he lay while the pack in full cry streamed over him.

I think he was treated with still greater ignominy than had been my lot, for, when rescued, he was sent home in the carriage with his nurse and the babies who had come out to see the fun.

The first real hunting that I took part in was some three or four years later, when I was presented with a much bigger pony. This was a very good, mouse-coloured, 13.2 pony, which we christened Mouse; we had him for quite twelve years, during which time he taught myself and my brothers and sisters to ride, he finished his career as wheeler in a tandem. My father bought this pony from a butcher in Dundrum for the then extravagant price of £30. Dundrum is a village some five miles from Dublin, close to my grandfather's place, which had belonged to his father also.

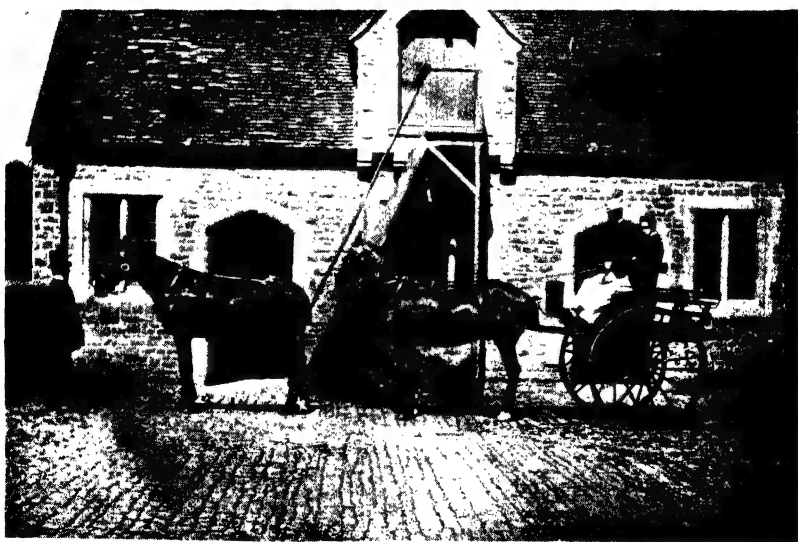
The Hertfordshire Hounds were then hunted by Lord Dacre, who was succeeded the following year by Mr. Gerard Leigh, a great old sportsman, and very rich. His huntsman was Bob Ward, an enormous old man who weighed about eighteen stone. The country, however, was easy, with lots of big woodlands, his horses the best that money could buy, and I think he showed as good sport as most huntsmen would have done.

My father used to keep a number of horses of sorts, as he was fond of buying four-year-olds in Irish fairs, and having them broken to harness by Hartwell. We lived, as I said, five miles from the nearest station, and, as his work took him constantly to London, his amusement about four days in the week was to drive



MISS MAUD MILLER, MISS OLIVIA MILLER  
 ("MOUSE")

G. A. MILLER  
 ("POLLY")



J. HARTWELL

E. D. MILLER, C. D. MILLER

("FARMER" AND "MAJOR," TWO OLD HUNTERS)

"The way we got about Hertfordshire and Surrey in the 'Eighties"





[Elliott & Fry



a pair of young horses in a phaeton at a great pace to the station ; then, when he came back in the evening he was met with a pair of fresh horses, which he used to rattle home in the same way.

In the autumn the old head groom, Evans, used to be sent to the fair of Cahirmee in County Cork to get what young horses were required. On one occasion, about the year 1875, he was sent to buy four colts, but unfortunately he got very drunk and lost them on the way, turning up at home alone and very much the worse for wear.

Hartwell, who was the second man, then twenty-one years old, was sent to London to find them. Eventually, with the aid of a man he knew, who travelled for East, the big carriage-horse dealer and jobmaster, the horses were located in a livery stable not far from Euston. He found five instead of four, for Evans, in addition to the colts, had purchased a big, rawboned ugly brute, an aged hunter called Paddy-from-Cork. This horse was useful now, as he went in the lead with the colts all tied head and tail behind, while Hartwell and East's man led them the eighteen miles home. My father was naturally annoyed with the old groom, who had been with him many years, but I think he was still more angry at the appearance of Paddy-from-Cork, which Evans had bought without authority, than he was with the old man's escapade on his way home.

Some of these young horses afterwards turned out fair hunters, but not very many, as most of them were knocked up in their youth by being driven too fast up and down the big Hertfordshire hills.

In the Christmas holidays of 1878-9 I had a hunt with the Essex Hounds, the details of which I have never forgotten. My father had hired for me from Woodland, the dealer, father of the well-known trainer and jockey, a very good grey pony, which was, I suppose, about 14.2, and when I discovered that the Essex was meeting only about twelve miles away on the other side of Waltham Cross I got leave to go. I was only thirteen years old, and weighed about seven stone. At the first covert I saw a man steal down the side of the little wood. I can see him now in my mind's eye—a hard-bitten, lean-looking sportsman in a bowler hat, dark coat, and brown breeches.

I thought he was a local farmer, and followed him ; we reached

the end of the wood to find no whip there. The fox emerged near us, down wind with the hounds close on his brush. We had about fifteen minutes of the best, and not another soul did we see till we ran to ground in a big wood. The field came up, and then I discovered that my pilot was the celebrated Bob Worrall, huntsman of the Old Berkeley, who was out on a holiday.

He explained to the master that he had holloed the fox away as loud as he could, but that the wind was against him. Whether he was believed or not, I cannot say ; neither can I say if it was an accurate statement or otherwise, for I was far too excited to remember.

The next hunting episodes that remain in my memory took place a year later, again in the Christmas holidays. As my father had been ill, my mother took him away to the South of France ; he had made no arrangements to leave me anything to ride, for my two brothers by this time had inherited the ponies that I had grown out of. My father had left his own two hunters eating their heads off. He was a big man, weighing over sixteen stone ; I was fourteen years of age, and weighed less than eight stone. The horses were two old favourites ; one of them a magnificent chesnut called Cahirmee, exactly the same age as myself, and the other a good old brown mare called Sobersides. My father had not for many years been a hard rider to hounds, and had gone out hunting for fresh air and exercise, and to see his friends, so these horses were hardly the mounts for a keen Harrow boy. However, I was nothing loth when Hartwell suggested that it was a pity they should not earn their keep, and that I was the proper person to keep them busy.

All went well for a day or two, till unfortunately I took Cahirmee out with Swarder's Harriers. The master could not find a hare, so he laid a drag, and I had a desperate gallop, being entirely ignorant of what we were hunting. Of course I could not hold the big horse together, and when we overtook the drag, after about four miles, my mount was broken down. A few days later I broke the mare down with the Hertfordshire Hounds, and neither horse nor mare ever hunted again, though Cahirmee went in harness for many years. I was naturally very nervous concerning my father's homecoming, but all he said to me was : " I hope you enjoyed yourself, my boy, for I shall never want

them again." A true prophecy, unfortunately, for he never recovered.

We got so little hunting, owing to the distance of the kennels from our home, that, by the kindness of the neighbouring farmers, we used to keep our horses and ponies busy with paper-chases, a most amusing form of sport which I have often taken part in, in later years, in India and Egypt.

About the year 1879, however, matters improved; a new pack made its appearance, the Collinedale Staghounds. I believe their kennels were somewhere near Barnet, and they used to hunt the Harrow Vale and a good part of the Hertfordshire country. The secretary and acting master was one Charlie Best, the proprietor or lessee of the Three Horseshoes Hotel in Tottenham Court Road. I cannot remember the names of the committee nor of the leading members of the hunt, but they were friends of the secretary, and probably also followed, for the most part, the profession of licensed victuallers. They were a great crowd; one or two of them dressed in green cut-away coats and hunting caps, a very few in pink, and the others in different rat-catcher garb. But they were brave, cheery sportsmen, especially before the drink died out of them after the hunt breakfasts which we nearly always got either at some hospitable farm, country house, or at a tavern.

The greatest character of the hunt was the amateur huntsman, George Nurse, on his old chesnut horse, Larry. He was sixty years of age, and his horse was supposed to be twenty, but nothing in that country could stop them. Frequently we got into the suburbs of such towns as Barnet, Potter's Bar, and Hatfield, where wire and iron railings abounded. These proved no serious obstacles to Larry, who would arch himself with perfect confidence over four feet of naked wire or iron, while, of course, he made nothing of the stiffest gate or the most awkward stile. Fortunately, in those days barbed wire had not been invented, and there was no wire in the fences.

George Nurse's best performance was on the occasion of an invitation meet in the Whaddon Chase country, where Baron Rothschild hunted his staghounds. All the hardest riders in that sporting part of the world turned out to take old George's number down, but, as luck would have it, the deer when enlarged went



down a lane where there were three five-barred gates, the second one on to a road with another big gate off the road. Then came a canal with a footbridge consisting of a single plank. The gallant old sportsman never stopped to open a gate, but hopped over all three, and when he came to the footbridge dismounted and led his horse over. Unfortunately, the bridge broke, but George and Larry climbed out of the water on the right side and went on alone with hounds. Not a bad performance for horse and man whose ages aggregated eighty years.

My two elder sisters were just as fond of hunting as their brothers, but our parents did not approve of this form of sport for girls, so they only got a rare hunt now and again when I took them out and found hounds—entirely by accident!

We were sometimes found out, for one of my sisters, having a weak leg, frequently fell off, and then fussy neighbours used to come round next day and inquire for her.

My two younger sisters (now Mrs. Pat Nickalls and Mrs. Cecil Nickalls) who have hunted for the last thirty years with the Pytchley, were not old enough to join in any of our amusements.

There was plenty of shooting to be got all round us, for the estate included a big wood and some thousand acres of farms. My father was a fine shot and had us well taught at an early age by his splendid Scotch keeper, a man called Wallace.

We were never short of a job in the shooting season, for when the partridges and pheasants gave out there were always plenty of rabbits. But we were rather jealous shots, all young and keen, and it was a wonderful thing that we had no accidents. Our shooting parties very often consisted of our neighbours, the three Sheppards, who were at Eton and Marlborough, and Walter Carlile, who was at Harrow with me. We were all about the same age, and with no one to keep order. There were plenty of partridges and rabbits, and, as a rule, a good many pheasants left for the Christmas holidays, so we really got better fun out of the shooting than the hunting. There was also in the severe winters of the 'seventies and early 'eighties the best of skating to be got on the artificial lakes in the Ponsbourne and Bayfordbury Parks, where the most delightful skating and ice-hockey parties were given by the Carliles and Clinton Bakers.

The preservation of pheasants was not very easy in the Tolmers

Woods, as they formed the end of the big Northa v Woods, which stretched for miles, there being only a road to divide them. The consequence was that the birds strayed over the road, though this did not signify as long as our neighbours did their share in raising their proper proportion of birds.

For many years all went well, and we were on excellent terms with our neighbours, my father shooting with them on their big days and they with us, plenty of birds being reared on both sides of the road. But a new shooting tenant arrived, and my father took the lady in to dinner at a neighbour's house. In the course of conversation he expressed the hope that her husband was fond of shooting, and that he would keep it all up and rear plenty of birds for the following season. She replied: "Oh, I do not think it is necessary to rear any birds, as we hear that it is very expensive. You see, our neighbour always has a lot of pheasants, and we are told that all my husband has to do is to instruct his keeper to put down lots of corn and currants on our side of the road and we shall get plenty of his birds across." My father was greatly amused, but he soon put the matter right. A plentiful supply of pheasants were reared on both sides of the road, and the gentleman from London turned out to be, although a very bad shot, an excellent sportsman and most hospitable neighbour.

Although it was only eighteen miles from Hyde Park Corner these woods were a perfect sanctuary for wild birds of every kind, for it was wooded country with hardly a break from Potter's Bar to Broxbourne, a distance of nearly ten miles. Nightingales and every kind of warbler abounded. Vermin, too, was thick and needed a lot of keeping down. Kestrels, sparrow-hawks, goshawks, owls, magpies, jays, polecats, and domestic cats gone wild, stoats, weasels, moles, were all there in numbers. It was a paradise for children to learn natural history, and I still have a good collection of eggs which I gathered there.

Alas! I visited my old haunts in 1921, to find a railway station close by at Cuffley, where the first German airship fell, while the woods were destroyed by the cutting of the timber during the war and the making of new roads. Not a pheasant or a partridge for miles, and Tolmers House converted into a first-class girls' school.

Socially, Hertfordshire was a great country for young people.

Money was plentiful and life was gay in those good old days ; most of the big houses were occupied by hospitable people with large families, and nearly all of them had private cricket grounds. In the holidays there was a succession of cricket matches and lawn tennis parties. There was also plenty of shooting, hunting, paperchasing—mounted and on foot—and skating, with many children's dances at the big houses in the neighbourhood.

Well do I remember the introduction of lawn tennis, which first came in as a sort of glorified badminton, with an indiarubber ball in place of a shuttlecock. The first nets were very high and the court very short. Gradually the net was lowered and the court lengthened till the pat-ball of those days developed into the present most excellent game.

The first telephone made its appearance as a child's toy about the same time, and we used to amuse ourselves by talking to each other from different rooms.

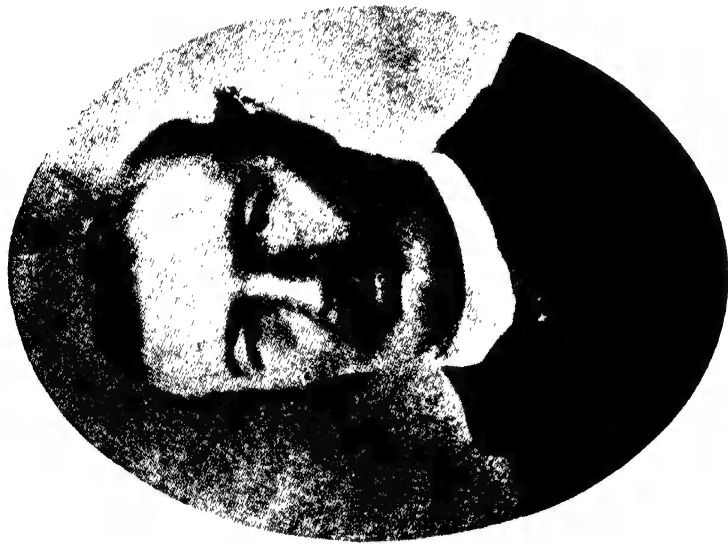
Most of our neighbours entertained freely, including Lord and Lady Salisbury at Hatfield, Lord and Lady Kilcoursie of Wheat-hampstead, the Bakers of Bayfordbury, Sir Henry and Lady Brand of The Hoo, Welwyn, the Buxtons of Easney and Sir T. Fowell and Lady Victoria Buxton of Warlees, the Crawleys of Ayot St. Lawrence, the Carliles of Ponsbourne, the Dimsdales and Butlers of Essenden, the Curtises of Potterells, three families of Hanburys, at Barnet, Bedwell, and at Ware, the Demain Saunders of Brickendon, the Richard Hoares of Marden, the Abel Smiths of Wood Hall, the Robert Smiths of Goldings, the Smith Bosanquets, the Sheppards of Potter's Bar, and the Bradbys of Haileybury College.

It was an ideal country life for young people ; times were very prosperous and everyone seemed to have money to burn. I am afraid that in these hard times there can be no country now where the rising generation can have the good times enjoyed by us forty years ago. Many of the big houses are empty, or at any rate a different class of people are occupying them, and those of the old lot that are left cannot do what they did in the days I am talking about.

The first polo match took place in 1869, therefore, in the days of which I am writing, the game was still in its infancy, and was



ROBERT DARLEY



JOHN WATSON



only played at Hurlingham, Aldershot, in Dublin, and at a few other places where cavalry officers were quartered.

Almost the first time I ever heard of the game was in 1877, on the sad occasion of the receipt of a telegram by my mother to inform her that her brother, Bob Darley, had been killed in a game in Phoenix Park in Dublin. This was, I believe, the first recorded fatal accident at the game, and was caused by the pony crossing his legs and pitching my uncle on his head. In those days and, indeed, for many years afterwards, no one wore helmets or head protection of any sort. The wearing of head protection did not become general in India till Lord Roberts, when Commander-in-Chief, in the year 1890, owing to the number of fatal accidents, issued an order on the subject. In England the fashion did not become general till some three or four years later.

The celebrated John Watson and his equally well-known father, Robert Watson, the master of the Carlow and Island Hounds, were both playing in the same game. Bob Darley was a great loss, for there was no better or more popular sportsman in Ireland. He was a great horseman, a fine man to hounds, a first-class shot, and a boxer of more than ordinary merit. Had he lived, John Watson told me, he would have become one of the best polo players of the day. He was a typical all-round Irish sportsman of those days, such a man as Lever loved to portray in his novels.

He had been agent to Lord Leitrim in those troublous Fenian times, and had only left his service a few months before Lord Leitrim was murdered. Bob Darley resigned his post because he did not agree with Lord Leitrim's methods and the manner in which he treated his tenants. My uncle narrowly escaped the same fate, and this was due partly to his great personal popularity but chiefly to the fact that he was known to be a deadly shot with the revolver from which he was never parted.

In the village where the agent's office was he used, for his own amusement and in order to impress the inhabitants, to practise shooting bottles in the back garden out of the office window, and such good shooting did he make that his fame spread abroad and no one cared for the task of taking him on.



## CHAPTER II

### HERTFORDSHIRE AND PRIVATE SCHOOL

I HAVE lost track of many of the boys whom I used to know in Hertfordshire, but of those whose careers I have followed many have done exceptionally well as soldiers, sailors, statesmen, business men, and sportsmen of every kind.

Sir Henry Rawlinson, the great Indian and Mesopotamian soldier, administrator, and Oriental scholar, took a place near Hitchin for a time, and at a cricket match there I played against his two sons, who have been great friends of mine nearly all my life.

The public life of his elder son, the late General Lord Rawlinson, G.C.B., the celebrated Commander of the 5th Army, now Commander-in-Chief in India, is too well known for it to be necessary for me to refer to it here, beyond saying that I suppose he has been in as many campaigns as any living soldier, including Burmah, the Indian frontier, Egypt, South Africa, and the European War. But as an all-round sportsman his record is hard to beat too ; he was a first-class polo player in his day, and at the age of sixty-one still played in tournaments with success and rode to pig whenever he got the chance. A few years ago he was crossing Leicestershire with the best, and he was an accomplished shot both with rifle and gun.

In August, 1923, he wrote ; " I am just returned from my trip to Gilgit and Chitral. We have ridden 750 miles in six weeks, and have seen the finest mountains, snowfields, and glaciers in the world. It is indeed a wonderful country. The scenery is superb, and the inhabitants most interesting. We crossed the Tui pass at 14,500 feet, and had to crawl over moraines and glaciers, which is an experience I did not expect when I came to India. But I am glad to have gone through it, and to have seen ' The roof of the world ' before leaving Hindustan."

I renewed my acquaintance with him when we were subalterns in



India in 1887, and he was on Sir Frederick Roberts's staff. In the 'nineties, when he belonged to the Coldstream Guards, he was a very good polo player, especially at back. His name appears in 1897 in the winning team of the Rugby Tournament for Winwick, where his brother had a hunting-box ; the team was C. D. Miller, F. M. Freake, A. Rawlinson, with Sir H. Rawlinson at back.

The South African War interrupted his polo career for some years, but he has always taken the greatest interest in the game, and took up the chairmanship of the Hurlingham Polo Committee in 1918.

He was still a great power and example in the polo world ; as Commander-in-Chief in India he aided the best interests of the game by helping in the organisation, by bringing in regulations for the training of chargers to polo, by lecturing to young officers, and by personal example, for I had a letter from him, dated November, 1924, in which he said he was just off to play in a polo tournament at Lucknow.

Truly a great performance for a man who was born in 1864.

I had the honour of serving under him as my corps commander in 1914-15 in France, and met him frequently ; he was most kind and hospitable, and I stayed with him more than once in some of the beautiful châteaux which, as a corps and army commander, he was able to occupy with his staff.

In one beautiful Belgian château on the Meuse, where I stayed with Lord Rawlinson in 1918, I found his private room decorated with photographs of my Spanish friends, the Duke of Alba, and his brother Penaranda, and his sister the Duchess of Santofña ; the château turned out to be the property of their aunt.

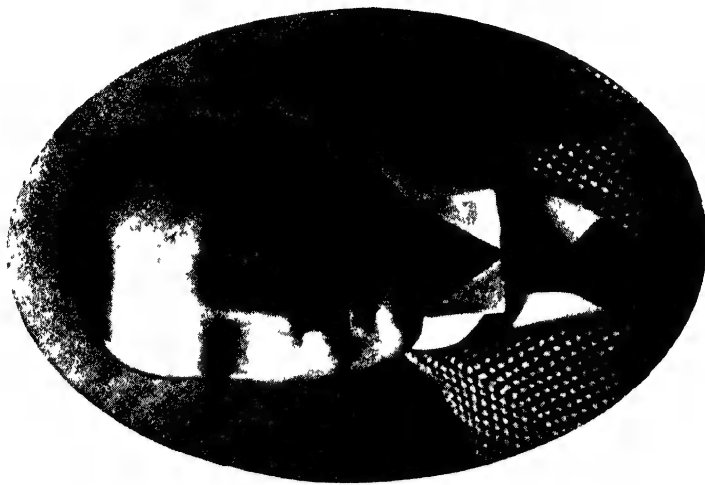
One comes across curious things in some of these châteaux. For instance, in Germany, near Cologne, I found in the library of one big house some photograph books which contained football and cricket pictures of Trinity College, Cambridge teams. The sons had been to Cambridge. Their name was Oppenheim.

Some great men have a very special charm of manner to everyone they meet, and among those that I have had the honour of meeting, I think Lord Charles Beresford, Lord Dufferin, and Lord Roberts stand out. But there is something about our greatest sailor and our greatest serving soldier of to-day which is different from any other man I have met.



[*Mayall*]

LIEUT. H. RAWLINSON



[*Bourne & Shepherd*]  
LIEUT. HON. H. A. LAURENCE



Not only have David Beatty and Rawly an extraordinary attraction for everyone with whom they come in contact, but they are blessed with an inexhaustible fund of energy, and give one the impression that everything is always for the best in this best of all possible worlds. I think that this quality, in addition to their exceptional brain-power and hard work, has a great deal to do with their phenomenal success in life and their skill in handling men of all classes.

Since the above lines were written the sudden and tragic news has been received of Lord Rawlinson's death. I received a cheery letter from him dated only ten days before he was taken ill. He had been at a pig stick in which the party had in two days killed twenty-six pig ; and he had every intention of having a ride in the Kadir Cup, a proof that he was in the most robust state of health.

He was shortly to give up the great position of Commander-in-Chief in India, for the still more important post of Chief of the Imperial General Staff at the War Office.

He was admittedly our greatest serving soldier, he was a very strong man and his universal popularity, charming personality, and cheery manners enabled him to get things done with the minimum of friction, he was a wonderfully young man for his years, and it looked as if he was good for many years of usefulness. The country, the empire, and the army can ill spare such a man. And I personally have lost one of my oldest and kindest friends.

Lord Rawlinson's brother "Toby" has led a most varied and interesting life, and distinguished himself greatly in the war. He joined the 17th Lancers at Lucknow in 1886, a few months before I did. He was already a brilliant polo player when he joined which very seldom happens. He had already played a good deal at Sandhurst and at Hurlingham, and his natural aptitude for all games stood him in good stead, so he got into the front rank in a surprisingly short time ; his brilliant play in the tournament at Meerut in 1888 was largely the cause of our team's success against the 7th Hussars in the final.

In India he played the game all round—polo, pig-sticking, shooting, racing, and it might have been of Toby that the old words were written :

His father allows him three hundred a year, and he'll lay you a thousand to ten.

He left the regiment after a few years' service, but still kept up his polo, being, if not the best, certainly the most brilliant forward player in England. His only rivals as a forward player were Freddie Freake, Cecil Nickalls, and my brother George. Though he was not selected to play for England in 1902, his play certainly appealed to the gallery more than did any of the others.

I think that it was in 1894 that he took Winwick Warren as a hunting-box, and, with a large stock of hunters, proved himself one of the best men to hounds with the Pytchley; it was when he lived at Winwick that he became one of the earliest members of the Rugby Polo Club.

He was also one of the pioneers of motoring. I know he gave me some rare frights when he took me out in his "Tin Lizzie," an awful rattle-trap which took about an hour to prepare for a start, and whose brakes and steering-wheel and interior arrangements generally were far from efficient, and made one feel inclined to add to one's life insurance before getting on board. A year or two later he terrified the countryside in a 100-horse-power car; it was then that he went in for motors as a business, and became managing-director of Darracq's. He made a lot of money, and bought the Duke of Fife's house at East Sheen. Later on, Toby took to aeroplanes.

There is enough risk in the air still, but in those days it was entirely experimental, and it required a very brave man to venture in the air seated on a perch like a bicycle saddle, with no under carriage, a very doubtful engine, and wings and stays the strength of which was to say the least of it problematical. But nothing daunted, up went Toby in a machine fitted with the most powerful engine that had yet been put into an aeroplane. He went up too straight, and, not knowing very much about the job, came down too quick, most fortunately on this occasion landing without a crash.

He was found by his friends sitting on the ground near his aeroplane, smoking his pipe, cogitating, and all he said when they came up to ask if he was all right was: "I have often thought I was frightened, but till to-day I wasn't."

His career in the air came to an end at Eastbourne where at a big show, after a successful landing, his aeroplane turned turtle owing to a depression in the ground; the result was a badly broken leg, from which it took him years to recover.

When war broke out in 1914, Toby was one of the first to get to France with a small, fast car mounting one Maxim gun, in which he hung about the extreme rearguard on the retreat to Paris, potting Germans whenever he got the chance ; he had many hairbreadth escapes, but always came up smiling, and thoroughly enjoyed himself.

One day, about December, 1914, I rode into Merveille to get some provisions, and passed the corps commander (Lord Rawlinson) in a car. He pulled up and told me to go up to his headquarters where I would find Toby, who would amuse me. Sure enough he did, for he was full of stories of his experiences, the best of them being how he got out of Le Cateau.

In the village his car refused to function, but luckily a lorry came through, driven by one of the lorry mechanics in the Darracq works, of which concern he had been managing director.

"Hullo, Bill," he yelled, "give me a tow."

"Why," says Bill, "if it ain't Mr. Rawlinson !"

They hitched up with a rope and started off, but the driver took a wrong turn and proceeded towards the pursuing Germans. This was a nice predicament : a rattling, noisy lorry which made it impossible to make his voice heard and apparently travelling straight for Berlin.

He was just leaning over the bonnet in order to cut the rope, when the driver slowed down, got out of his lorry, and said : "I'm afraid, Mr. Rawlinson, I have made a wrong turn." "You silly blighter, I should think you have," was the reply. With difficulty they managed to turn round and escape.

At the time I first met him in France he was very busy over an invention that was bound to finish the war quickly : a very high explosive trench mortar gun and ammunition ; he had just come from Paris, where he had been submitting it to the French. It all sounded very good but I was told that both our people and the French refused to take it on, because, though the shell would do much damage when it reached the Germans, the actual firing of the gun was attended with too much risk and would cause too many casualties to the gun-teams.

Toby's next important job was under Admiral Sir Percy Scott in the Air Defence of London.

During his Eastern campaign Toby experienced innumerable

risks and hardships and had various hairbreadth escapes ; but the most exciting adventure of all, the narrowest escape he had, was when, on the evacuation of Baku, he managed, with nine other Englishmen and one American, to steal the Bolshevik steamer, *Armenian*, manned by ninety-seven Russians, and run the blockade of the guard-ships outside the harbour, escaping to Enzeli at the southern end of the Caspian.

The ship was crammed with high explosive ammunition, guns, and munitions of all kinds, which he saved from falling into the hands of the Turks and Bolsheviks. He had also secured the breech-blocks of many of the big guns left behind. His method of protecting himself from being shot by the crew was to barricade himself and the captain at the point of a revolver inside a rampart of dynamite cases on the bridge. Into each box was put a fulminate detonator, so that in the event of a shot striking one of these boxes, the whole bag of tricks would go up in the air. The crew were all informed of what would happen, and the captain was made to go ahead for the open sea.

As they ran the blockade of the guard-ships seven shells struck the little ship, fortunately without detonating the fulminate. Colonel Rawlinson brought her in triumph into Enzeli, flying the Union Jack, a marvellous performance considering that there were on board ninety-seven armed Bolsheviks obeying his orders on their own ship. For this great deed he was awarded the D.S.O.

In February, 1920, he returned to the East as an Intelligence officer, but was unfortunately treacherously imprisoned by the Turks. For nearly two years he and his men suffered untold misery and starvation, which only their pluck and cheery optimism enabled them to survive.

Truly, I think few, if any, soldiers had more varied and thrilling experiences in the Great War than Col. A. Rawlinson, C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O. All of these experiences are described in three most interesting books, written by himself, i.e. *The Near East*, *The Defence of London*, and *Adventures on the Western Front*.

General the Earl of Cavan, K.P., G.C.M.G., K.C.B., at present C.I.G.S. at the War Office, then the Hon. Rudolph Lambart—an Eton boy—son of Lord Kilcoursie, and grandson of the eighth

Earl of Cavan, lived at Wheathampstead House, and I often played cricket with him. His father was master of the Hertfordshire Hounds, a position I think I am right in saying he himself held in 1914, having just given up command of the 1st battalion of the Grenadiers.

So brilliantly did he lead the Guards Division that he was selected for the command of the Army in Italy. When the war ended he was sent to Aldershot, and thence to the War Office, where his personality, knowledge, and unfailing tact and charm have made him an unqualified success. He is a great all-round sportsman, too, and had it not been for the fact that the Army could not spare him would in all probability be a master of hounds still.

His younger brother, the Hon. Lionel Lambart "(Flag)," had left the Navy long before war broke out, but he rose to the rank of commander and gained the D.S.O.

I did not come across him in those days, as he was probably in a perambulator, for he was not born till 1873. I first met him at polo some twenty years ago at Sherborne, where he hunts and plays polo with great keenness.

I have played many games with him in London since those days, and have bought many good ponies from him.

Another boy whom I first met playing cricket in those days was Tom Brand, now Col. the Viscount Hampden, K.C.B., C.M.G., 3rd Viscount and 25th Baron Dacre, and brigade commander of the East Midland Infantry Territorial Brigade.

He played in the Eton cricket eleven, and joined the 10th Hussars, which he left with the rank of major. In 1893 he played back for his regiment when they won the Inter-Regimental Polo Tournament. He was one of the best soldier polo players of his day. In the South African War he served as brigade major of the 2nd Cavalry Brigade.

I met him in France in 1914 in command of the Hertfordshire Territorials, and he eventually commanded an infantry brigade, in addition to his other decorations being awarded the Legion of Honour.

When I was in Hertfordshire, The Hoo, Welwyn, where he now lives, was owned by his grandfather, the celebrated Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir Henry Brand, who was created



Viscount Hampden in 1884, and became Lord Dacre on the death of his brother in 1890.

This was the Lord Dacre who was master of the Hertfordshire Hounds in the 'sixties.

Tom Brand married a daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch, who lent the wedded couple a charming house called Cawston, at Dunchurch, where they were near neighbours of mine for some years. The house was formerly the residence of Lord John Scott, for whom, together with his racing confederate, the late Sir John Don-Wauchope (then Mr. Wauchope), the famous Mathew Dawson trained for some years, preparing, amongst others Hobbie Noble, and Mr. Wauchope's Oaks winner, Catherine Hayes, ancestress of Barcaldine and Sir Visto, for their engagements.

Tom Brand became master of the Hertfordshire Hounds, having succeeded Lord Ludlow, who was so unfortunately killed in 1922 by a fall on the flat. Lord Ludlow had succeeded Lord Cavan in that position.

His son has followed in his father's footsteps as regards cricket, and has done even better, for not only did he captain the Eton XI., but he represented Cambridge University in 1922.

Truly as soldier, sportsman, and country gentleman, Tom Brand, as he is still known to his old friends, has a record hard to beat.

I used to see, as a small boy the present Lord Salisbury, then Lord Cranborne, out with the Hertfordshire Hounds, and he filled all of us with envy, for he was dressed in a red coat, the only child I ever saw garbed in this way. His brothers, Lords Robert and Hugh, used also to appear in turns on shaggy ponies. One of the sisters, it was either Lady Maud or Lady Gwendolen, was very keen, and rode well too ; on one occasion she made a great sensation ; I suppose the news that her horse was wanted was suddenly sprung on the stud groom, and the horse was not ready. Anyhow, she was not to be denied, for she turned up at the meet with one side of her horse clipped and the other not.

I have only met Lord Salisbury once since, and that was in the South African War, outside Mafeking, when he was in command of a Territorial unit. But at one time I used to see a good deal of Lord Hugh, when, as guest of George Wyndham, he attended the Duke of Westminster's polo parties; indeed, he got

quite bitten with the game and bought a pony from me. He played at Roehampton frequently in the many polo matches that we used to get up on the practice ground for the ladies, who included the Duchess of Westminster, Lady Dalmeny, Lady Castlereagh, and Miss Chaplin.

Lady Salisbury in those days gave every year the most delightful children's balls at Hatfield, and once, when I was very small and standing partnerless, to my great delight she made me dance a wild country dance called the Tempête with her.

In those days the great Lord Salisbury, at those functions which subsequently grew into almost grown-up balls, made an enormous impression on my youthful mind, as he stalked about, a most remarkable personality with his black beard and stooping figure, for I was brought up to consider him the very greatest and best man in the world, just as I was taught to believe that his great opponent, Mr. Gladstone, was the very reverse.

It is interesting to look back on them all now, when the Cecils are so prominent in the House of Lords and the League of Nations.

I suppose as a whole the family has been successful in politics and Church matters, but, so far as sport goes, Lord Hugh seems to me to be the best sportsman of the lot. One of the brothers, Lord William, was rector of Hatfield, and another, Lord Edward, was a brevet-colonel in the Grenadiers, and a D.S.O., saw a lot of active service, and was a financial secretary in Egypt for many years.

Ernest Crawley, of Ayot, was captain of the Harrow XI., and represented the school and Cambridge University at rackets, with Cyril Buxton, of Knighton, Essex, as partner. Leonard Crawley, who joined the 7th Hussars, was an exceptional horseman. He was most unfortunately drowned in India. Eustace Crawley played cricket and rackets for Harrow and got his Blue at Cambridge for cricket, rackets, and real tennis. He joined the 12th Lancers, became well known as a steeplechase rider and polo player, and was one of the most popular men I ever met. Few have left more friends to mourn them than Eustace Crawley, who was killed at Ypres by a chance shell in 1914.

There were other brothers whose careers I have not followed, but I was with these three at Harrow, where the name and family

traditions are still well kept up. Two of their sons played at Lord's last year, and there are many more coming on.

The Smiths and Hoares and Buxtons have produced many successful M.P.'s, bankers, business men, soldiers, and sailors, but whatever profession they have adopted they are invariably sportsmen, no matter whether they belong to this or that generation. Douro Hoare of Marden is still head of my father's old firm, Hoare Miller's, and a director of the Bank of England. His son was in the Grenadiers during the war, and is now in the firm also.

The Clinton Bakers lived in an historic place called Bayfordbury, near Hertford, where they used to give the most delightful children's dances, cricket matches, and skating parties on the lake. I used often to shoot there, for they had a big estate, well preserved.

The eldest son, Harry, lives there now. The second son, now Rear-Admiral Lewis Clinton Baker, C.B., commanded the *Hercules* in the Battle of Jutland, and is now Commander-in-chief, East India Station. The third brother was killed at Neuve Chapelle in 1915, and I saw him in his billet a few days before the battle.

The Sheppards, of Leggatt's, Potter's Bar, were also great friends of ours. Gurney gained the D.S.O. in South Africa, and commanded the Herts Yeomanry in the European War. He was killed leading them in Gallipoli. Ted Sheppard was second-in-command of the same regiment, and was a very well-known polo player. He died in 1921.

His son, in the 19th Hussars, played cricket for Marlborough, and was one of the best of the young soldier steeplechase riders in India in 1922.

The third brother, Gerald, also fought in the South African War and European War. We lived near Leggatt's, and were always together in the holidays as boys. All three brothers were very hard men to hounds, good shots, fine cricketers and polo players. No three brothers ever played the game all round with keener zest, and no three better sportsmen ever stepped.

Three other brothers who were very near neighbours of ours at Pontlands, Little Berkhamstead, were the Tilneys. They were all educated at Eton.

The eldest brother, R. H. (Monkey) Tilney, went into business in Manchester, and has been for many years a well-known hunting man in Cheshire, where he has won many point-to-point races; he is also a very keen shot and fisherman. In the war he commanded the Duke of Lancaster's Yeomanry, and gained the D.S.O. He lost his eldest son, a most brilliant young flying man, in France.

The second brother, Arthur, was a brother officer of mine in the 17th Lancers. He served with distinction in the South African War in the siege of Ladysmith, and subsequently in Lord Methuen's Division, and commanded the 17th in the early part of the European War, bringing them from India. He has been a great all-round sportsman all his life, taking part in every description of sport, especially fox-hunting and polo. He captained the regimental polo team for some years, and represented the regiment in the winning Inter-Regimental Tournaments of 1903 and 1904.

The third brother, H. J., rose to the rank of major in the 14th Hussars, and served in the South African and European Wars.

The headmaster of Haileybury, Dr. Bradby, and his charming wife had a large family of sons and daughters who were all most popular in the county, and gave many pleasant parties at that most excellent school.

Two of the sons, Hugh and Kit, after being educated at Rugby, became masters at the school here, and the latter has been a near neighbour for nearly thirty years.

Dr. Bradby and his wife were great philanthropists, and, on giving up the headmastership, they settled down in a big house in the East End, near the Tower of London, and devoted the remainder of their lives to doing good in that dreary locality.

In 1875 I went to a fashionable private school, where I cannot say that I was happy. Probably my own fault, for I am always told by those of my relations who remember me at that time that I was a most objectionable small boy. Still, the system in vogue would not be tolerated at the present day. I did not make many friends there, but I did make two that I remember particularly. The first was Bill Staveley, son of a distinguished general. He went on with me to Harrow, and played in the cricket XI. there in '82. I met him near Ypres in 1915 as a

brigadier-general of artillery, and though I had not seen him for nearly twenty years I was greeted with the words, "Hullo, Ted!" as I walked in the garden where he was billeted at the "Dicky Bush." I replied "Hullo, Bill!" and we took up the threads as if we had parted the week before.

My other great friend was Jack Tennant, the brother of Mrs. Asquith. I don't think I have ever met him since, but have seen his name very often as somebody of great importance in the Liberal Party.

Private schools were not run in those days as they now are, and, rightly or wrongly, we boys thought that most of the poorly-paid ushers were our enemies, and that boys of social importance had a better show than the common herd.

On one occasion I got a most awful black eye from a cricket ball, and, with a splitting headache and my eye bunged up, went to the headmaster to ask if I might go to bed and be let off evening work. I was curtly told to go and work with the other eye. But the next morning the matron came down to report that a German princeling had a slight cold and had stayed in bed. "That is right," said the headmaster, "tell his Serene Highness to stay where he is and take the greatest care of himself."

There was plenty of bullying, too, and, as I was very unpopular, I got my share till I got too big and could look after myself. Then my unfortunate young brother George turned up there, so he got all my unpopularity vented on his devoted head and tail when I was not about to look after him. It was most unfortunate for him that he was sent to the same school as myself.

Fred Meyrick was there, now a brigadier-general, C.B., C.M.G. With him I served in South Africa, and under him I served in the great war, on the east coast.

Two of the Bentincks, Henry and Bill, were there, brothers of the Duke of Portland. Bill joined the 10th Hussars, and turned out one of the best fellows in the world. He was the greatest possible loss to his regiment and the polo world when he died on the way to India nearly twenty years ago. Lord Henry was a well-known M.P. for many years.

I remember R. M. Poore's first term at the school; he was

a particularly untidy youth, always in trouble, and certainly one could not recognise in him a future commanding officer of the 7th Hussars and the best all-round man in the Army of his day. In 1899 he played for his regiment in the winning polo team in the Inter-Regimental Tournament at Hurlingham, he was the best man-at-arms at the Royal Military Tournament at Islington, and had the highest average in first-class cricket, all in the same year.

Ned Baird was also there with me ; he served in the 10th Hussars, and was very well known in the polo, hunting, and racing world.

Colonel Keppel, the King's Equerry, Sir Robert Gresley, Reggie Loder (of Pytchley fame), and Major B. R. Liebert, of the 7th Hussars and Leicester Yeomanry, who was killed in the war, were all contemporaries of mine.

One of these boys was very like in appearance to another boy who was at another school—in fact, they were almost doubles. My schoolfellow had committed some enormity for which the punishment was that when we all went for the summer *exeat* he was forbidden by the headmaster to go to Lord's for the Eton and Harrow match. A cousin of his met the other boy at Lord's, and told one of the under-masters, whom she knew, that she had seen her cousin at the match.

When the boy returned from the *exeat* the headmaster had him up and accused him of being at Lord's. He would listen to no denial, but flogged him for disobedience, with an extra half-dozen for telling a lie about it.

We were not allowed to utter one single word in our dormitories, and many is the time I have seen the headmaster creeping round after lights-out to hear if he could catch any unhappy urchin talking to his next-door neighbour. If he succeeded in catching one, great was his joy. Out of bed came the wretched child, and down to the study he went to get half a dozen of the best across his shivering posterior.

Another peculiarity of the education there was that each term we were had up privately by the headmaster, and asked if we had ever heard any other boy swear or talk on subjects that were not allowed. This had the effect, of course, of turning us into the most accomplished and consummate little liars.

The one redeeming feature of the school, to my mind, was the dear old lady who was the headmaster's wife, an enormously fat old lady, who mothered us all and was kindness itself. She used always to stand as we filed out of chapel and look at us carefully, and many is the time that she has called me into her room if she thought I was not looking up to the mark, has given me a bit of cake and a kiss, and packed me off to bed. I am ready to bet that she has got the seat in the realms above that she deserves for her great kindness to many unhappy little boys ; she was one in ten thousand.

Unfortunately she died when I had been at the school for two years, so I felt that my only friend was gone, and most thankful was I when my time of departure came and I went on to Harrow.

## CHAPTER III

### HARROW

#### FORTY YEARS ON (First Verse)

Forty years on, when, afar and asunder,  
Parted are those who are singing to-day,  
When we look back, and forgetfully wonder  
What we were like in our work and our play.  
Then it maybe there will often come o'er you  
Glumpses of notes like the catch of a song,  
Visions of boyhood will float then before you,  
Echoes of Dreamland will bear them along.

IN 1879 I went to Harrow, where I passed four very happy years in the headmaster's House.

I look back to my time there with unmixed pleasure. Later on I was fortunate enough to be able to send both my sons there, and so have kept in touch with a most delightful school, which now, I am glad to say, ranks as high as it ever did in its five hundred years of existence. When I was there Dr. Butler was probably the most celebrated headmaster of the day. I was privileged to know him well ; he was always very kind to me, and I had the greatest affection and respect for him.

At that time we were well to the fore in games, for we had a number of fine cricketers and racket players among us. We also won the Ashburton Shield for rifle shooting on more than one occasion. Our cricket success was largely due to the keenness and interest taken in the game by those grand old sportsmen, Lord Bessborough (Fred Ponsonby) and Bob Grimston, who spent their whole summers there coaching the younger boys in the game, and looking out for promising talent.

The best cricketers of my day were M. C. Kemp, his brother, A. F. Kemp, Bolitho, Dunn, de Moleyns, de Paravicini, F. Lucas, the brothers Crawley, T. Greatorex, and A. K. Watson. After the Studds left Eton we did not lose a match at Lord's for some



years. With the brothers Kemp and the brothers Crawley, and Cyril Buxton, we also won the Public Schools Rackets Championship several times.

Personally I was not much of a cricketer or football player, and I was just out of both elevens, but I was very fond of both games, and represented my House both at cricket and football after my second year. My last year we were Champion House at both games. I had bad luck in my last year at Harrow, for in the Easter holiday I got smashed up coming from Fairy House races, near Dublin, and never played cricket at all. My last year was passed in the VI. form, and then I went to Cambridge.

On August 28 and 29, 1882, my eldest sister and I went to see the match at the Oval, England v. Australia, which was the first occasion on which Australia beat England at cricket. It was a showery day, and a difficult wicket, but we sat it out and saw every ball bowled. Murdoch won the toss from Hornby, and Australia batted first. The teams were :

ENGLAND  
A. N. Hornby, captain  
W. G. Grace  
A. P. Lucas  
C. T. Studd  
Hon. A. L. Lyttelton  
W. W. Read  
A. G. Steel  
Barlow  
Ulyett  
Barnes  
Peate

AUSTRALIA  
Murdoch, captain  
Massie  
Bannerman  
Bonner  
Blackham  
Horan  
Giffen  
Garrett  
Boyle  
Jones  
Spofforth

Australia in the first innings made only 63 runs, and England got 101. At their second attempt Australia got 122, leaving England 85 to get. Grace and Hornby opened the innings. Spofforth, the demon bowler, clean bowled Hornby at 15. Barlow came in, but the same bowler secured his wicket first ball, Ulyett joined Grace and some brilliant hitting brought the total to 51, when Blackham dismissed Ulyett with a fine catch at the wicket off Spofforth. Lucas joined Grace, but when the latter had scored 2 he was easily taken at mid-off, the bowler being Spofforth.

A long series of maiden overs ensued, till Lyttelton, the new-comer, after securing one run, was clean bowled by Spofforth. Total 66 for 5 wickets ; 19 runs to win and still 5 wickets to fall.

Steel came in, and when Lucas had scored a 4, the former was easily caught and bowled by Spofforth. Read joined Lucas, but, amidst the most thrilling excitement, was clean bowled by Spofforth without a run being added. Barnes took Read's place, scored a 2, and, with 3 byes, the total was 75 ; 10 runs to win, and 3 wickets to fall. After being in a long time for 5 runs, Lucas played the next ball into his wicket (bowler, Spofforth), and directly Studd joined Barnes the latter was caught off his glove by Murdoch, the bowler being Boyle. Peate, the last man, came in, and, after hitting Boyle to square leg for 2, was bowled by Boyle, and this most exciting match was won by Australia by 7 runs.

When I was at Harrow Edward Bowen had a small house, and also acted as tutor to a certain number of boys in the head-master's House, of whom I was fortunate enough to be one. Harrow owes him a deep debt of gratitude, for his partnership with John Farmer has given to the school an incomparable collection of school songs far ahead of all its rivals.

John Farmer's enthusiasm made Harrow a school in which music has always since had a very great part and influence. No old Harrovian can listen to one of the old songs, the words by Bowen, and the music by Farmer, without sincere emotion. which brings back to him the happy days of long ago, especially that great school anthem, "Forty Years On," which actually expresses in the first verse the feelings of the Harrow boy, and in the last the feeling of the old Harrovian who is, like myself, alas ! able to look back the full forty years. There are many other beautiful songs : "Raleigh," "Queen Elizabeth," "Giants," "Ducker," "Come, Charge your Glasses," "Euclid," etc., but pre-eminent among them all is "Forty Years On."

I have not kept track of the careers of many of the boys who were at school with me, but those I know about have been uniformly successful in every walk of life.

To mention a few of those who were there with me, and whose careers I have watched : my greatest friends were Frank Seely, P. Z. Cox, Bill Staveley, and Ernest Crawley. Frank Seely went up

with me to Trinity, where we shared rooms, which rooms were kept in the family for years. We handed them on to my brother George, who in his turn passed them on to my brother Charlie. Charlie shared them with Jack Seely, the former Secretary of State for War.

Frank and Jack Seely's sons were at the headmaster's with my boys, and I am glad to say carried on the family tradition of friendship. One of them, Jim Seely, was Master of the Drag at Cambridge, and represented the University at polo in 1923. Frank Seely dropped into a very good family business in Nottinghamshire. Bill Staveley passed into Woolwich, and in his turn became a brigadier-general in the Great War.

P. Z. Cox, who was captain of our Champion House cricket XI. in 1882, went to Sandhurst, joined the Cameronians in India, and is now Major-General Sir Percy Cox, G.C.I.E., K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., F.R.G.S.—perhaps one of the greatest administrators of Eastern races of the day.

General the Hon. Sir Herbert Lawrence, K.C.B., youngest son of the great Lord Lawrence, was in Dr. Butler's House when I went there, and left to join the 17th Lancers three years before I did. He represented the regiment at polo in 1889, when we won the Inter-Regimental Tournament at Meerut and the Calcutta Tournament. He left the Army after the South African War, where he was Chief Intelligence Officer to French, and commanded the 16th Lancers, to go into Glyn, Mills, Currie's Bank.

He joined up again as major in 1914, commanded a division in Gallipoli, and finished the war as Chief-of-the-Staff to Lord Haig. Both his sons, also Harrovians, were, sad to say, killed. What a pity it was he was not sent to India as viceroy, when the prestige of his great name, plus his own brains, personality, and tact, would have been a guarantee of success. But our politicians are very much afraid of putting soldiers into administrative posts, forgetting that soldiers have become some of our most distinguished administrators, and very naturally, too, for their training is of the strictest, and a tactless man seldom gets on in the Army.

He is, in 1925, Colonel-in-Chief of the 21st Lancers and of the 6th Battalion Manchester Regiment, a managing partner in Glyn, Mills, Currie, a director of the L.M. & S. Railway, Vickers Ltd., and other important concerns. Truly an extraordinary career.

To quote just a few names of soldiers who have been successful

in civilian administrative posts : Sir Henry Rawlinson, father of the late Commander-in-Chief in India, the great Lord Lawrence, father of General Lawrence, Lord Cromer, Lord Minto, Sir Percy Cox, Lord Kitchener, the Duke of Connaught, General Smuts, Lord Byng, and last, but not least Sir Charles Harington. There must be scores of them.

The Crawleys have all done well in life—two in business, two lost their lives in the Army, one a clergyman, and one a sailor, and all sent their sons to Harrow. There were in 1922 six Crawleys there in one House. The Stewart Browns are successful men of business, and also sent their sons to Harrow. Walter Jones is well known as a polo player, big-game hunter, and all-round sportsman. He was No. 1 of the Rugby team in all our big matches for many years.

M. C. Kemp devoted his life with the utmost success to Harrow, and only resigned last year. In his time he captained Oxford and the Gentlemen at cricket, and was one of the greatest wicket-keepers of the day. He was also one of the best amateur Association football players when the Corinthians were very much to the fore.

Teddy Butler, like Kemp, has spent his life at Harrow, and had a most successful House for many years. He is the son and grandson of headmasters of Harrow. His son Guy is one of the most celebrated amateur athletes of the present day.

Bolitho won the D.S.O. in South Africa, and commanded the Devonshire Yeomanry. He was a very capable and keen master of hounds. I met him in 1916 on a court martial, not long before his death.

Monty Rendall, head of the school, son of "Runk," who had a House at Harrow for some thirty years, was until quite lately headmaster of Winchester.

Philip Martineau, known as "Venus," who was in the cricket XI. of 1882, is head partner in a big firm of solicitors.

Nearly all of that generation of Buxtons were at Harrow, and are successful bankers, soldiers, statesmen, etc. Yet I am afraid some of them have fallen from the right path, for the name is not unknown at Eton nowadays! My contemporaries among the Buxtons were Edward, Cyril, and Victor.

Edward was son of Gurney, of Catton, Norfolk, where I have stayed and played cricket as a boy; some years later I met him

at Norwich on the occasion of a court martial that I was on. He is still, I believe, managing partner in the bank at Norwich.

Cyril, son of Edward North, of Knighton, Essex, was a great cricketer and rackets player. He, with Ernest Crawley, represented Harrow and Cambridge University at rackets, winning the Public Schools Rackets Championship twice. He also played for Harrow and Cambridge at cricket. He died soon after leaving Cambridge.

Victor, son of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, of Warlees, Waltham Abbey, often entertained me for hunting with the Essex Hounds. He and his father were very kind friends to me; they were both prominent philanthropists and leaders of the Temperance party.

A. K. Watson, the son of "Vanity," the celebrated house-master, represented the school at cricket and was for many years a master at Rugby.

W. W. Carlile of Ponsbourne, Herts, and subsequently of Gayhurst, Bucks, represented a division of that county in Parliament.

The six Bovill brothers of Sondes Place, Dorking—Henry, Bristowe, Alfred, Robert, Fred, and Malcolm—were all in the headmaster's House in turn, Fred being head of the house when I was in the VIth form.

I knew them all afterwards in Surrey, where they hunted and shot and played cricket. Their mother kept open house for her enormous family of six boys and six girls, of whom only the two eldest sons were then married, the others all living at home. They ran the Dorking cricket club, and many were the good times we boys had there in that charming household. One of the girls subsequently married the Rev. F. Lucas, of Ashted, Epsom, who was in the Harrow XI. of 1880.

The Blyths, Gilbeys, and Golds and Routledges have all made their mark in commerce, agriculture, and sport, and in all kinds of good works, and are sending worthy representatives to the old school still.

Tresham Gilbey has done more for polo pony breeding than anyone else, first as manager of his father-in-law's (Sir John Barker's) stud, and then on his own, and has been one of the most able directors of the fortunes of the National Pony Society for many years.

General Sir Walter Congreve, V.C., one of our most distinguished generals, left the headmaster's House the term after I arrived; he left at an early age in order to go to Sandhurst. He joined the Rifle Brigade, and won the V.C. at Colenso at the

same time as Freddie Roberts (who was awarded the decoration posthumously), Schofield, the gunner, and Corporal Nurse. In the Great War he rose to the command of a corps, and was, in 1923, the Commander-in-Chief of the Southern Command. The greatest blow of his life was when his brilliant son, also a Harrow boy, was killed quite early in the war, but not before he had won the V.C., the D.S.O., and the M.C.

Lieut.-Gen. Sir Charles Kavanagh, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., was in "Vanity's" (Watson's) House, and was of about the same standing as myself. He joined the 10th Hussars, in which he served until he became lieutenant-colonel. He served through the South African war, and when the European War broke out came back from his brigade at Fyzabad in order to take charge of a cavalry brigade in France. I had the honour to serve under him when he commanded the 5th Division on the Somme in 1916. Eventually he rose to the command of a cavalry corps.

The son of a distinguished and well-known Irish sportsman, a friend and contemporary of my father's, when Ireland was the most sporting country in the world, he has played the game all round in the world of sport. Hunting, polo, pig-sticking, and big-game shooting have in turn occupied his attention. He now, I think, devotes himself mainly to golf, not because he is not still young enough and keen enough for more active forms of sport, but because Irish landlords nowadays have to cut their coats according to their cloth.

In the year 1893 he played for the 10th Hussars when they won the Inter-Regimental Tournament at Hurlingham for the second time, the team being Lord George Scott, Capt. C. Kavanagh, Lord William Bentinck, and the Hon. T. Brand.

I well remember him as being about the best mounted general in France, on two of Charles Kinsky's blood hunters, commandeered in Leicestershire at the beginning of the war. In those days there was a long pause in the operations, and we often had a bit of sport coursing hares, for the general had a couple of nice greyhounds, and I had some "long dogs," too.

Mention of Charles Kinsky reminds me of the unkind story that went the rounds about his horses on the outbreak of war. It was said that he wired to his groom to shoot all his horses, and that the telegram was intercepted. As a matter of fact he

did nothing of the kind. On the other hand, in a sad letter to a friend, he expressed a hope that his pals might get them. Kinsky had spent almost half his time in England, and he was heart-broken when Austria came into the war, for he knew that he would never again see his best friends. Sure enough he died—some said of a broken heart. He was the man who won the Grand National on his own mare, Zoedone, a favourite hunter in Leicestershire.

The most distinguished old Harrovian of the present day is Mr. Stanley Baldwin, the first old Harrovian Prime Minister since Sir Robert Peel. He was in the headmaster's with me for two years, but as he was younger than I, I do not even remember him.

Mr. Baldwin holds a unique position in the House of Commons, in that he is at the head of the strongest party that has governed the country for very many years, and this position he has gained because he proved in the previous election that he put principles before politics. Friends and opponents alike know that he is absolutely straight and entirely unselfish. With these qualities he has a better chance of helping the country to get out of its difficulties than would any other leader have.

Associated with him in the Cabinet are four other old Harrovians, i.e. Winston Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer; L. C. M. S. Amery; Sir Samuel Hoare; and Lord Peel. The member for the Rugby division of Warwickshire, David Margesson, whose chairman I have the honour to be, is also an old Harrovian and the adjutant of the 11th Hussars in the war, is a junior whip. There are in the present House of Commons thirty-six members altogether who are old Harrovians, including Colonel the Hon. F. S. Jackson, chairman of the Conservative Association, and formerly Captain of the English Cricket Team, and one of the greatest cricketers ever turned out by Harrow. This is not a bad testimony to the value of a Harrow education.

#### FORTY YEARS ON (Last Verse)

God give us bases to guard and beleaguer,  
Games to play out whether earnest or fun,  
Fights for the fearless and goals for the eager,  
Twenty and thirty and forty years on.  
Forty years on, growing older and older,  
Shorter in wind as in memory long,  
Feeble of foot and rheumatic of shoulder,  
How will it help you that once you were strong?

## CHAPTER IV

### IRELAND

As a boy I often used to spend the holidays in Ireland, where my grandfather, Judge Darley, had a beautiful place called Fern Hill, on the Three Rock Mountain, six miles from Dublin and five miles due west of Kingstown Harbour. My best friends there were my uncle Edmund Darley and his wife, with whom I saw a good deal of different kinds of sport. He taught me to shoot grouse, snipe, duck, and woodcock, at Fern Hill, and in County Mayo, and took me out hunting with the Meath and Ward Union Staghounds, and introduced me to racing at Baldoye, Fairy House, and Punchestown.

When my grandfather died in 1885 at the age of ninety-four, Edmund Darley inherited the place; I looked on Fern Hill as my second home and headquarters on my frequent visits to Ireland in search of ponies.

My uncle died and left the place to his widow, who lived on there through eight dreadful years, in spite of intimidation, threatening letters, burnings of trees, stolen property, broken gates, boycotts, and lawlessness of every kind.

In 1923 she reached the limit of her endurance, and cleared out, leaving the place to its fate, and taking her furniture with her. More fortunate than many people, however, she returned in 1924 and found nothing damaged.

In my boyhood I used to look on Fern Hill as heaven, as indeed it was, when Edmund Darley was my guide, philosopher, and friend. But for years heaven was turned into a veritable hell, and God only knows what the future will be.

I visited Ireland in 1882, and stayed in Dublin with Edmund Darley for the Horse Show, which, in those days, was a small affair, and took place right in Dublin, the Royal Dublin Society not having then moved out to its splendid premises at Ball's Bridge.



I attended the court house at Kilmainham, and witnessed the trial of some of the Phoenix Park murderers of Lord Frederick Cavendish. Dan Curly and Skin-the-Goat, who drove the car, were the men I remember best. James Carey, who turned Queen's evidence was in court, too. He explained how they had killed Lord Frederick Cavendish by mistake for the Under-Secretary, Burke.

Irish Governments ever since have paid dearly for the fact that they failed to protect Carey, who was murdered a long time after in South Africa. They looked on Carey as a scoundrel who might take his chance, but had they been wise they would have kept him in jail, and then smuggled him safely out of the country in disguise. Therefore, since Carey's death, no money has ever tempted an Irishman to turn informer, for they have lost faith in the power of the English Government to protect them. This has been proved in many cases, notably in 1924, when the £10,000 reward has not led to the arrest of the murderers of the soldiers in Cork.

Ireland was a cheery place in those days ; very different from the late sad times. The Red Earl (Lord Spencer) was Lord Lieutenant, and kept up a glittering viceregal court. Twelve years later I started hunting with the Pytchley, under his mastership.

There were several noted wits in Dublin society, notably Father Healy, Judge Morris, the Rev. J. Carmichael, and the well-known surgeon, Butcher. One old lady of strict principles and small education once refused to be treated by the latter because she said she heard that he had a "porcupine" at Bray.

Mr. Carmichael was a great preacher, a broad-minded man and a most cheery companion. I once heard him say in a sermon : "If the Lord is so good as ever to admit me to heaven, I am quite certain that I shall meet a lot of very decent sinners there." He was a very keen Unionist, and often made speeches against Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. On one occasion he was asked if there were no Protestant home rulers in Ireland. He quickly replied : "Sure, there are ; but there are not enough to fill one Dublin tram-car, and if you got them there they could not pay the fare."

One day in 1883 my uncle and I drove in a high gig with a very

fast trotter to Fairy House races. Coming away we were determined to pass every vehicle on the road, but coming over the railway bridge we upset. My uncle escaped fairly well, but I was badly hurt, with a dislocated shoulder and other injuries, and had three weeks in bed in Dublin. I had a very rough time for ten days, and got little sleep ; my wakeful nights being made still more hideous by many cats which used to assemble in the back garden of the Leeson Street house where I stayed. So as I got better I took my revenge with a walking-stick gun, which I could rest on the window-sill and shoot with one hand. No one was in my confidence except the Irish groom, Peter, who used to bury the corpses. But eventually he fell under suspicion of the old ladies, the owners of the cats, in the mews at the back, and it was many months before he dared to go out by the back door.

Although I could only use one hand, I had a great time convalescing at Killarney Lakes, and got a bit of sport with my walking-stick at the coots and moorfowl from a boat when no one was looking, and I got a certain amount of fishing, too. My shoulder was so badly damaged that my cricket was done for that season, and I lost my chance of getting into the Harrow eleven.

In 1884-5 Edmund Darley took a shooting on the west coast of Ireland in County Mayo, and I went there in the Christmas holidays for the snipe, duck, and woodcock. To get there meant a twenty-five mile drive on an outside car from the terminus at Mayo through Ballina. With snipe, duck, woodcock, hares, and a few odd grouse, we had capital sport for ten days, got a lot of rough shooting, and lived very well, with Peter, the Irish groom, as cook. He gave us the most wonderful hare soup, which remains in my memory to this day. When asked a year later for the recipe for this soup, he replied : " First I take three hares and I skin them ; then I take a couple of grouse and I pluck them." No further questions were asked ; the excellence of the soup was accounted for.

When the Darleys and I returned from County Mayo we had a very exciting drive back on an outside car. Mrs. Darley was on one side with my uncle and myself on the other. It was fair-day in Ballina and the whisky was flowing freely. A drunken

driver of one car, with a perfectly helpless passenger, galloped after us out of the village and tried to knock us into the ditch ; then pulled up and blocked the road. I jumped down and pulled him off his car and tried to shake sense into his head, and we went on again, but the wild jarvey repeated the manoeuvre. This time we got some men whom we met to promise to hold him till we got to the next village, where there was a police station. Unfortunately they did not really wish to spoil sport, and let him go too soon, and we could hear him thundering along behind and yelling blue murder.

As we arrived in the village, my uncle rushed off with our driver to the police station, but before he could get back with help our drunken friend had arrived and, jumping off his car, came at Mrs. Darley and me with his carriage whip. He slashed at her, so I knocked him into the gutter and, had not the police then arrived, I should have had a very bad time, for the crowd turned hostile. However, the R.I.C. were very tactful. They just led our friend away, and advised us to clear off as quick as we could, which we were very glad to do.

My brother George and I had many interesting experiences in the 'nineties, travelling about Ireland in search of horses and polo ponies ; we used to take it in turns to go, and, when we went over in winter, always made it our business to put in some hunting.

I had a great time when I went to Roscommon to stay with my cousin, Gerald Guinness, who had a land-agency in that county. It was a county of rolling grass, huge fields divided by big banks, and stone walls ; as there were no coverts, fox hunting was out of the question, so the sporting inhabitants started a pack of staghounds, which pursued the carted stag over this grand riding country. The banks were very big and some of the walls high, but the going was so good and the obstacles so clearly defined that really it was an easy country to get over. The only difficulty was that, as the country was so open, there was no refuge for a tired deer, so that, when hounds got close to their quarry at the end of a hunt, everyone was bound in honour to ride like the devil to save the deer, no matter how tired one's horse might be.

On one occasion we failed to save the stag, and it was a horrid sight to see the poor beast pulled down in the open. In most

countries where the carted stag is hunted this practically never happens, as there is nearly always some refuge for a beaten deer, such as an outbuilding or a river or a pond. The master in those days was a well-known character in Ireland, named Major Balfe, who hunted the hounds. He was a fine horseman and good judge of a horse and used to sell his horses well.

When I first arrived there I asked a girl I knew if the walls were very high. Miss Minnie FitzGerald replied: "They are more suited for growing peaches on than for lepping!" But this was a bit of an exaggeration.

A man from whom we bought many ponies and horses for many years was Charles Reade of Donishall, County Wexford, a great character and, in spite of his enormous weight, a wonderful man to hounds and a great horseman. We generally made our headquarters with him, and hunted his horses over that very rough Wexford country and Carlow, with the Wexford, Carlow and Island, and Lord Fitzwilliam's Hounds.

It was a delightful place to stay at; he and his cheery wife were the soul of hospitality, and the best they had was always at our disposal.

Another of our constant hosts was Captain Steeds of Clonsilla, one of the cleverest dealers in high-class horses that ever lived. A very good man to hounds, but a very jealous one, he always liked to be first, and first he generally was with the Meath, the Ward, or the Leicestershire packs till the day of his death, which was caused by a fall into a road, in Cheshire.

He kept a wonderfully luxurious establishment. Every detail was studied, and it is the only house I ever stayed in where the butler always went to the guests' rooms before dinner with a wine list, from which you were expected to order your own drink; and his cellar was always above reproach. Those were good days; we shall never see their like again in Ireland.

Ireland is a great country for amusing stories; the following are a few that I have picked up there.

Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., had been Major Wood at the Curragh, and a great man to hounds. After many years of distinguished service he went back to Dublin for a day with the Ward. Old Joe Brindley, who hunted these hounds for more than forty years, followed him over a bank, and,

riding up alongside of him, remarked : " Why, major, where have you been, and what have you been doing ? You don't ride like you used to. Sure, didn't I see the whole town of Ratoath between the seat of your breeches and the saddle over that jump ? "

Sir Evelyn Wood told a tale of a soldier in hospital who remarked to a pretty nurse : " Now, sister, you've tucked me up nicely ; you might bend down and give me a kiss." She replied : " The night orderly will be round directly. *He* does all the rough work."

Many years ago there was a very clever doctor in Kildare, a very hard man to hounds, and a roughish customer all round. No one would employ him except in serious cases, and then only on account of his extreme cleverness. A girl suffering from nerves and imagination had taken to her bed, and nothing could move her ; she declared she had no power to get out of bed, and the ordinary practitioner was helpless. At last her mother, being at her wits' end, was driven to calling in the sporting doctor, who very quickly recognised that the girl was hypochondriacal, and that there was nothing the matter with her. His eye lighted on a knitting-needle, which he slipped into the fire, and then, under pretence of examining her carefully, pulled the bedclothes down and laid the hot needle on a soft and tender portion of the girl's anatomy. She sprang from the bed into the middle of the floor. " Ah, poor girl," said the doctor, " she is not so helpless as she thinks. That is the medicine she wants."

A young farmer married a girl in a village near where this doctor lived, and they set up housekeeping with one servant girl. All apparently went well from the mistress's point of view for many months, till one morning the girl remained in bed, with the result that there was no fire and no preparation for breakfast. The farmer's wife went up to the girl's bedroom in order to see what was the matter.

" Are you ill, Mary ? " she asked. " I am not," was the answer.

" Then you must get up at once."

" I will not ; I'll just stay where I am ; I don't feel inclined to get up."

As this was all the mistress could get out of Mary, she sent up her husband, but with no result.

So the doctor was called in. He asked Mary what ailed her. "Nothin' at all, doctor dear, but those people downstairs owe me £6 10s., and I'll not get up till they pay me."

The doctor said nothing, but proceeded to take off his coat and waistcoat.

"What are you doing, doctor?" cried the girl.

"Oh," replied the doctor, "they owe me £9, and I think I'll stay here, too, and make a limited liability company of it."

When dinner-parties were given in country places it was customary to bring in the coachman or groom to help wait; on one occasion at a house in Galway the butler told the stable lad to put the champagne on the ice. The boy opened the four bottles, and poured them on to the dirty ice in the tub, and, when asked to produce the wine, pulled the tub from under the side-table and tried to drag it round.

A farmer wished to get a hundred sheep penned up, and turned a new boy on to do it. A couple of hours later he came back to the sheepfold, found the boy in an exhausted state, and, looking in, saw a hare there with the sheep. "Why," he said, "you have a hare in there." "Oh," said the boy, "that is the little blighter that gave me all the trouble. I got the other hundred in easily enough."

A man driving a powerful motor at a rapid pace ran over and killed a small dog close to where a labourer stood at the gate of his cottage. The driver of the motor pulled up, greatly distressed at the death of the dog, called the labourer to him, and, abjectly apologising, handed him two pounds as compensation. The man said: "You ain't got no right to drive about the country at that pace." The motorist admitted that he had been driving too fast, reiterated his apologies, and drove on. When he had gone the labourer shook his head, and murmured to himself, looking at the sovereigns in his hand and then at the corpse in the road: "Too bad, it was too bad. Now I wonder who that poor little dawg belonged to!"

One has some amusing experiences among some of these Irish dealers. Many of them admire a man enormously if he can do them down over a horse. One very sharp customer once told

me that he and everyone else gave best to Captain Steeds. "Why," he said, "when he had a broken leg he got the best of us. Two of us went there and bought four horses, which we had thoroughly tried, and we went up to finish the deal with the captain, who was lying helpless in bed.

"Suddenly the captain remembered a horse that he had completely forgotten, and we had only just time to see it before catching our train. We bought it as well, and it spoilt the deal. The other four were good, but this was a stiff 'un."

The following description by a dealer of a polo pony is the most complete one that I have ever heard. "I don't sell polo ponies, but I know what you want. You want a head like a parlourmaid and a behind like a cook."

In 1890, when Arthur Balfour was Chief Secretary for Ireland, he started a scheme of light railways in the west in order that the small farmers might have better communications in order to get their produce to market. Among other projected lines was one from Ballina to Belmullet. It was said that an English M.P., travelling in the country before there were any communications except post cars, saw a man who had a number of nice fowls, so he asked him what price he could get for his chickens. The former replied that they were worth sixpence apiece, and the M.P. remarked that if he sold them in Liverpool he would get three shillings and sixpence apiece for them.

"That is all very well," responded the farmer. "If I had this bucket of water in hell maybe I would get half a crown for it, but how will I get it there?"

## CHAPTER V

### CAMBRIDGE

I WENT up to Trinity College, Cambridge, in the autumn of 1883, and got into a very cheery set, chiefly composed of old Etonians and Harrovians, who then, as now, always fraternise at Oxford, Cambridge, Sandhurst, and Woolwich. I am afraid we did very little work. I know I was far too busy trying to fit in hunting with the Trinity Foot Beagles, Association football, hunting with the University Drag, and an occasional day with the Cambridgeshire and Fitzwilliam to leave me much leisure for anything else in the winter. And in the summer cricket occupied most of my attention. In my second year I had an even better time than in my first, for I became a whip to the beagles, kept two horses, gave up football, and hunted five or six days a week with the beagles, the drag, or with foxhounds.

The simple pass examinations, Little Go and General, were no trouble.

During my first year Milne was master of the beagles. He was a great huntsman and hound man, and is so still. He went into the Church, but this has not prevented his hunting hounds ever since. He is still master of the Cattistock, and one of the best judges living of a foxhound.

J. E. K. Studd, the eldest of the celebrated brothers, was captain of the XI. in 1884. He was a fine cricketer, even if not quite in the class of his brothers C. T. and G. B. He was very religious, and on one occasion, feeling, I suppose, in a particularly happy frame of mind, he told a member of a celebrated county XI., who was then a Cambridge Blue, that he believed the millennium was coming. His friend, not being quite so well up in these matters as his captain, replied, "Are they? What sort of a team are they bringing?"

The same sportsman was very fond of singing one particular song called "The Charterhouse Alphabet." At a party for the



cricket match at the Crawleys' house in Hertfordshire he retired to the smoking-room after dinner, and dropped off to sleep, the rest of the party having gone to amuse themselves in the drawing-room. On his absence being remarked, two of his friends found him, and blacked his face well with a burnt cork before waking him. Then they roused him suddenly, telling him that the ladies wanted to hear "The Charterhouse Alphabet." He was very much taken aback at first at the roar of laughter with which his arrival was greeted, but, nothing daunted, started into his song at once amidst thunderous applause, which he put down to anything rather than his remarkable appearance, the singularity of which he did not discover till later on.

Hunting with the drag, with a number of very congenial spirits, was the amusement I liked best. Lionel Holland and Seymour were masters in 1883-4 and 1884-5 respectively, and were succeeded in 1885-6 by Lancelot Lowther, who was whipped-in to by Albert Baillie (the present Dean of Windsor, who was for many years Rector of Rugby), and by Dunville, subsequently master of the Meath, commonly known as "The Fusee." I have an old photograph of them.

My best horse was an ancient thoroughbred, with very much fired fore-legs, called Passion. I had bought him on my own, at my militia training, from a well-known colonel, for £20. This officer afterwards became a general, celebrated throughout the Army, not only for his excellence as a soldier, but also for the extreme vigour of his language. There are many good stories told of that hardy and popular officer, some of which I hope to relate on a later page.

Passion carried me nobly for four years; when I left for India to join my regiment in 1886 I had him shot. He was very fast, and a fine jumper, but, though he never went lame, he frequently fell on landing, especially over a drop, for the fact was his poor old front legs could not hold him up.

The pack, as a rule, only consisted of six couple of hounds, and of these only about two couple ran the line keenly. We used to ignore most of the pack, and just rode the leading couple or two, converting each hunt, if we could, into a sort of race at its finish, sometimes arriving even before the leading hound. Our manners to each other must have been appalling, and apparently we rode





without the slightest consideration for anyone, for I have just found an old diary in which the following appears as a description of the Over Drag on January 31, 1884: "I took a crumpler over a gate, but was soon on again, and rode as hard as I could at the nearest fence, cutting in in front of Milne, thus putting his horse out of his stride, and giving him a fall. Melville, who was just behind, rode on top of him, so there were two men and two horses all on the ground together. Fortunately no one was hurt, but I did not see this as I was looking at the next fence, an ugly flight of rails," etc.

I don't remember the occurrence at all, but what surprises me on reading this old diary, is that I seem to have had no idea that I behaved in any but a perfectly natural and sporting manner. Nor is there any record of Milne's having in any way resented being knocked over by me and jumped on by Melville.

Newmarket was out of bounds for Cambridge undergraduates, and Cottenham races were really not allowed in those days. But this made no difference to anyone, for the authorities knew perfectly well that we frequented Newmarket, and the accounts of Cottenham appeared in the papers.

I had a delightful tutor named Glaishier, a very unsophisticated scholar who had never seen a race, ridden a horse, or apparently played any game of any kind. He was a great mathematician. There was supposed to be some learned mathematical wizard then alive—I forget his name—who understood "space of more than three dimensions," and used to make periodical visits to Cambridge because Glaishier was the only man in England who could talk about it. My tutor loved hearing about the racing and hunting, and he always promised me that some day he would go with me to Newmarket, but it never came off.

I looked on Glaishier as quite an elderly man in those days, but he certainly could not have been, for, nearly forty years later, in 1922, when my brother went to Cambridge to enter a son at Trinity, he heard that his old tutor was still to the fore, and that he had dined in Hall the night before.

He went to call on him, and found the old man very well and cheery, and intensely interested in all he had to tell him. He remembered all of us three brothers perfectly, and was delighted to hear all about us. He told my brother that many of his old

pupils had distinguished themselves in every walk in life, and, with a twinkle in his eye, said there was one particularly who in the last few months had been more talked about than any man in Europe. He said that he had always had a great opinion of this man's capacity, but had never expected him to rise to such a pitch of celebrity; his only objection to him had been that he was such a very regular attendant at chapel, and that he talked about it. My brother guessed several of the greatest political notorieties, and also tried a soldier or two, without success. Then Glaishier told him that the man he was so proud of was the fraudulent financier Bevan! Anybody can understand now why we all appreciated our old tutor so much.

I was very fond of racing in those days, and seldom missed a big race in the autumn. We used to make up delightful parties, and either drive over in a hired barouche or a four-in-hand brake. If there were only one or two of us we would go by train.

Those were the days when the great jockeys were great horsemen too, in that they could not only ride races, but were finished horsemen in every way. It was long before the Tod Sloan crouching seat came in, and it was a perfect treat to see Fred Archer come with a rattle at the finish, or Tom Cannon nurse along a nervous two-year-old. Fordham, Johnnie Osborne, Charlie Wood, Fred Webb, Sam and Tom Loates, and Watts, and other artists, we were never tired of watching.

In the opinion of many fine judges Fred Archer stands out as not only by far the best jockey of his day, but probably the best of all time. So good an authority as Mr. Arthur Portman considers that he would have certainly held his own against the best riders of later days, such as Danny Maher, Tod Sloan, and Donoghue.

One of Archer's nicknames was "The Croucher," because he was the only jockey of his day to adopt the crouching seat, although he rode with long stirrups, whereas his contemporaries sat more upright, not realising, I suppose, the effect of wind pressure, and not knowing that horses can carry the weight better on their withers.

He was bred to be a horseman, for his grandfather, William Archer, kept a livery stable in Cheltenham, where his father, also William, was born in 1826, and where he himself was born in 1857. His father was a well-known steeplechase rider, and



A DREAM OF THE PAST—ARCHIE'S GHOST

Across the path along the  
The sand that now on plant in boots  
The set it set to key of our days  
Ride's mightily in the moonlight rays

*Archibald P. Tilt, 1887*



won the Grand National of 1858 on Little Charley, the property of Mr. Capel of Prestbury, for whom also Mr. Tom Pickernell won the Grand National on Anatis. William Archer's grandson and Fred Archer's nephew, "Young" Fred Archer, of Ellesmere House, Newmarket, is the clever and fortunate trainer of this year's Grand National winner, the gift-horse whose mouth could be safely overhauled, Double Chance.

In 1868 Fred Archer, of immortal memory, was apprenticed to Mathew Dawson at Heath House, Newmarket, and in 1870 he rode his first winner.

Archer rode innumerable brilliant races, the most celebrated of which probably was when, in 1880, he won the Derby on Bend Or, defeating Rossiter on Robert the Devil by a short head in the last two strides, with a left arm quite useless owing to his having been savaged by a vicious horse called Muley Edris. In 1885, on Melton, he beat Webb on Paradox by the shortest of heads, and this was also a feat of the most consummate horsemanship. With any other jockey in the world up on Bend Or and Melton, in all probability Robert the Devil and Paradox would have been the winners.

He rode three other Derby winners, viz., Silvio (1877), Iroquois (1881), and Ormonde (1886), and was at the head of the winning jockeys for thirteen years, during which time he rode 2,509 winners. In the whole of his racing career of seventeen years he rode 2,648 winners.

His extraordinary career has lately been written in a book called *The Life of Fred Archer*, which is of absorbing interest. Here is explained how continued wasting, typhoid fever, and the loss of his wife caused acute depression, with the result that this great horseman took his own life in 1886.

There were some great horses in those days, too; probably more stayers than there are to-day.

Bendigo won the Cambridgeshire of 1883 as a rank outsider. If I remember right he started at 40 to 1. He belonged to Hedworth Barclay, and so celebrated did Bendigo become later on that his owner became known as "Bendigo" Barclay. The horse came up on the rails on the far side of the course in the Cambridgeshire, which then finished at the top of the town, away from the other horses, and many people, including myself,



watching the field, never saw him at all. A railway porter at Cambridge gave me a double event tip that morning—i.e. Bendigo for the Cambridgeshire and Boswell for the Liverpool Cup. I looked in the *Sportsman*, and they both stood then at 40 to 1 each, so the proper odds would have been 1,600 to 1. But of course I did not take the tip.

We did our racing very economically ; ten shillings was a large bet, five shillings the usual amount. And one had to be feeling very rich indeed if one gambled to the extent of £1, indeed that only happened on one or two occasions, when the information was considered extra good.

Cottenham races were also very good fun, though the class of horse was bad, for horses running there were disqualified under " Rules." I never took much part, as I knew old Passion would never get round the steeplechase course, so all I did with him was to ride second in a hurdle race, and on one occasion win a small flat race.

If many of my Trinity College friends and contemporaries at Cambridge have distinguished themselves much in after life I have lost sight of them ; but two of them who were members of the 'Varsity cricket XI. and have done exceptionally well, viz. Freeman Thomas, better known as Lord Willingdon, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.B.E., Governor of Bombay first and then of Madras, and W. C. Bridgeman, who not only succeeded in becoming Home Secretary, but after having been captain of the Oppidans himself has had three sons who have had the same honour, a most extraordinary record.

Charlie Hull did very well in the war, becoming a major-general, but, sad to say, has died since.

Albert Baillie, that keen whip to the drag, is now, as I before remarked, Dean of Windsor.

A very distinguished all-round sportsman was the same year at Trinity College as I was, viz. Captain J. E. Rogerson, O.B.E., who died on March 23, 1925, the result of an operation for appendicitis.

On leaving Cambridge, where he hunted with the Trinity Beagles, Drag and Cambridgeshire, and rowed in the First Trinity Boat, he took over the mastership of the Durham Beagles. In 1888 at the age of twenty-three he became master of the North

Durham Fox hounds, with Richard Freeman as his huntsman, he hunted them for thirty-one seasons single handed, and for several years carried the horn himself ; and then till 1924 with Captain Frank Bell as co-master. He showed capital sport and was one of the best men to hounds in the North.

In northern racing Captain Rogerson was a figure of mark, for he kept and ran steeplechase horses for nearly forty years, and usually had a few flat racers in training at Malton, but never a large stud. Of flat racers Bethlehem was the best he ever owned, and of his cross-country horses Buffalo Bill ran third in the Grand National won by Grudon, while Wee Busbie won no fewer than twenty-seven races. Thirty years ago and upwards Captain Rogerson generally rode his own horses, and on one of the first he owned, by name Pursebearer, he ran up a good score of wins. Indeed, he won races at all the Northern National Hunt meetings, and I believe I am right in saying that his horses won 100 races in all, the greater part under National Hunt rules. He was greatly interested in business, was chairman or director of several industrial concerns, and did a great deal of country work. One of the most prominent Conservatives in the North, he fought more than one election in mining districts ; was for a short time in the House of Commons, and then, too, he was a Deputy Lieutenant, had been High Sheriff, and was Chairman of the Durham County Magistrates when he died. How he found time to attend to the numerous vocations with which he was identified and yet do a great deal of hunting, shooting, and racing was always a puzzle to his friends, but he worked and played on an organised system and probably got much more out of life than ninety-nine out of every hundred men.

Lancelot Lowther and Dunville have been masters of hounds, and I think that Jack Milne and Seymour are still in command of the Cattistock and West Norfolk hunts respectively ; the latter was riding in a point to point within the last year or two at least. Well do I remember him competing for the Whip at Cottenham on old Reality, a wonderful hireling hunter which, if I remember rightly, belonged to Sanders, the jobmaster.

A young nephew of mine went up to Trinity in 1923. I only hope that he is having as good a time as his father and uncles had, and that he will get as good sport, even if he has to do more work than they were ever known to do.



## CHAPTER VI

### SURREY AND THE SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE MILITIA

IN 1883 we left Hertfordshire for Surrey, where my father bought a house called Hartsfield, at Betchworth, a lovely spot at the foot of the northern line of Surrey hills, near Box Hill.

In order to get there, and move some of the horses, my eldest sister and I rode a couple of the hunters from Tolmers to Betchworth, a distance of fifty miles. We started at daylight on a May morning, and got through London before the traffic was about. We breakfasted at Tooting, and then went on by a series of beautiful commons—Wimbledon, Banstead, Epsom, and Walton Heath—down the precipitous Pebble Hill to Betchworth. Very little furniture had arrived. We picnicked in the unfurnished house, invited Gurney Sheppard to stay with us, and drove our tandem ponies to Epsom the following week to see Charlie Wood win the Derby on St. Blaise, and Bonny Jean the Oaks, with Watts up. The Derby provided a marvellous finish between St. Blaise (Wood up), Highland Chief (Webb up), and Galliard (Archer up). Most of us thought Highland Chief had won.

During the twelve years that we lived at Betchworth, Derby week was always the great week of the year. Epsom was only six miles off, and we always used to fill the house with guests, and drive over. I saw Harvester (C. Wood up) and St. Gatien (S. Loates) make a dead-heat of it.

“ This, the only dead-heat in the history of the Derby, took place in 1884, when the judge was unable to separate Mr. J. Hammond’s St. Gatien and Sir J. Willoughby’s Harvester, and the stakes, amounting to £4,600, were divided. Neither owner had ever run a horse in the Derby before, and the latter gentleman was the owner of Queen Adelaide, the favourite for this race, who, however, was shut in at the Corner, and finished third, two lengths behind the winners. St. Gatien

(ridden by Charlie Wood) owed his position very largely to the splendid way he came round the Corner, whereas Harvester, running under Sam Loates, stumbled in his last few strides, losing a vital lead. There seems to be considerable doubt as to St. Gatien's pedigree, but a writer of that day is of the opinion that he was the son of a horse who was for many years in the shafts of an Epsom cab."

The above note is by Mr. W. J. Moore of the *Sporting and Dramatic*, and my book owes a great deal to that brilliant journalist, who arranged selections from it for serialisation in his paper.

I had the luck to see Archer on Melton win the race of his life in 1885, and the same jockey in a comfortable victory on Ormonde, who easily defeated the Bard by a length and a half, St. Mirin being third.

Minting, who did not start in the Derby, was good enough to win that race ninety-nine times out of a hundred, and the little Bard was also good enough to win in an ordinary year. The latter, a little horse of about fifteen hands, had won sixteen races as a two-year-old, never having been beaten. I saw also such great mares as Busybody, ridden by Tom Cannon, and Lonely, with Fred Archer in the saddle, win the Oaks in 1884 and 1885.

The fox-hunting was even worse in Surrey than in Hertfordshire, for the Surrey Union had few foxes in a country of big coverts, rented by shooting syndicates from London.

There was a sporting little pack at some distance, called the Burstow, where Mr. Gerard Hoare used to show good sport, but we seldom got out with them—and nearly all the hunting we had was after the carted deer. We used to think it good fun, but then we had never experienced good fox-hunting.

Tom Nickalls, a well-known Stock Exchange magnate, hunted the Surrey Stag with great success. His field consisted almost entirely of a hard-riding lot of thrusters from London, and it was a case of the devil take the hindmost.

There was no such thing as taking one's turn, and the ordinary courtesies of the hunting-field simply did not exist, especially after the hunt breakfast, which was a usual feature of every meet. Still we had lots of fun, and one certainly learnt something of how to get across a cramped country quickly.

Tom Nickalls was a great character, a big, heavy man with a beard like Mr. Dunlop in the advertisements of the tyres of that name; a good horseman, and always beautifully mounted, especially when riding his enormous thoroughbred, Beverley. There was a good story told of him in his young days in America, when his father sent him to ride in with some gold to the railway from his farm, which was where Chicago now stands. A band of nominally more or less friendly Indians got wind of where he was going and what he was carrying. They waylaid him, so young Tom greeted them in an amicable manner, and proposed a sporting race. He well knew the class of horse he was riding, and the farther he went the farther he got ahead, and safely landed his gold at the township where the railway was.

Tom Nickalls and his wife were a very sporting pair, with an enormous family of sons and daughters. A fellow member of the Stock Exchange who hunted with the Surrey Stag once said, "Beware of those Nickalls. If you follow Tom Nickalls in Eries he will break you, and if you follow Mrs. Nickalls across country she will break your neck."

Their eldest son, Norman, was a great friend of mine; we joined the 17th Lancers on the same day, and shared the same bungalow in India. He weighed 14 st. 7 lb.; was a first-class man to hounds, polo player, and shot, and a good cricketer. He commanded the regiment shortly before the war, and, sad to say, was unfortunately killed at Loos, when in command of an infantry brigade, before he had the chance of really showing what a fine soldier we all knew him to be. I am glad to say that his son and mine have both joined the same regiment.

The boys were educated at Eton and Oxford, and two of Tom's other sons, Guy and Vyvian, were celebrated as being among the best oarsmen ever turned out by this or any other country. Guy I saw a good deal of in the latter part of the war, when he was a brigade transport officer of more than average ability. He had kept himself so extraordinarily fit that he was able to get a physical training certificate at the age of fifty-two—surely a record. Another son, Hugh, was a first-class man to hounds, and all the five sisters rode one better than the other.

I spent many happy days at the Nickalls' house at Patteson Court, Red Hill, where the kennels of the staghounds were.

There was also a private cricket ground, where we often took part in matches. Open house was kept all the year round. Their first cousins, sons of the elder brother, Sir Patteson, became well-known international polo players and hunting men, Major Pat Nickalls, D.S.O., Lieut.-Col. Cecil Nickalls, D.S.O., and Capt. Morris Nickalls, M.C.

The tragic news of Cecil Nickalls's death has been received since the above was written.

He was a great all-round athlete and sportsman. When at Rugby he was one of the best school-boy cricketers and football players of the day, and when he went to Oxford would undoubtedly have represented the University, both at cricket and football, had he taken those games seriously, instead of devoting his time to polo and hunting.

He on more than one occasion represented the County of Kent both at cricket and football. For many years he was the best Number 1 at polo in England and represented the Country against America in 1902. He was a good organiser of polo and has been polo manager of the Rugby club for four years. He was co-master of the Spring Hill Beagles for some ten seasons.

For several years before the war he gave up all his spare time in the summer to the territorial artillery in Rugby, and commanded the battery in France, where he was awarded the D.S.O. for a special act of gallantry when an ammunition dump was blown up. He was blown up, gassed, and wounded on this occasion and never got over it, or completely regained his health, being subject to bad fits of depression.

He rode several winners in college grinds when at Oxford, and represented the University in cross-country races against Cambridge. Up to the day of his death he was a first-class man to hounds, and trained, out hunting, the winner of the Farmers' Race at Rugby in the 1925 meeting.

Since the war he has spent most of his spare time in the winter working among the farmers for the good of fox-hunting in the Pytchley country.

There was no more popular man, living within many miles of Rugby, among the farmers, country people, inhabitants of Rugby, and railway men; he had a host of friends in every rank of life, and no enemies; and it was touching to see the crowds

who walked to his funeral through the pouring rain for many miles from all the villages around his home.

I liked the Warnham Staghounds better than the Surrey pack. They were hunted by Harry Lee Steere, and then by Labouchere, brother of the editor of *Truth*. The huntsman was a real artist called Spence, who deserved a better fate in the shape of a good pack of foxhounds. The field was a small one, seldom more than thirty or forty, and the same two or three men always showed the way, notably Bristowe Bovill, the eldest of the large and sporting Harrow family, who lived at Dorking.

One day a stranger appeared in mufti who showed us all a clean pair of heels in a long and fast gallop over an intricate country. Everyone was asking who he was, and all we could find out was that he said his name was "Smith." Subsequently we discovered that it was the celebrated Capt. "Doggy" Smith, who was one of the best steeplechase riders of the day, and about the best man to hounds of his time in Leicestershire or anywhere else.

Capt. Arthur Smith ("Doggy"), after twenty years of steeplechase riding, gave it up and devoted himself entirely to hunting. There was no better man at either game, and when he was asked how he compared the two sports, he summed it up thus: "I loved a ride, and would go any distance to ride any horse in a steeplechase. Of the two, however, I think I like hunting the best. Nothing, in my opinion, can beat a good place in a good run over a good country and on a good horse. And in hunting if you don't get a good place there is no one disappointed but yourself." This is, I think, the best description of fox-hunting that I have heard.

In the summer holidays we played a great many cricket matches for the Betchworth village club, my two brothers, who were at Marlborough, being useful cricketers, especially George, who was in the Marlborough XI., and was a good slow bowler.

The summer of 1885 we had quite a good team, as I had secured the services of T. Greatorex, a Harrow and Cambridge friend of mine, as tutor to my brother George, who was to be coached for Cambridge. I don't know that my pal knew much about tutoring, but he was the best bat that Harrow had turned out for many years. Charlie Clarke and Cottrell, two celebrated Stock



Exchange characters and old members of the Surrey XI., used to help us, so we had great fun with all the clubs at Dorking, Reigate, Red Hill, Ashtead, and Godalming.

The pat-ball of my early youth had by this time developed into a very fashionable game, and the year 1883 saw the third successive victory of William Renshaw in the All England Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon. With his twin brother, Ernest, who was the other finalist in that season's tournament, William Renshaw dominated the game at that time, and held the title in seven years, six of them successively. It is amusing to compare pictures of those days with the impressions by sporting artists of the present day Wimbledon.

The Australian cricketers who came to England in 1884 under W. L. Murdoch played 32 matches, winning 18, drawing 7, and losing 7. In the three Test matches, they drew with the mother country at Manchester—the first occasion upon which such a match had ever been played at Old Trafford—and the Oval, but were beaten by an innings at Lord's. At the Oval the visitors compiled the immense total of 551. Murdoch contributed 211, and the innings was finally finished off by the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, who went on as a last desperate venture to bowl lobs, and took four wickets in eight overs for eight runs. The Australians, however, were not able to put the Englishmen out twice in the remaining time.

My brother George joined the Hampshire Yeomanry in 1889 in a gentlemen's troop commanded by Bertie Barclay, but I don't think the troop was altogether a success, as for the first training they attended at Winchester they secured the best hotel in the place for their own accommodation before the officers could get it, while most of them took down two horses and a groom. Lord Airlie was Adjutant; he was in the 10th Hussars, and was killed at Diamond Hill when in command of the 12th Lancers. He was naturally, as a keen and strict officer, rather down on this troop, and I don't think it lasted very long on those lines.

In 1885 my father died, and I made up my mind to go into the Army. I left Cambridge for a crammer's at Aldershot, and passed my examination in six months' time, being gazetted to the 17th Lancers in September, 1886. While waiting for my

Gazette I went for a trip to America, and joined some friends who were playing cricket in the States as the "Gentlemen of England." We had the greatest fun and a most delightful trip. I have visited the States on four occasions since for polo, and have always experienced the greatest kindness and unbounded hospitality in that country. The cricket eleven included Rotherham of Oxford, Jack Turner of Cambridge, C. E. Cottrell of Surrey, Fortescue, Cobb, and other well-known cricketers of the day.

Curiously enough, John Watson was in the country at the same time with his Hurlingham polo team, consisting of Malcolm Little, of the 9th Lancers, now a neighbour of mine, a brigadier-general, and chairman of the Rugby Polo Club, Tom Hone, who died recently, and Dick Lawley, now Lord Wenlock, both of the 7th Hussars. Mr. Shaw Safe was fifth man, and the Hon. C. Lambton acted as umpire. They played the Westchester Club at Newport for the cup presented by Gordon Bennett, which remained in England till 1909. They won the two matches very easily by ten goals to four and fourteen goals to two respectively.

Their opponents were Messrs. W. Thorn, R. Belmont, Foxhall Keene, and T. Hitchcock, whose son assisted the team which won at Hurlingham in 1921 and in 1924. Foxhall Keene kept his polo up well, for, had he not broken his collar-bone in 1913, twenty-seven years later, he would have taken Harry Whitney's place as captain of the American team against the Duke of Westminster's team that I went over in charge of.

Foxhall Keene rented the lovely old Manor House at Exning, where the "retired" trainer, Mathew Dawson, stabled his last Derby winners, Ladas and Sir Visto, in adjoining boxes.

The last tenant of Mr. Dawson's old home was the late Captain Bennet, who won the Grand National on the American-owned Sergeant Murphy.

So little at the time of my first visit to America was polo a popular game that we did not know till the matches were over that there was an English polo team in the country. The lesson that John Watson taught them in 1886 has been well learnt by the Americans, to our cost.

I missed the summer term of 1885 at Cambridge, for I joined

the 4th Battalion of the South Staffordshire Regiment of Militia, and went to Lichfield for two months' recruit drill and one month's training. The adjutant of the regiment who had enlisted me was my uncle, Jack Darley, later of the 5th Fusiliers, then a major in the 38th. He was well known in India in the early 'seventies in the 5th Fusiliers as a steeplechase rider.

A very lively crowd used to assemble at Lichfield every year, among them Steve Hargreaves, usually called "The Scorcher." Charlie Finch (afterwards Lord Aylesford), his brother Dan, the brothers Fisher, Swinfen Brown, Blacklock, W. Inge, afterwards master of the Atherstone, whose widow was afterwards one of the best masters of hounds in England. Wilfred Ricardo of the Blues, the well-known steeplechase rider, and the twin brothers Fitzclarence. These twins, who were very much alike, were most distinguished soldiers, as well as being sportsmen of the very best type. One of these brothers was killed in Egypt, and the other, having won the V.C. in South Africa, was killed in the Great War. We worked hard, but had any amount of fun, and the only thing we were short of was sleep.

The 80th Regiment or 2nd Battalion South Staffordshire Regiment was at Lichfield when I went through my two months' course at the dépôt. It was there that I first met the colonel from whom I bought the old horse, Passion, for £20, which turned out such a success. The colonel was a great character, and I never met him again till I came across him as a general in South Africa some fifteen years later. He was beloved and admired by all who knew him, especially as a soldier, but also for his wit, and perhaps for his command of vigorous language. The following stories are very well known, but I doubt if any one ever had the impertinence to put them in print before. If this ever meets the general's eye, I hope he will forgive me, and will remember that I have heartily admired him as a soldier and a sportsman ever since the early 'eighties, when he was very kind to me as a militia subaltern to whom he sold, very cheaply, one of the best horses I ever owned.

The general once took over a new command in South Africa to which a brigade was sent by train. He went down to the station to meet his brigade commander, who was a fine soldier, but liked his comforts, and had no idea of keeping dogs and

barking himself. The brigadier arrived in a first-class carriage in the very last train, dressed in a beautiful fur coat. He was greeted by the general, who had got very tired of waiting for him, with the greeting: "Well, you velvet-coated—you have come at last!"

He went out to inspect a *schanze*, i.e. a little post of stones on the top of a hill. It was very badly placed on the skyline, and the sentry was marching up and down on the crest, as if he was doing sentry-go outside Buckingham Palace.

"By whose orders was this put here?" demanded the general of the sentry.

"I don't know, sir, but I believe it was General——" mentioning the name of the general himself.

"Oh, poor old B—T—. What a lot he has got to answer for!"

He once met one of his old comrades in the street, and asked him how he was. The man did not know his old colonel, which made the general furious, and in the strongest possible language he told the man exactly what sort of a fool he thought him. "Ah," said the man, "face a bit older, hair a bit thinner and whiter, but the same old language. I am delighted to see you are so well, sir."

On one occasion, on coming out of Buckingham Palace, where he had been to receive a decoration, a grimy sweep brushed against his beautiful red tunic, and was greeted with a flow of the very best language. The sweep listened respectfully to his remarks, and when they had quite ceased he replied quietly, "Well, if I was quite sure you were clean in the house I'd keep you for a pet."

Barton-under-Needwood was only a few miles from Lichfield, and it was there I first saw polo played, by Lord Harrington, John Reid Walker, now so well known on the turf, his brother Willie, now Lord Wavertree, the donor of the National Stud to the nation, Ludlam Howard, Cartland, and others. They played for the most part on funny little cobby ponies, about 13.3 to 14 hands, but they enjoyed the game hugely.

The Staffordshire Yeomanry on one occasion trained at the same time as we did, and helped us most ably to paint the place red. I heard a good story of an occurrence at a ball they once gave, for the accuracy of which I cannot vouch.

A young officer, a hopeless and penniless detrimental, was in the habit of amusing himself by proposing marriage to his partners. He was invariably refused but—to his horror—on this occasion was taken seriously and accepted. Not knowing what to do, he asked his colonel's advice, who replied, "Oh, my dear boy, you need not worry, that young lady has a sister here. Go and propose to her. She is sure to accept you too, and when they compare notes before they go to bed they will only think you have had too much to drink."

The young man promptly followed his C.O.'s advice, and heard nothing more of the matter.

## CHAPTER VII

### INDIA

IN January, 1886, I sailed for India in the old troopship *Jumna* from Southampton, via Queenstown and Malta. She was a slow tub, and very uncomfortable, especially for us subalterns, four in a cabin in "pandemonium," an unpleasant place below the water line where the port-holes were never opened during the whole voyage, except for a few hours in the Suez Canal. Our quarters were bad enough, but they were luxurious in comparison with what the men had to put up with. They were packed like sardines, and a rough night below beggars description.

I believe this was the last voyage of the old *Jumna*, for her inside gave out on the return journey, which she took six weeks to accomplish. Her sister ships lasted a bit longer—the *Crocodile*, *Serapis*, and *Ganges*—but it was a good thing when the system of troopships was abandoned for hired transports.

The naval officers who ran the troopships disliked the job. Everyone knew that they were only there because they were not a real success in their profession, so their tempers were not always the best.

Yet we had a cheery voyage, for there were many subalterns going out to join for the first time. Three of my brother officers were on board who had all passed in the same examination as myself, viz. Nickalls, Jessel, and Sandeman. These three distinguished themselves later on. Nickalls commanded the regiment, and was killed at Loos as a brigadier-general; Sandeman distinguished himself in the South African War and became the smartest of adjutants, while Jessel became Mayor of Westminster and an M.P. He has also earned a seat in the House of Lords.

There were many young medical officers on board the *Jumna*. In those days they joined with the honorary rank of captain, so naturally they had much better accommodation on the ship,

and this made us jealous. We silly young subalterns gave ourselves airs, so that relations were a bit strained between us. When we arrived at Malta, where we stayed a day and a night, we went on shore for a real merry evening at the club and at the opera. On arrival back on board, after a very lively time, we decided to pick out a couple of these young medical officers whom we considered the most objectionable and rag them.

Some of their cabins were on the deck above "pandemonium," with the ports opening inwards on to the gangways. We got a bucket of water, which I heaved through the port-hole, so as to wash the surgeon out of bed. But somehow we made a mistake in the cabin, and to our horror a R.H.A. major, named Anderson, who was in command of the artillery details on board, emerged in a dripping condition from the cabin, ordered us all off to bed, and told us he would see us in the morning!

Our feelings can be imagined. We thought we should all be put under arrest, our only hope being that we knew Major Anderson was a most charming man. He was very kind indeed when he had us up in the morning; he merely told us that in future if we wanted a rag we must do it among ourselves, leave other branches of the Service alone, and behave ourselves like officers and gentlemen.

The next time I met Major Anderson was at my own wedding, for I married his niece thirteen years later, and we had a good laugh over an episode which had taught me an excellent lesson.

The 17th was commanded, when we joined it at Lucknow, by Lieut.-Col. T. A. Cooke, a splendid-looking figure of a man, very smart, the typical cavalry officer of the novelist. He was always very kind to us subalterns and was most popular with all ranks. He was not, perhaps, a great soldier, but he looked the part, and had the interests of the regiment very much at heart. The personal popularity of himself and his charming wife had much, I think, to do with his getting command of the Karachi Brigade when his time in the regiment was up.

He had a most efficient adjutant in Charles Coventry, to whom he left a great deal more than the modern C.O. does to his adjutant. Coventry's father had been a N.C.O. in the 17th. He had been born in the regiment, and served in it from band-boy to regimental sergeant-major before getting his commission. He was supported

by a most able regimental sergeant-major in Clarke. These two fairly put us subalterns through it for our first six months, during which we were handed over entirely to their tender mercies, except when Barney Magee, the riding master, had his turn at us.

When we joined the regiment in March it was beginning to warm up and we had a most strenuous but cheery time, learning our work for the next six months. We were a large class of officers, for, in addition to the four of us who joined together Rawlinson had joined just previously and Reggie Grenfell and Prince Adolphus of Teck arrived a month or two later. There were also about half a dozen Indian cavalry officers attached to the regiment for the recruits' course, so though it soon got very hot we all had a very good time and learnt our polo under the best conditions also.

Ponies were found for us by Renton, who was also our polo mentor. He supplied me with three excellent, easy animals, named Freckles, Satin, and Professor, for Rs.300 apiece, a total outlay at the then rate of exchange of about £80. Rather a different price from what one has to pay nowadays, when an untrained Australian pony of good class costs near Rs.1,000. The height of ponies in India was then 13.2, and was shortly raised to 13.3. Satin and Professor carried me in every match that I took part in for the next three years, and were never sick or sorry. Freckles was a perfect schoolmaster, but very slow. All through that hot weather we played regimental games three days a week, and enjoyed ourselves thoroughly.

The first leave I got was towards the end of August, when I went up to Simla for three weeks. I took with me my very smart, English-speaking bearer, who had been handed over to me by George Milner when he went home on leave. He found Simla not to his liking, being too cold, so told me that his wife was dying in Lucknow, and left me. The next thing I heard was from Ava, from the regiment, saying he had sacked him for driving two bazaar ladies and another man in my smart, new pony trap with, if you please, my best tournament pony, Satin, in the shafts, a pony that I looked on as far too precious to ever put in harness.

Many interesting men and charming ladies were there at this time; entertainments were frequent, and amusements of every



kind followed in rapid succession. Lord Dufferin was Viceroy, and he and Lady Dufferin were specially kind to me. His son Ava was in my regiment.

Sir F. Roberts was Commander-in-Chief and a better combination than those two great men to take charge, in India at least, of the destinies of the great dependency cannot be imagined.

In the winter of 1887-8, the Commander-in-Chief passed through Lucknow on inspection duty and saw the regiment and all the other troops on parade. I had the honour of meeting that great man for the first time, and was enormously impressed with his personality and charm. He had the wonderful gift of taking an interest in everyone he met, and of making you think, when he addressed you, that you were the one person in whom he was interested. He came down to the regimental tent-pegging ground, where we were all practising for a competition, and I happened to be awaiting my turn close to him at the start of the run. So while he was waiting he turned round and spoke to me, asked me my name, how long I had been in India, how I liked soldiering, etc. How many men in his position would have interested themselves in a shy boy? I met him frequently in after life, and I always look on him and Lord Dufferin as the greatest gentlemen that I ever had the honour of knowing.

Lord Roberts had, more than any other commander that I ever heard of, the gift of inspiring the love and devotion of his men. His Indian soldiers, who had followed "Bobs Bahadur" across the plains of Afghanistan, loved him just as devotedly as did "my Highlanders," as he called them when he joined them on the road to Kimberley. The love of every officer and man in the Army went out to "Bobs," and never shall I forget the heartfelt sigh of relief that went up in South Africa when the news came round, "Bobs has come!"

With the Commander-in-Chief there came to Lucknow in 1888, amongst his staff, an A.D.C. destined to fame, and one with whom I had previously played cricket in Hertfordshire, but whom I am very proud to claim as a friend from those days, now close on forty years ago, when I met him again in India. I refer to "Rawly," alas now the late General Lord Rawlinson, Commander-in-Chief in India, to whose recent death I have already

alluded. His brother "Toby" was a brother subaltern of mine, so we fraternised.

Lord Dufferin had a wonderful career as Governor-General of Canada, as Viceroy of India, and as Ambassador in St. Petersburg, Constantinople, and Paris. In all positions he seems to have been thoroughly successful.

There is a story told of him when he was at Constantinople during the Arabi Pasha revolt in Egypt. He had a free hand from Lord Salisbury, and when he decided to bombard Alexandria he asked the French to join in. To his great delight they refused, so he did it alone, and it was in that way that we practically annexed Egypt, and made our communication with India secure. Had Lord Dufferin been at Constantinople in 1913 and 1914, with Lord Salisbury to back him, what a different story it would have been, and how many thousands of lives would have been saved, not to mention hundreds of millions of money, for he would never have allowed the Germans to alienate the Turks.

I was privileged to meet Lord Roberts frequently in later years, especially when he was Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, for I used to attend the Dublin Show every year and play for the open Polo Cup in the Phoenix Park, and I once stayed for ten days with Lord Dufferin at Clandeboye, where he and Lady Roberts were guests. I always look back on those ten days as the most interesting experience of my life and as the greatest privilege, for then I got to know well two such very great men as Lord Roberts and Lord Dufferin. Their wives were ladies of exceptional brain, with wonderful personalities and charm, and as my favourite sister (a clever artist, who died in India in 1900) was with me, and Ava, who invited us, was my greatest pal, I look on that visit as the most delightful I ever paid.

The last time I saw Lord Dufferin was when I went to see him after the South African War about his son, my dear friend Ava, who had been killed at Ladysmith. And the last time I saw Lord Roberts was at Merveille in 1914, a very few days before his death. I rode on that day through the little French town with my old friend, Sir Pertab Singhji, and his A.D.C., Dokhal, one of the very best polo players who ever lived. Sir Pertab had been Lord Roberts's devoted friend for more than forty years, and had fought with him in many campaigns since the Afghan war of 1879.

He was the devoted friend also of four generations of the royal house of England, of Queen Victoria, King Edward, King George, and of the Prince of Wales, and his greatest joy was found in their service.

For two generations he was the *beau idéal* of the Indian gentleman and the Rajput soldier. Sir Pertab had not much command of the English language, but he was full of dry humour and caustic wit. I once stood with him and watched a game of polo, at Ranelagh, where he had admired Sir Humphrey de Trafford's play. After the game he told me to introduce Sir Humphrey, which I did. All he said was, "You very fine back. Give me a cigarette." This was his invariable way of making friends, and he would then stand opposite his new acquaintance saying nothing, puffing at the cigarette. He only died in 1922, at the age of nearly eighty. He was the best sportsman and the best friend the British soldier ever had in his country.

Bill Beresford, of the 9th Lancers, was Military Secretary to the Viceroy, and Charlie Burn, of the 8th Hussars, the principal A.D.C. These were men of exceptional tact and charm. Indeed, someone or another said of the latter that he had been created for an A.D.C. Lord Herbrand Russell, afterwards Duke of Bedford, and Hobday, R.H.A., were other members of the Viceroy's staff, the latter being the best amateur actor and organiser of theatricals in India.

Such celebrities as Ian Hamilton, Pole-Carew, known to this day as Polly Carew, Gatacre, and "Rawly," i.e. Harry Rawlinson, held different positions on the Army headquarters staff. My first meeting with Gatacre led to an interesting experience. I was in the Simla Club one day at the time when Gatacre was, I think, Adjutant-General. Anyhow, he held a very big appointment. I was greatly flattered when he asked to be introduced to me, and invited me to a riding picnic out to the Commander-in-Chief's camp, some dozen or so of miles from Simla. I met him the next morning with two ladies, one young and lovely, the other elderly, and not so lovely. I rode with the latter all day, only meeting the general and his lady at lunch at the Commander-in-Chief's camp and at dinner at another place in the hills, arriving home by moonlight after a ride of some thirty miles.

This was my first experience as a gooseberry, and a most



*[Lafayette]*

LILUT-GENERAL SIR PIRIAB SINGH GCB, GCVO, GCSI  
 Ruling Chief of Idar Governor of the State of Idar for many years  
*p. 11*



interesting one. Gatacre was then considered the coming soldier, a promise he hardly fulfilled, for his men on the Nile campaign christened him "Backacher," and in the South African War he asked his fat reservists to do a bit too much before they got fit. He came to grief at Stormberg. He was, however, a delightful man and a real good sportsman.

Bill Beresford was a great character in those years, known from one end of India to the other as one of the greatest of sportsmen, especially in the racing line. A major in the 9th Lancers he had won his Victoria Cross in the Zulu War. The position of Military Secretary to successive viceroys gave him unrivalled opportunity for the indulgence to his heart's content of his sporting tastes, and many was the good coup he pulled off on the Calcutta Maidan, and in fact on every racecourse in Northern India. He was one of the famous brothers of whom Charlie was the best known and best loved by the British public—especially by the British tar. Lord Marcus, the racing brother and former racing *fidus Achates* of the late King Edward, was the third.

I once met the fourth brother, Delaval, who was a rancher in America, and, though he was not so well known as the others, he had all the charm and wild humour of the Beresfords.

The eldest brother, Lord Waterford, I never met, but I believe he was killed out hunting, and his son, the late marquess, who was a friend of mine in later years, also met with a violent end, being drowned in the County Wexford. His grandson, the present Lord Waterford, is now in the Blues and is a promising polo player.

I got to know Bill Beresford fairly well, as he was on Lord Dufferin's staff, and a great friend of Ava's and of all my regiment. He always stayed with us for the Lucknow races, and on those occasions he, with Ding McDougall, was the life and soul of every cheery gathering. At one time we thought he would be put in to command our regiment, and it was a great disappointment to us subalterns when it never came off, for he was so clever that he would soon have picked it up, and would have made an admirable C.O. from our point of view. But instead of doing this he went home and married the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough, and became a neighbour of ours at Deepdene, in Surrey.

The last story I heard of him, shortly before his death, was that

he arrived at a hotel in Scotland with his wife and was nearly turned out. For when the pious hotel proprietor saw the names in the visitor's book he shouted : " Turn them out ! Make them go ! Duchess or no duchess, I'll nae have any adultery in ma hoose ! "

When I went to Simla in September, 1887, Rudyard Kipling was just beginning to be talked about as a very original newspaper correspondent, journalist, and writer of short poems and stories. We all much enjoyed " Under the Deodars," " Wee Willie Winkie," " Plain Tales from the Hills," and all the stories of Mulvaney, Learoyd, and Ortheris. His first poems, too, such as " Gunga Din," thrilled Indian society. Rudyard Kipling in his writing has done more than any other author to give the public an understanding of and sympathy with the private soldier and to foster the spirit of Empire. But in none of his later writings do I think he has ever done better than in those first stories.

At this time in India a *mañ*, whose name is a household word wherever horses are discussed, was picking up a precarious livelihood in Calcutta. This was Captain Horace Hayes, commonly known as " Gentleman Hayes." In later years in England he persuaded me to write *Modern Polo*, and became my editor. Captain Hayes's many books on horses are among the best and most useful publications that any ordinary man can desire to have in his possession for reference and study. He was a good horseman, and a very skilled trainer and breaker of young horses.

In about 1889, and I believe for some years afterwards, he made his headquarters in Calcutta, where he ran a sporting publication called *Hayes's Sporting News*, and also kept up a well-advertised agency for buying horses on commission from the Australian shippers and sending them up country to purchasers. He used, also, at intervals, to tour India and give horse-breaking demonstrations and lectures, which were, he said, mentioned by Kipling in " Plain Tales from the Hills," and elsewhere.

The next time I met Hayes was in 1894. He came out and stayed with us at Rugby, and for a remuneration gave us a course of lessons. We learnt a lot from him, and he used to say that he learnt a lot from us, too, and I think he did. He had some quaint sayings at that time. One was : " I look on a day as wasted if I do not learn something about a horse." And another one :

"I may think that I know more than any other man about a horse, but I cannot know more than every other man. I have never yet met an experienced horseman from whom I could not pick up something." Hayes rode well, especially in the riding school, and he had been, I believe, in his younger days quite a useful steeplechase rider, but he was not in the same street with Ding MacDougall, Bombay Elliot, and Frank Johnson.

He once bought a mare from me at auction at Leicester for sixty guineas, and rode her hunting in Cheshire and with the Quorn. He told me she was the best hunter he had ever ridden in his life, and that I had chucked away a three-hundred-guinea hunter for a mere nothing. All I said was: "Go and get three hundred for her, I shall be very pleased." She had belonged to one of my sisters, who sold her because, though a magnificent jumper, she could not stay for more than about seven minutes. Hayes never found this out, and his opinion of me was that, although I might know something about a polo pony, I knew nothing about a hunter. He succeeded in selling her well eventually to a lady, but he never told me what he got for her.

In 1895, soon after Hayes had persuaded me to write my polo book, he came to live at Crick, near Rugby. He was my editor and partner in the first two editions of the book till he died in 1904. It is a great pity that among his many books he had not written more reminiscences, for what there are of them are well worth reading.

Other great racing characters of those days, whose names were household words all over India, were Joe Anderson, the Bombay veterinary surgeon, a great judge of an Arab, and part owner of a large racing stud, and Bombay Elliot, as he was then called, the finest amateur jockey on the flat in India. No professional could give him a pound, and indeed I am not sure that he was not better than any of them. He afterwards became Inspector-General of Cavalry in India, and served in the Great War as Lieut.-Gen. Sir E. Locke Elliot, K.C.B., etc., etc. Then there was Dalbiac, the horse gunner, who played the game all round. When he was quartered at Umballa he was known to lay out a *dak* of ponies, and ride to Simla on a Friday night, a hundred miles, and amuse himself all Saturday and Sunday, and ride back again on Sunday night in time for Parade on Monday. Known as "The



Treasure," his wit and repartee were proverbial. On one occasion he was presented at Woolwich by a general with the order of the Medjidie, which he had won in Egypt. The general said : " Major Dalbiac, as you have been in Egypt, you can doubtless translate the Arabic inscription." " Oh, yes, sir," replied The Treasure : " ' Admit to Khedive's Harem Tuesdays and Fridays only ! ' " I saw a good deal of the poor old Treasure at Rugby, and in London in 1897 and 1898, when he had fallen on rather evil times, and scraped a precarious living by writing for the sporting papers, but he was always his cheery self in good times and bad. He went to the South African War, and in his very first fight galloped his squadron straight at the Boers, and was shot dead.

Barney Magee, the riding master, was a celebrated character, a very good horseman, who took infinite pains for six months in 1887 to teach a large and rather unruly class of subalterns all he could about riding. Personally I owe him a great debt of gratitude, for he was the first man to teach me anything of the science of horsemanship. As a boy I had never been taught at all, but just left to pick it up as I could. He was also a fine whip, and very kindly taught me to drive four horses in the regimental brake. The class consisted of Rawlinson, Nickalls, Jessel, Sandeman, R. Grenfell, Teck, with several attached officers from the Indian cavalry. Barney was full of theories, and was a very fine trainer of young horses. He was far ahead of the average riding master of that day, but we all treated him as a huge joke, and pulled his leg whenever we could. One day he was demonstrating to us that if one sat on a horse in a certain manner, putting one's legs here and one's hands there, no horse on earth could move one from the saddle. Unfortunately at this moment a horse-fly stung his mount, who kicked up his heels and sent Barney flying over his head. This caused great joy among all the subalterns and his rough-riding staff.

I brought off a most successful practical joke on him one day on the tent-pegging ground. I had a beautiful first charger called Wakatipu, after a New Zealand lake where he was bred. This was the best horse that I have ever owned in my life, and the only horse that I have ever known that appeared to be endowed with brains like a dog. If I turned him loose anywhere he would go off at

full gallop, neighing and looking for his *syce*, to whom he was very devoted. He was a beautifully broken charger, first-class after pig, and could jump like a stag. I sold him when I left India, and I heard that he then won two or three good steeplechases.

This horse would never run straight to a peg unless his *syce* stood at the end of the run and the horse knew where he was. I had had a run or two, and the horse had gone beautifully. Barney admired his performance, and so I told him that no one could ride the horse at a peg except myself, and asked him to try. As he was mounting I moved the *syce* to a spot ten yards to the right of the peg, and of course the horse shied off in order to get to the *syce*. Everyone on the ground, rough-riders and officers, saw my manœuvre, the only one who could not understand it being Barney himself. I then moved the *syce* back to his original position, and showed Barney that my horse would go straight for me. He was very angry, but no one gave me away, and he never found out.

Poor old Barney was very hard up and had a large family of daughters to provide for. One of them got engaged to a penniless subaltern of Indian infantry at a dance, so Barney announced the happy event with great pride in the mess next morning, but unfortunately, when the said subaltern came to his senses in the morning and told his brother officers, they sent him round to say he did not mean it. Barney came round to the mess again in a tearing rage and, addressing the old quartermaster, Shaw, said : " You are a married man ; what would you do ? " Shaw, who was an unsympathetic old chap, said : " I should keep my silly mouth shut." However, Barney would not do this, and reported the officer to the general for " conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," and could not understand it when Sir Charles Gough told him it was no business of his.

Among his many accomplishments Barney was a very bad artist and thought himself very good. I still have a large painting which I was unlucky enough to win in a raffle, which was the only way poor Barney could sell it. It represents the Duke of Cambridge in full uniform on a magnificent chesnut charger. He used, also, to run the amateur dramatic troupe of the regiment, and was not at all a bad actor ; so he was a sportsman of very varied activities.

Our paymaster, Russell, commonly called "The Knight," was a quaint individual. We all liked him very much, but he was a sadly disappointed man. He had been in the regiment, but just before the Zulu war, and when the colonel of the regiment was superintending the officers' revolver practice, Russell's revolver went off and he shot Colonel Gonne through the leg. As Gonne could not go on the campaign, Drury Lowe, who had already commanded the regiment for twelve years, was brought back to take it to South Africa. This was the making of Drury Lowe, for he then became Inspector-General of Cavalry in England. The disappointment was too much for Gonne, who could never forgive Russell. He was the father of the Miss Maud Gonne whose friends have been so much to the fore in Ireland lately.

Lucknow was an extra cheery spot in the big race weeks, especially at the Civil Service Cup Meeting. All the cheeriest racing men from all over India used to assemble there, and the cavalry men were all honorary members of our mess.

It was at Lucknow that I first met the celebrated Ding MacDougall, of the 7th Dragoon Guards and late of the 13th Hussars. He was one of the best and bravest steeplechase riders India ever produced. He would ride any horse for anybody over any course, and hardly ever asked a question about his mount. When requested to ride, if he was disengaged, his invariable answer was: "Right, old boy." On one occasion he turned up in the lottery rooms at Calcutta unexpectedly, on the eve of the steeplechase meeting at Tolly Gunge, then the stiffest course in India. He was immediately besieged with the request: "Ding, ride my horse in the first race," and the request for every other race. The usual reply came: "Right, old boy." I believe I am right in saying that he rode in all six races the next day, had five falls, and only got round the course once in the afternoon. He was a wonderful horseman and a delightful personality, but he tried himself too high and burnt the candle at both ends, or he might have been with us to-day.

The occasion of my first meeting him was memorable. We had all dined, and four of us subalterns were sitting at one end of the long ante-room playing whist before going to a dance that was being given that night by the 23rd R.W.F. Ding came out from dinner full of benevolence and champagne. He saw us playing

at the far end of the room and shouted : " Why are not those boys going to the ball ? I'll teach them ! " He took a run right down the long room and made a flying leap, landing in a sitting position in the middle of our table, smashing it to pieces and sending four subaltern officers flying in four different directions. Up we all jumped, seized Ding, formed ourselves into his bodyguard and took him to the dance, where we all enjoyed ourselves hugely. When it was time to come away Ding insisted on driving us home, so we put the driver of our *tikka gharry* inside his own cab, and six of us clambered on to the driving-seat and the roof. Off we went full gallop, but Ding made too sharp a turn at some cross-roads and upset the whole outfit. We all seemed to land sitting, anyhow, not one of us was hurt, not even the poor *tikka gharry-wallah*, who climbed out of the top window of the upset *gharry*.

Ding lasted for many years riding steeplechases in India, for, no matter what sort of a late night he had had or how much liquor he had consumed, he was always on the racecourse in the very early morning in a sweater, either riding gallops, or running round the course on foot to keep himself fit. But he did not last long when he went home to Ireland.

Ding MacDougall once paid us a visit for a Skye meeting, which was a small race-meeting in which none of the prizes exceeded Rs.99 in value. Someone remarked to him after mess that he never knew anyone who rode as many bad horses over steeplechase courses as he did, and he declared that there was more excitement in riding a horse on which the odds would be evens as to whether it got round the course or not, and he offered a prize of, I think it was Rs.50, for the subalterns of the regiment to ride a steeplechase next day on ponies that had never been entered for a race of any description, let alone gone over a jump in their lives. This was the most original race that I ever took part in. I forget who were all the starters but I know that Ava, Reggie Grenfell, Toby Rawlinson, Sandeman, and myself were among them, and I think there were seven or eight in all. I know we all fell once, and some of us twice. I was winning comfortably after only one fall, when my pony blundered and fell at the very last hurdle, and Ava, who had remounted, came through the hole that I made and beat me.

There was a very curious character who made his headquarters

at that time at Lucknow. He was an amateur jockey who made a precarious living as a trainer. There were any number of stories about him, and I only wish I could remember a tenth of them. He was a most charming companion, a perfect horseman, always smartly turned out, a great wit, and the possessor of a lovely tenor voice. His name was Frank Johnson.

He came originally from Canada, where he was supposed to have brought off a great coup by winning a big sculling match against a professional on the St. Lawrence. Whether this is true or not I do not know, but he seems to have got hold of a good sum of money, with which he paid his passage to England, where he enlisted in the 5th Lancers. He had the art of dressing the part and plausibility enough to wheedle money out of anyone.

He was not satisfied with the uniform served out to him but bought his own kit from a good London tailor and, I am told, turned himself out as the smartest Lancer that was ever seen. He was wonderfully clever and made friends quickly. In record time he got a commission and became adjutant of the regiment.

On one occasion he and some of the lively young subalterns went on the razzle-dazzle in the town of Canterbury and got into trouble with the police, who tried to run them in. Among our friend's many accomplishments was that of being able to do the hundred yards in very little over ten seconds, so he led the police a dance, and by a circuitous route conducted them to the barrack-gate. Two policemen followed him into barracks, where he turned on them, handed them over to the corporal of the guard and had them locked up in the guard-room for the night.

How he got out of this scrape I never heard, but somehow or other he was not broke then. I believe he was transferred to another regiment and went out to India, still living very well by his wits and on his friends, of whom he still had a large number, for no matter what he did no one could help liking him. After a time he made things too hot, even for him, and he had to leave the service and settle down as a sort of professional-amateur racing man.

At one time he owed a large sum for the unpaid rent of his bungalow, which belonged to a half-caste lady whom he had

never met. So he got up a concert to which he had her specially invited and placed in a front seat. He then sang "Drink to me only with thine eyes," specially to her till she thought he was an angel from heaven. Then, in the interval, he got introduced to her, and sat beside her for the rest of the concert, and it was said that from that time he lived rent free. In 1887 and 1888 he was rather going downhill, and sometimes made a nuisance of himself in race weeks.

On one occasion he had to be turned out of the lottery rooms at Meerut, and was not readmitted. The lotteries languished, everyone had about finished their investments. Then the honorary secretary said in a loud voice: "What shall we do now?" A head was poked through a small skylight window high up in the roof of the bungalow, and a small, squeaky voice replied: "If I were you I would chuck a four-anna bit on the floor, and let all the 8th Hussars scramble for it."

He had somehow climbed right up the roof, and was sitting at the skylight listening to all that was going on. Shortly after I left Lucknow I believe he made his way back to Canada, where he died not many years later in poor circumstances.

With the cold weather of 1887-8 everyone returned from leave, and the quality of the polo greatly improved. The regimental team was: Renton, back; Portal, 3; Rawlinson, 2; and Pedder, 1. Until the last regimental game before sending up the team to Meerut for the Inter-Regimental Tournament I had no idea of getting into the team.

Charlie Butler, a neighbour of mine in Hertfordshire, who had got me into the regiment, was in very bad health, and could not play polo, but he was chief adviser to Renton. He told me to play up in the last game as No. 1 against Renton as back, saying: "I think you are a better hitter than Pedder, and that you should take his place." Butler lent me his two best ponies, so I was able to take Renton on on even terms, and I played a very rough game. He lost his temper with me completely, and called me every name he could think of. Charlie Butler encouraged me between each period, saying that the more furious I made Renton the more chance I had. Renton would not speak to me at the end of the game, but that evening put me in the team.

We went up to Meerut, and were fortunate enough to defeat the 8th Hussars in the semi-final and the 7th Hussars in the final. The 7th Hussars had not long arrived in India, and were not nearly so well mounted as we were, but, even so, we had not much hope of defeating them, for we were four subalterns, and only one of us, Renton, had played in a tournament before, whereas they had much the same team which had won at Hurlingham for the four years 1883-5. Their team consisted of Lawley and Hone, who had been to America with John Watson, Carew, who was better than either, and a very useful No. 1 in Douglas Haig. We were very lucky, and ponies did it, but Renton and Toby Rawlinson put up a star game.

Socially, Lucknow was a delightful place to be quartered in in those days, besides being a place where one could get every form of sport.

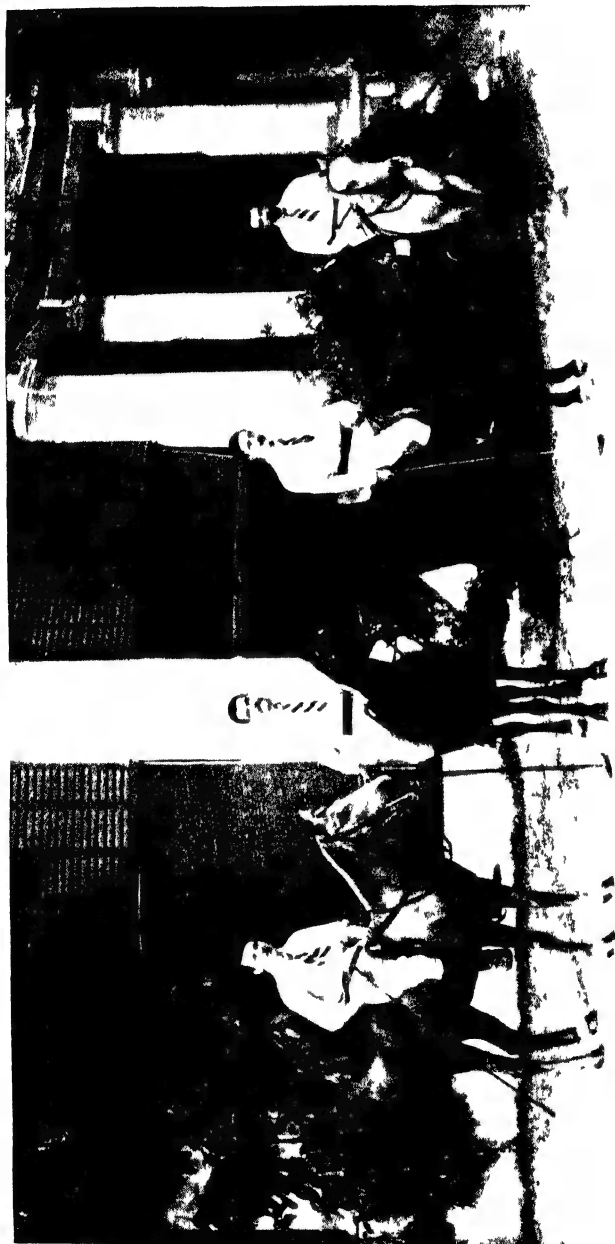
We played polo all the year round. Pig-sticking was procurable at Cawnpore, and many happy days did I spend with the hospitable tent club there in the hot weather.

The best racing in Northern India took place at Meerut and Lucknow. While my regiment was at the latter place the course was greatly improved, and the standard of racing raised by Major Neeld, who for several years was a most capable honorary secretary. Personally, I did very little racing, as I could not get the weight, and it was as much as I could do to play polo, pig-stick, and shoot on an allowance of £400 a year.

The racing at Lucknow was always great fun, especially the frequent Skye meetings.

On one occasion I went tiger-shooting near Sitapur. I kept my own *shikari*, who located snipe, duck, and black buck for me. I once got twenty-two couple of snipe to my own gun in a small *jheel*, only one and a half miles from the racecourse, between morning stables and polo in the afternoon. I always went either alone or with one pal, and we used to produce the game at mess, but we never let on where we had been, with the result that I got most excellent sport on most Sundays during the cold weather. Sometimes we camped out from Saturday to Monday as far away as Cawnpore after black buck and duck.

The 17th Leicestershire Regiment (relieved in 1899 by the Scottish Rifles), the 23rd Royal Welch Fusiliers, the 8th Bengal



# *Hills & Souders*

## 17TH LANCERS, WINNERS OF THE INTER-REGIMENTAL TOURNAMENT, INDIA, 1888

A. RAWLINSON	W. G. RENION	P. FORTAI
N. W. GUTHRIE	M. W. H. H. C.	C. H. H. H. C.





Cavalry, and the Chestnut Battery, R.H.A., were all at Lucknow with us. We were all the greatest friends. Almost all the subalterns of every regiment played polo, and we had constant cricket matches and dances, for there were many charming ladies, the wives and daughters of soldiers and civilians. There were many nice people in the civil lines who were very kind and hospitable, such as Hartwell, the railway manager, the Piries, Lincolns, and many others, barristers, men of business, etc.

The Commissioner kept open house, and Sir Charles Gough, V.C., our general, was very kind to all of us subalterns. He was the father of John Gough, V.C., whom I saw the day before he was killed in France in 1914, and of Hubert Gough, who commanded the 4th Army. I remember how, in Lucknow, Sir Charles Gough talked to me about his two boys at Eton, who got such bad reports at school that he did not think that they would ever pass into Sandhurst. It only proves that some of the slow beginners are the best finishers, and it is not always the most brilliant boys at school who distinguish themselves most in later life.

The Thursday cricket matches were the greatest fun. That day is a whole holiday in India, and we devoted it to cricket. Though we were a bad side, we were very keen. There had never been any regular cricket in the regiment till Nickalls and I started it, which, having played together in Surrey, we did directly we arrived. I am proud of the fact that the game has never since been dropped in the regiment, and that of late years they have been, with such players as Fowler, Boles, Stanyforth, Cornwallis, who was foully murdered in Ireland, and others, the best or second-best cricket regiment in the Army.

On one occasion one of the 23rd Fusilier officers told me he had performed a bowling record by pulling off the hat-trick with Ava, Teck, and Cooch Behar—an earl, a prince, and a maharajah—in three successive balls.

Cooch Behar was attached to us for training at the time, and played cricket for us in one or two matches, but his cricket was not so good as his polo. He was by no means a Ranjit Singhji.

The cricket match that remains most clearly in my memory

of all those that I took part in in India was the one played on the occasion of the visit of the Lucknow garrison to Allahabad.

We were fortunate enough to have the services of Wynyard, the great Hampshire cricketer, who had come into Lucknow with his regiment for some manœuvres. It was a very hot day ; Wynyard went in first for Lucknow, and the other wickets fell rapidly. I joined him at about sixth wicket down and managed to stay there, though I did not make many runs, but never shall I forget how Wynyard made me run. He hit every ball. Long hops on the off he hit to the boundary on the on side, and he treated every bowler with absolute contempt. He knocked up about 120 runs while I was there, kept the bowling mostly to himself, and ran me in the blazing sun completely to a standstill. It was Wynyard *versus* the rest, and Wynyard won.

The Chestnut Battery was commanded by Gambier ; his subalterns being Algy King, George Biddulph, and Sinkum Browne, all three of whom I met in the Great War as brigadier-generals. Sinkum Browne was a son of the celebrated Sam Browne (General Sir Sam Browne, V.C.), inventor of the belts of that name. Algy King was a first-class polo player, and always played with us. He was the greatest help in schooling us when we were preparing for a tournament.

Gambier had a wonderfully good battery, splendidly horsed, though it was said—and it certainly looked like it—that he had only two paces : one a standstill and the other a full gallop.

I was once standing with Tommy Tingey, who was about the best flat-race jockey of his day in India, watching Gambier drilling his battery at a gallop. The manœuvre was most intricate and the pace terrific. Two limbers collided and a gun was upset, with two men apparently badly hurt. Everything was righted very quickly ; the wounded men were sent off in an ambulance and the manœuvre was repeated. Tommy Tingey shook his head sadly and said : " If I were one of Muster Gambier's men and he was to say to me ' Tommy, you get up on that 'orse,' I should say, ' No, Muster Gambier, I won't,' and if 'e was to say to me, ' Tommy, if you don't you'll go to prison,' I should go straight to prison, but I would never ride for Muster Gambier ! "

On one occasion, at some Lucknow manœuvres, a rather ignorant and nervous brigadier, who was asking advice from one

or two of his officers, finally appealed to Gambier, who simply replied: "Why don't you ask my trumpeter, he is a very intelligent man!"

The 8th Hussars were quartered at Meerut once, and were our hosts for the polo tournaments. Colonel St. Quintin commanded them, having just succeeded Colonel Langtry, whose daughter I married ten years later.

The 8th have always been a most sporting regiment, but never more so than at this time. They had won the Inter-Regimental Tournament the two previous years, the Kadir Cup, and they were also a great racing regiment. They numbered amongst their officers Le Gallais, a fine polo player, who was subsequently in the team which, with Hardy, Southampton, and Daly, for the Freebooters, were the first to lower the colours of the hitherto invincible brothers Peat in the Champion Cup at Hurlingham, in 1894. He was also a good steeplechase rider, and his untimely death at Hoopstad, in the South African War, cut short the career of one of the most brilliant cavalry leaders in the Army.

Mahon, known throughout the cavalry as "The Mahout," was adjutant of the regiment, winner of the Kadir Cup, and a noted big-game hunter in India and Africa of more than ordinary skill as a rifle shot. A polo player and steeplechase rider he was, and a brilliant cavalry leader. He it was who caught the Khalifa, and relieved Mafeking. In the Great War he commanded a corps in Gallipoli, the forces on the Salonika front, and was afterwards Commander-in-Chief in Ireland.

Captain Wood ("Woody"), than whom no finer judge of a horse ever lived, made a great name for himself afterwards as Chief Remount Officer in the Great War, and only gave up his job in 1921, having supplied, over a long period of years, in peace and in war, more good horses and fewer bad ones than any six of his predecessors put together.

The first of many deals I had with "Woody" took place at Meerut in 1888, when I bought a good little brown mare from him called Contessa, an Australian, as second charger and pig-sticker. Years afterwards, when he was in the Remount Department in Ireland, I bought many good ponies from him, and never

bought a bad one. He was not much of a polo player, but was an excellent judge of a green pony, and was also an admirable trainer.

In the 'nineties he used to always turn out one or two first class ponies a year. He was responsible for such celebrated animals as Luna (who carried me for three periods in five winning Champion Cups), Sheelah, and Oonah (owned for many years by Freddy Freake), Lord Shrewsbury's Shooting Star and Aerolite, and many others.

Duff, another brilliant young officer, who was killed in South Africa, Vesey, Henderson, Mitford, Fell, and Clowes were also well-known, all-round sportsmen who kept up the traditions of the regiment for many years, and handed it on to their successors. Their colonel, Tommy St. Quintin, who had come from the 10th and from the Remount Department in Calcutta, was a great character, and in spite of his build and great weight was a good polo player and a fine horseman. He did great work during the South African war as Chief Remount Officer in Ireland, and established a real good system out of what was very nearly chaos. He played the game all round up to the finish, for he only died some two years ago, and in 1920 I saw him playing golf at Roehampton, very badly it is true, but with great zest and enjoyment. His book of reminiscences is one of the best sporting records ever written.

Sir George Greaves, who commanded the troops at Meerut at this time, was a most capable soldier, a real good sportsman, and a great character. Had it not been for the fact that his domestic arrangements were not entirely satisfactory he would probably have succeeded Sir Frederick Roberts as Commander-in-Chief. Sir George used to play polo regularly, in his own peculiar way, in the different regimental and station teams at Meerut. A good story was told of him that on one occasion, when he was playing in the regimental game of the 8th Hussars, one of his opponents urged another player to "ride the general." The general shouted back: "Ride the general! Ride the general! By heaven, and what next?" He explained afterwards that the man on the ball is like the man on the pig; he should be left alone until he misses it. But though his ideas on polo were sketchy and his execution poor, he was personally very popular,

and was a great help in encouraging the sport, so that the regiments at Meerut were always delighted to welcome him in their game. 7

The gunners ran a team in the tournament that year and played us in the first round. Charles Lecky, who, as honorary secretary of the Association, did so much for Indian polo for many years, was a member of the team, and Kuper, the general's A.D.C., played back for them. Kuper did not take the game very seriously, as he knew they had no chance of beating us, so he laid himself out for a good day's sport. He went out with the general over-night to the Kadir, where they killed a pig before breakfast. They shot between them thirty couple of snipe, and, having laid a *dak* of ponies, Kuper galloped into Meerut in time to play in the polo tournament.

For all-round sport this was hard to beat, but in 1892 Tip Herbert nearly equalled it, for he killed a salmon, shot some grouse, and played in the Abergavenny Polo Tournament all in the same day.

With the exception of Sir Frederick Roberts, Sir George Greaves, and a few others, senior officers used to look askance at polo. They had, as a rule, never played the game themselves, and were not aware of its merits as a training school for officers, both in riding and in the other qualities which tell in an officer's education. All they saw was that a great deal of money was spent on polo ponies, and that, in some instances, the owners of good studs of polo ponies did not spend much money on their chargers. Now all that is changed, and the authorities give every possible encouragement to the game. If it were not for their difficulties with the Treasury officials even more substantial help would be given.

In those days we had to buy our own chargers—now officers are supplied with chargers which they may hunt on, and are allowed to play polo in their own commands on a certain number of specified troop horses. Indeed, Lord Rawlinson, as Commander-in-Chief in India, set a splendid example by playing in polo tournaments himself, and by encouraging the game in any way he could. He also instituted the system in India whereby officers may ride troop horses at polo under certain conditions.

A very different stamp of officer was Sir George Luck, that

great Inspector-General, who reorganised the cavalry. He was at Meerut at the tournament of 1888, and after the big polo dinner, in the 8th Hussars' mess, I heard him holding forth on the superior merits of pig-sticking over polo, saying that his regiment, the 15th Hussars, had always pig-sticked instead of playing polo, when quartered at Meerut. So Le Gallais went and fetched the Tent Club Book, and proved that the 8th had not only won the Kadir, but had killed more pig than the 15th had done. The 15th had never at that time shone at polo, though subsequently they created the then record by winning the tournament in India four years running, in 1902, 1903, 1904, and 1905, and turned out such fine players as "Rattle" Barrett, Dennis Bingham, Hambro, and Pilkington. Of late years they have perhaps been one of the best off of any regiments in England in promising young polo players, including the brothers Leaf, Douglas, Meyrick, Hinde, and Cokayne-Frith.

Typhoid was very prevalent at Lucknow in those days, and I was almost the only one of the lately joined subalterns to escape that or some other disease.

In the first three months of the hot weather of 1888 I was one of the very few subalterns left for duty, but I rather enjoyed it as I was acting adjutant, and fairly well my own master, the colonel being away.

R.S.M. Clarke encouraged me to have plenty of adjutant's parades, so I got lots of practice.

Before the rains broke in 1888, I received a most tempting offer from Delmé Radcliffe, of the Connaught Rangers, who was Commissariat and Transport Officer, to go with him for ten days' tiger-shooting into the *terai*, about thirty miles march from Sitapur. The weather was appallingly hot, and I did not really know what I was in for, but the experience was well worth the discomfort. Four commissariat elephants had been sent on with our tents to camp, and we got to our rendezvous by *dhoolie*, being carried the thirty miles from Sitapur by relays of coolies through the night.

The country was beautifully park-like, with swamps and rivers, well timbered, and absolutely crawling with game. We saw black buck, nilgai, swamp deer, chetal, chinkara, and sambur, besides pig and crocodiles, but as we were after tiger we left them all alone.

The second day we got news of a kill. A goat had been tied up. The tiger was believed to be in a small grass jungle near the kill, so we proceeded through it in line, and soon disturbed the tiger, which charged my elephant. I fired two barrels quick as my mount turned and bolted for all he was worth. Fortunately the country was open, for we must have gone a quarter of a mile before the *mahout* got him in hand. Had we been in the timbered country not far off we must have come to grief, for the *howdah* would have been swept off by the trees.

While I was on my wild career Delmé Radcliffe followed the tiger up and luckily got another shot, wounding him very badly, in spite of which he got away down a *nullah* and escaped for the time being. Fortunately we found him the next day by a fluke and finished him off without difficulty.

This seemed to be the only tiger in the neighbourhood, so we spent the rest of the time in general shooting, and I got a specimen of most of the deer, including a moderate sambur and a nice chetal head.

Delmé Radcliffe, who was a marvellous shot, hardly ever missed. He used his rifle like a shot gun, and from the *howdah* could knock over galloping chinkara, which are hardly bigger than a large hare, and pig. I never saw anyone who could shoot like him till I went to East Africa, twenty years later, where I saw two men who were just as good.

We put up a leopard one day as we were going through the tree-jungle after pea-fowl and game-fowl. The leopard went across our front very fast, but Delmé Radcliffe shot him through the heart. This was lucky for me; had my elephant seen or smelt him he would have been off at full pace.

I suffered very much from the heat, but did not knock up. A tent in June with no punkah is very trying, but it seemed to have no effect on my companion, who used to go off on foot in the early morning shooting small game and crocodiles, which latter he did not collect.

The return journey in a *dhoolie* was bad, as the rains broke in the middle of the night, and my bearers could not proceed. They dropped me down at the side of the path, where we were all soaked to the skin. When daylight came I set to work to walk into Sitapur, a distance of sixteen miles. I was dressed in flannels



and bazaar-made canvas shoes, which latter soon dropped off my feet, so I had to do the last eight miles barefoot. Delmé Radcliffe somehow made his men carry him all the way, but my crowd said I was too heavy, as the *dhoolie* was so wet, and besides I thought it was safer to walk than lie still in my wet things. Neither of us was a bit the worse.

In 1889 I got leave for August, September, and October to go to Kashmir with the present Lord Cambridge, then Prince Adolphus of Teck. We had a most delightful trip but were too late in the season for any good shooting.

At first we loafed about the lakes and rivers in a house-boat and shot snipe in the marshes and chicaw on the side of the hills. Then we proceeded farther afield to try for black bear in the jungle on the lower hills and for red bears on the heights. As the snow had all gone there was small chance of ibex or of bara singh. The latter are just like our red deer, but black in colour. I ought to have got one specimen, but missed an easy shot, the solitary chance I had.

My companion had only two months' leave, whereas I had three, so while he was with me we decided only to go for the black bear, which were easier to find. I thought this shooting capital sport. The way it was managed was to have a large number of beaters from a neighbouring village. These beaters were ready to come for almost nothing and knew all about the game. They formed a line at the broad base of a valley, which invariably tapered into a narrow point at the top, leaving only one or two paths by which the bear would come when disturbed by the din of the beaters below.

A black bear, like a Scotch hare, always runs uphill, so that if a bear was in the valley the chances of a shot were excellent. We got one or two in this way, though often, of course, the drive was blank. On one occasion I wounded one and we followed him for miles and miles without success. On another occasion an old she-bear fell to my partner's rifle before he discovered that she was accompanied by a small cub. After a long hunt and with great difficulty, with the aid of various dogs from the village, we caught the little creature, but unfortunately not before it had been badly bitten by one of our pack.

We had a rare job with this little beast, which was only about

two feet long, and never shall I forget our trouble in dressing its wound. However, eventually, when my companion's leave was up and he left me, he took the little bear with him and presented her to the men of his troop. Two years later this bear came to Hounslow with the regiment, and lived on the edge of the cricket ground, just outside the barrack-gate, in an enormous dog-kennel. The old soldier who had charge of her was much addicted to drink. He took great care of her, and she repaid his kindness, because when he got "blind to the world" he always had sense enough to go to the back of the bear's kennel and curl himself up.

The old soldier knew that here he was perfectly safe from the military police, for there was not another man who dared to face that bear. She had a fellow-feeling for her keeper for she was very fond of beer herself. When her keeper's time was up and he got his discharge, the bear was not safe without him and she was ultimately presented to the Zoo.

I think while we were together we only once met a brown bear, which I wounded, but did not get, for he went far down the *khud* very fast, and my *shikari*, who was responsible for me, would not let me follow. Some of the men followed, and one of them got badly mauled. He went back into camp before I did, and on my arrival I found Teck administering first-aid in rather a crude manner by pouring a mixture of vaseline into the wound. However, that treatment could not hurt a Kashmiri; he marched on with us, and in ten days' time was none the worse.

Two other episodes remain in my memory. On one occasion I was on the march right ahead of all my men, except the coolie who carried my day's food. On my left in the valley below I heard a tremendous noise, and found that a whole village had turned out and were hunting a black bear with every cur they could find. The bear crossed the river below me and passed me so close that I was able to hit him with a stone which I threw at him as he went by. I joined in the hunt, sent my coolie back for my rifle and started first up the hill, but was soon last. After going a mile or so a long way in the rear I was relieved to find that they had bailed up the bear in a small cave. My rifle soon arrived, when I butchered the poor brute. I had no qualms in

doing this as these animals do an enormous amount of damage to the villagers' crops.

The other occasion was when I was after a red bear on the tops of the hills. I had seen him a long way off and had to go very fast as light was failing. I got very close, but I was so blown that I missed both barrels. With my second rifle I hit him in the rump and he ran away from me round a rock. After him I went, thinking he was gone for ever, but as I ran round the rock I almost ran into him where, standing up on his hind legs, he was waiting for me. I was greatly startled, but let him have both barrels quickly in the chest at three yards' range. I still have his skin, which is a very fine one. My total bag was six brown bears and five black.

The second tournament that I played in for the regiment was at Calcutta at Christmas, 1888, the team being : Ava, 1 ; George Milner, 2 ; myself, 3 ; and Renton, back. We had a delightful time and a complete victory, meeting in the first round a Behar planters' team, with only one star player, viz. Rowland Hudson, and Cooch Behar's team, representing Calcutta, in the final. I had a great week, for I stayed in Chowringhee with Sir Alec and Lady Wilson, old friends of my father's, who always had a large and cheery party for the Christmas races. He was a big Calcutta merchant and a charming host. The racing was excellent, Bill Beresford and the Apcars being very much to the fore with large studs of good horses. Lord Dufferin entertained us all at Government House, and among our other hosts were Cooch Behar and the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Stewart Bailey.

The first pig I ever stuck was within ten miles of Lucknow, where I was taken by Gibbon, of the 8th Bengal Cavalry. This was the only pig that I heard of near that city. I got so bitten with the sport from this experience that I got a couple of cheap horses and used to go as often as I could to Cawnpore, where Chapman ran a great show and provided excellent sport. In the war I met Gibbon, who had become a padre.

A good deal of illness occurred among the officers, and we were very short of good players for the Inter-Regimental Tournament of 1889. Renton, Rawlinson, and Portal had all gone to England, so that we had to make up a new team, consisting of Ava, Milner,

Lawrence, and myself. Fortunately for us the opposition was weak and we pulled it off again, meeting the 7th Dragoon Guards and the 8th Hussars, who were not at full strength.

So for the second time in succession we won the Inter-Regimental Tournament with four subalterns. Lawrence, who played back for us then, and also in the following Calcutta Christmas Tournament, is now Lieut.-Gen. the Hon. Sir H. A. Lawrence. He and I put our heads together and decided that polo was played on too wooden lines, that polo players were taught to stick to their exact places too rigidly, and so we wrote an article between us advocating the present game of the free interchange of places, and had it published in *Hayes's News*. This was my first effort at writing on polo tactics, though not the last.

Renton and Portal were, I believe, the first pair to interchange freely as back and three, Renton constantly making runs and scoring many goals, his place being taken by Portal. Lawrence and I carried it further and advocated and practised the free interchanging of 2 and 3 and of 2 and 1. And it is on these lines that I have practised and taught polo ever since.

A new form of amusement was started in the summer of 1887 in the form of weekly paperchases, got up by Tommy Lyle, of the 23rd Fusiliers. He used to spend the whole week making the course for the following week in the waste lands on the far side of the Goomti River. He had a large staff of coolies and made a sort of fresh steeplechase course every week. It was called paperchasing, but as a matter of fact it was point-to-point racing, marked out with white flags on the left and red flags on the right. We used to get, as a rule, about twenty starters besides mounted spectators, for people who did not wish to compete could ride outside the made-up jumps and look on. It was the greatest possible fun and was looked forward to from week to week as the great event. We all rode ponies of polo height.

To finish the season it was arranged that we should have a proper point-to-point race for all the ponies which had been competing regularly, with selling lotteries and everything complete, the only stipulation being that no one was to go near the course.

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I had a pony called Spec, which belonged to Norman Nickalls, who was on leave, and which I had ridden regularly. He was a perfect jumper, but a trifle troubled with the slows. However, I fancied him as a possible outsider if I had a bit of luck and determined to back him in the lotteries if he went cheap, as I knew he ought to. I arranged with a pal to buy him in every lottery, because I knew that if I bought him myself the price would go up.

The ponies' names were read out and the bidding started. Just before Spec's name was put up, I looked out for my pal, and to my disgust saw him sound asleep on a sofa, so I had to bid myself.

As soon as people saw me bidding they bid against me, and instead of buying him for five rupees, which would have meant a 40 to 1 chance, I had to pay twenty-five rupees, which, of course, shortened the odds tremendously. There were two or three more lotteries, and in each his price shortened, so my book stood at the finish that I could win about Rs.1,000 for an outlay of about Rs.200. Had my pal kept awake I should have stood to win a much larger stake.

The race started on the course with about twenty runners. The second fence was an imitation bullfinch of artificial brush planted on the top of a bank. This was a very strange obstacle to every pony, so I glued Spec's nose to the tail of the most reliable jumper I could pick, and arrived at this bullfinch with the leaders. Unfortunately my pilot fell, I jumped on top of him and fell too, and as I scrambled up I saw ponies refusing and falling all round me.

Luckily I got up with the pony and lost very little ground, though I thought that now I could never catch the leaders. At the turn for home I was lying fifth. However, by an extraordinary piece of luck the leader went wrong and missed the last turn, taking the next three with him. I spotted the next flag far to my left front, and turning sharp galloped home an easy winner, before those in front of me could right themselves and rectify their mistake. So I pouched my Rs.1,000 in the luckiest race I ever took part in.

The next tournament we competed in was at Calcutta, with an even weaker team, for Milner was not available, and Renton,

though he had returned, was ill. The team chosen was Warner, 1, Ava, 2 ; myself, 3 ; and Lawrence, back.

This I look upon as the luckiest polo match I ever took part in. We went out for the last eight-minute period, 4 goals to 2, and thought we had the match in our pockets. In those days the time was only counted when the ball was in actual play, and players could change ponies when the ball was out of play, this being a frequent occurrence on grounds which had no side boards. At the beginning of the last period we went utterly to pieces, and Cooch Behar, who was captaining the Calcutta team, hit no less than four goals in four minutes. The score was then 6 goals to 4. I was riding Joe, which was Renton's best pony, and scored a very lucky goal at an acute angle. I then rapidly scored three more from the throw in, so we won by 8 goals to 6. It was a most lucky victory, as no less than eight goals were scored in eight minutes.

The credit of it was chiefly due to Joe, who put up the most marvellous performance. One of the goals I got I had missed at full gallop. Joe then stopped dead in his tracks, thus allowing the ball to trickle on so that it overtook me and gave me a second shot. He was a yellow country-bred, only 13.2, the height in those days, and had won the Dilkusha Stakes, the big maiden race for ponies at Lucknow.

In the course of a long polo career I have probably ridden more good ponies than almost anyone, but never have I ridden such an absolutely perfect machine as Joe. The critical goal, i.e. our fifth, when they were two ahead, could not have been obtained on any pony but Joe. In those days we were allowed to bluff as much as we liked, provided we did not cross the line of the ball, and we were also allowed to sail as near the wind as we liked. Cooch Behar was on the ball, and so I galloped at him at right angles. He, thinking he was going to be knocked over, pulled up, shouting for a "foul." Joe stopped absolutely dead with the ball in front of us. I took it on and shot a lucky goal from an acute angle. This was the turning point, and the other three goals came one after the other in three minutes.



## CHAPTER VIII

### INDIA—PLANTER-LAND

At Motihari when the planters were rich—German synthetic dyes—Planters' sport—The old grey boar.

WE have had in our family for nearly a hundred years a share in an indigo property at Motihari in Behar, which was a source of wealth in the old days, until the Germans produced synthetic indigo from coal tar.

The result of this discovery has been that the indigo industry is ruined, and that a prosperous community of comparatively wealthy permanent residents has been dispersed. Most of the big estates, including the one in which my family has a share, still exist, but only as *zemindaries*, and such crops as rice and oats, and in some instances sugar, take the place of the former lucrative industry of indigo manufacture.

No one ever pretended that the synthetic indigo is anything like as good as the natural product, but it suits everyone better except the producer of the real article and in the end the consumer. The dyers like synthetic indigo because it is always up to standard and is of only one quality; also because it is cheaper. The cloth manufacturers and tailors like it because the colour, though not fast, is just as good. They can charge just as much for it, and it wears out quicker, so they can sell more of it. The purchaser of the blue serge suit of clothes discovers that the cloth does not wear as well, but he does not know the reason, so everyone is pleased—especially the German!—except the poor indigo planter, and he does not matter, for he has no vote. But the planter community has kept the very large tract of country called Behar, comprising the districts of Bettiah Champarun, Tirhoot, and Dharbungha, quiet since the days of John Company, and has always kept up that fine volunteer regiment of Behar Light Horse, which has saved the Government an enormous sum of money.



The planters have worked in with the Civil Service, and have practically governed this tract of country justly and well for some hundred and fifty years. All the support they required from Government was that only natural indigo dyed cloth should have been used for Army, Navy and Police uniforms. This would have been an economy too, for natural indigo is a preservative as well as a dye, and the modern cloth they buy now is nothing like as good as they used to be able to get before coal tar dye was invented. As a matter of fact, the contracts by Government for the supply of blue cloth to the Navy, Army, and Police contained for many years a clause to the effect that the cloth should only be dyed with natural indigo. In spite of this the dyers used the cheap, bounty-fed, German synthetic dyes, and when this fact was proved, the Government officials would not even insist on having the terms of their contracts carried out.

But in the year 1895, when I visited Motihari, there was only a threatening rumour of this new invention, which had been vaguely talked of for twenty-five years, and in which few believed. The season was a bumper one, all the planters were rich, as hospitable as Arabs, and were in their spare time out for all the fun they could get in the way of shooting, hunting, pig-sticking, polo, racing, paperchasing, and dancing.

This is the most attractive part of India, because the houses and gardens are permanent, and are handed on by different members of the same families to their successors. The result is that there are beautiful old bungalows and charming gardens, nearly always on the edges of lovely lakes. The houses are very large in many instances, and the planters' hospitality was, and still is, proverbial, in spite of hard times.

I spent two delightful winters there—in 1895-6, and in 1898-9 amongst the best lot of all-round sportsmen in the world, and never shall I forget the kindness and hospitality I received.

When I arrived in Bombay I found a letter from my brother asking me to buy twenty Arab ponies in the stables and have them sent on to Motihari. These I got without difficulty, for the Behar height was 13.2 (one inch less than in other parts of India), so I was able to get really well-bred ponies at reasonable prices, as the demand for small ponies was very limited. I



III OLD GRAY BOAR





think they averaged about Rs.500 apiece. My brother and I kept eight for our own use, and he distributed the remainder amongst his friends. I do not think there was a single one that failed to make a useful polo pony. They lasted in that country for many years, a few of them being quite first-class.

The way to go to Behar is to change at the Dinapur Junction, cross the Ganges in a ferry-boat, and then take a narrow-gauge railway which runs to Bettiah, changing at Mozufferpore, the capital of Tirhoot, and the principal town in all Behar.

The big Sonepur camp and fair just north of the river was going on, and I stopped there a few hours to see a cousin who was engineer in the district.

This is one of the biggest fairs in India for cattle, horses, elephants, etc., and the planter community assemble there annually and form an enormous camp and hold a race-meeting, a polo tournament, cricket matches, a parade of the Behar Light Horse, etc.

We came down with a polo team a few days later, and with the Motihari team won the polo tournament, and I had an interesting time at the races, for the official starter was ill, so my services were requisitioned in that capacity.

The episode which remains most clearly in my memory was a bit of fun my brother and I had in the elephant lines at the big Sonepur fair. We had heard that one of the elephants had gone what is called *must*. This means that he had got out of control, had gone temporarily mad, and that he must be captured and tied up at all risks. My brother and I rode down to see the fun on a couple of handy ponies, and found him raging in a field of *rabi*, with about a thousand natives looking on. The *mahouts* with spears and *lathis* (long poles), were trying to drive him into some jungle, where they would have a chance of tying him up till he cooled down and became sane again, which would probably take some three weeks. At last he got on the run and cut straight across country for about a mile and a half as hard as he could go. As my brother and I were the only mounted men we were able to keep quite close to him and keep him on the move till he pulled up in a jungle, utterly blown, having demolished on his way a couple of native houses made of bamboo and straw. At last he stood still,

exhausted ; the *mahouts* came up, lassoed his four legs with different ropes, and pegged him out four-square so that he could not move. There we left him perfectly safe, and there, the *mahouts* told us, he would probably remain for the next three weeks, till his ardour was cooled, and he would revert to being a perfectly respectable member of society.

At this time my brother was an assistant at an outwork called Soogong, a charming spot some twelve miles from the head factory at Motihari. There was a manager at Motihari and seven assistants were at different outworks, the two farthest, Soogong and Poinahea, being nearly thirty miles apart. Now, alas ! there are only three Europeans employed. In the prosperous days, however, each of these Europeans kept his own charger for the Behar Light Horse and two or three polo ponies, which were used for his work, and on which we used to pig-stick, and play polo once a week at a most excellent ground at Motihari, where there was a fair-sized native bazaar and a European station, with a collector, doctor, padre, and other officials, a cricket ground, swimming-baths, and planters' club.

One of the charms of pig-sticking in those parts was that the sport often came along unexpectedly, as news would come in that there was a good pig in some sugar-cane brake or in a small jungle. A few beaters would be got together and out we would go and very likely have a good hunt, kill a pig, and be home again in less than an hour.

I remember that one day, when we had gone out in this way, Jack Rutherford, who afterwards won a D.S.O. in the South African war, and I had got a pig badly wounded in a bit of jungle under a high bank. Instead of waiting for my brother we went in after him on foot, a very foolish proceeding, considering that he was still full of fight. We were a bit clumsy and in too much of a hurry, and could not get our spears in properly, so that we might have been in for some very nasty trouble had not my brother come up in the nick of time and seen from the top of the six-foot bank what was going on. He did not hesitate, but made a flying jump from the top of the bank, and drove his spear clean through the pig, pinning him to the earth. Before the pig was properly dead my brother started cursing us, and told us exactly what he thought of us both.

Other good pig-sticking was carefully organised for our benefit at the different big factories in the neighbourhood. One of the best I remember was at Lal Seria, Jimmy McLeod's big estate about fifteen miles from Motihari. His bungalow was two-storeyed; the upper storey consisting of one enormous room in which there were sixteen beds for any bachelors who might turn up, the ladies being accommodated in tents in the compound. We had a delightful time, killing several pig and having a couple of polo matches on McLeod's private ground, also a big duck shoot. Jimmy McLeod was one of the finest and best known sportsmen in India, especially in the racing world, for he had been a successful steeplechase rider in his time. He was the chief of the large Scottish community in Behar.

We had some good "meets," as they were called, at Rowland Hudson's and other big bungalows, including Dot Gordon Canning's place, near Bettiah. The latter took us up into the Moores' country, a family of pure Europeans who have been in India for generations without coming home, and who own and farm lands in the northern part of Bettiah. This is the only instance to my knowledge of a family which has not deteriorated morally or physically in the Indian climate, for they are a gigantic breed of men, and have kept their race absolutely pure European. They were too big and heavy to ride hard after pig themselves in bad country, so they only rode about and looked on, and left all the sport to their guests.

One of them has a well-known sporting emporium in Calcutta, known as Eroom (Moore spelt backwards) from which many generations of soldiers have bought their polo sticks. There is another family of Dutch extraction, by name Broncke, living in these parts; also a race of giants and great friends of the Moores. Their planter friends in old days used to affectionately allude to them as the "hill tribes."

In old Behar it was customary for the big planters to give periodical "meets" about once a year or oftener, to which they invited their friends. The food to a large extent was ordered up from Calcutta in the shape of hams, tinned meats, and preserves of all kinds. When the food was all eaten and there was nothing left, the *khansamah* would warn the host, who would order egg curry for breakfast. Every guest would immediately

find pressing business at home, and within two hours the place would be deserted. This custom went out of fashion many years ago. My brother found out its existence by proposing to serve egg curry at his first party, when he was quickly prevented by his *khansamah*, who assured him that it would empty his house.

When anyone gives a party the guests are expected to bring all their own bedding, and the *khansamah* of the host arranges with his master's friends how much crockery and china they must bring with them. But the climax of this was reached at my brother's Christmas party at Soogong, for then the Collector's wife, now Lady Colvin, had the shock of her life when coffee was handed round after dinner. She recognised, to her horror some priceless old Worcester china cups which she kept in a cabinet, and which her *khansamah* had packed up and sent over twelve miles in a bullock cart! However, not a single cup was damaged.

In those days the class of boy who became an assistant in an indigo factory was, as a rule, a Public Schoolboy, who had either failed at Sandhurst or who could not afford a soldiering career, and any good lad of ordinary capacity was pretty sure of getting a job. Many of them came out to their friends and were kept free of expense till the necessary billet was found.

While I was there, however, in 1895, a lad turned up who was quite hopeless and whom no one would employ. What happened to him eventually I do not know, but he lived about among the various planters for many months and was a never-ending source of amusement to some of the more active practical jokers. One day at Soogong he came in, in a great state of excitement, saying that he had seen a beautiful pheasant. Everyone, of course, knew that this was a bamboo pheasant, a scavenger of the worst kind, with brilliant red and blue plumage. He was made to go and stalk it with great care, and succeeded in shooting it sitting. He was then told that it was a very rare luxury and that he must write a nice letter to the wife of the head manager and send it in to her by special messenger for a dinner-party that was shortly coming off. The lady fairly played up, and sent him a polite letter of thanks and an invitation to a dinner-party, at which a big chicken was served up decorated with the tail feathers of this lovely pheasant.

Another cruel joke was played upon him by Jack Rutherford. Spears made of split bamboo, with about twenty prongs at the end, containing barbed points which spread out when the water is struck, are used by the native fisherman, who in this way impale small fish in the lakes and rivers. Jack Rutherford told him that they were meant for pig-sticking spears for beginners, because they were much easier and less dangerous than an ordinary spear. So the unfortunate boy was always taken out after pig armed with this extraordinary weapon, to the huge delight of the native beaters and of the white sportsmen too.

The men used as beaters for our pig-sticking were Moosohurs and Donghurs, descendants of the hunting tribes from Central India, small, wiry men, born hunters of game of every kind. These are the men who supply the planters with game birds of all kinds, such as snipe, duck, quail, etc., which they capture alive in nets. The duck and quail are put into specially constructed duckerries and quail houses, and are fattened up and kept till the shooting season is over, so that the planters are able to get delicious game practically through all the hot weather. These men are very brave after pig, and will go into the thickest of jungle and trust to their activity for saving their naked bodies from a charging boar. The ordinary *syces*, or native grooms, are very brave too.

On one occasion a very small boy about fourteen years old, the son of one of my brother's *syces*, was following up and carrying a spare spear, when out across the open *maidan* came an angry sow which had broken from the line and which, seeing the small boy, charged down on him. The little chap simply knelt on one knee, placing the butt of the spear against his knee towards the charging pig. She ran full tilt on to the spear point, which was driven clean through her. The boy never moved or faltered till the crash came, when he went over and over with the pig in a cloud of dust, and then picked himself up and stood beside his dead enemy, a proud and calm little warrior. He was told never to kill a sow again if he valued his reputation as a sportsman, whereupon he went to my brother and said he was very sorry, but could not tell her sex by looking at her snout !!

I once read what I thought was an absurd story in one of



Ouida's novels, in which it is related of the hero that he had a fall pig-sticking and held the boar off with his hands. But this actually occurred to my brother-in-law, Keith Marsham, who was attacked on the ground by a pig, and, seizing him by the ears, held him off till Jack Rutherford came up and killed the pig over his body. This was actually seen and vouched for by three witnesses.

A very favourite sport in India is hunting jackals with long dogs. Excellent dogs are bred in the country, having a strain of the Australian kangaroo-hound in them, and there is also a very fine breed of native hounds called Rampur hounds. They are all short-coated and are mostly in appearance like a kind of big English lurcher; they are brave and good tacklers, and hunt mostly by sight.

With a couple that I kept at Lucknow I used to have great sport in the early mornings in the hot weather, hunting the barren country beyond the racecourse and on the far side of the Goomti River. Some years later, in 1895, we went in for the sport regularly in Motihari, where we used terriers too, a regular bobbery pack, for with the aid of small dogs we were able to draw the sugar-cane brakes and small covers, while the long dogs did the killing.

I once sent out to my brother two extraordinarily good lurchers, a big yellow dog called Spring, and a black-and-white smaller dog called Sting. They were quite undefeatable, and used to gallop along at either stirrup and worked to the voice and a wave of the arm. If Spring lost sight of his game he would bound twice his own height in the air in order to get a view again, and unless the jackal got to ground or into impenetrable cover this pair seldom failed to kill. But, unfortunately, English dogs are very difficult to keep any length of time in India, owing to the great heat, and this splendid pair of hounds only lasted two years, although my brother used to send them up in the hot weather to Katmando to Colonel Wylie, the Nepalese Resident, who was very fond of them. Spring died of some liver complaint during the second hot weather, while Sting pined away and would not eat after the death of his companion.

Foxhounds seldom last more than one, or at most two seasons, in Northern India, even though they are sent up to the hills.



ITHUT COI C. D. MILLER ON "RUPEL"



If one takes English dogs to India one should try to cross them as soon as possible with the best of the native dogs and trust to those bred in the country.

As an illustration of sport in India I will insert the following, written by my brother Charles :

### THE OLD GREY BOAR

BY LIEUT.-COL. CHARLES D. MILLER,

*For twelve years an indigo planter in Behar at Motihari.*

On looking back in after years there are nearly always some days that remain fresh in one's memory above all others. Sometimes I think that I have had more than my share of fun in India and at home, hunting, shooting, pig-sticking and playing polo. I think, perhaps, when everything goes right, that a good day after pig is the best and most exhilarating in the world.

I landed in India in 1890, and was lucky to find myself at Motihari in Champarun, and for eleven years enjoyed such sport as falls to very few. It is an ideal country for pig-sticking, as the going is perfect, the pig in old days very numerous, big in size, and very carefully preserved, as the whole district belonged to various indigo planters who guarded their covers with the greatest care and only allowed a warrantable boar to be ridden. For nine seasons I enjoyed wonderful sport, and it was seldom that less than one hundred boars were accounted for in a season in the parties that I attended, sometimes many more.

The biggest and best boar I ever killed measured 37 ins. and weighed 24½ st. I knew about this boar for nearly three years, and on more than one occasion was within almost a spear's length of his tail, but he always beat me through cleverness. My *shikari*, Gopal (trained by Joe Rutherford), one of the best men after pig I ever saw, was continually after this boar, but whenever he harboured him it was always quite close to a deep muddy river called the Danowti, to which he always went as soon as roused. When he reached the river he would calmly swim down the middle, smiling at our futile efforts, until he

reached some impenetrable cane brake out of which it was impossible to move him. This got on Gopal's nerves, and he came to think that some spirit of very exceptionable intelligence dwelt in our friend's big body.

At last, after a partial famine when food was scarce, the old boar left the banks of the river Danowti and moved to a place called Haraj, where there was about four acres of very sweet sugar cane kept for the cart bullocks of this indigo factory. His appetite got the better of his discretion! Gopal was after him at once, and late at night came to tell me that the big grey boar was in the factory cane at Haraj, four miles from Motihari and fully four miles from the river. We arranged to have two hundred coolies on the spot at 6 a.m., in case our friend wished to do a move in the morning. I was at Haraj by 6.30 a.m., with my assistant, Dudley Parsons, and found Gopal all smiles, as the big grey boar had not moved.

This patch of sugar cane was in an ideal spot from our point of view, as there was no safe cover to hide a pig within three and a half miles, the country all round was open, with nothing to stop a good horse, and the going was perfect. The cane grew in a big forty-acre field enclosed by a big, double, Irish bank which was jumpable in most places. The pig's point would be surely south-east to a place called Dokraha, three miles away, where there was a big swampy jungle; on all other sides there was no safe refuge.

On the northern edge of the cane lay an old river-bed, dry at this time of year, the month of April. This deep *nullah* was very wide and very deep, but easily crossed on a horse. The sides of the *nullah* were quite bare, except for a little patch of low-growing thorns on the bank at the north-west corner. I was riding my best horse, a brown waler, called Rupee, the best pig-sticker I ever owned. Parsons was riding a grey waler that he was very fond of, but which pulled a bit at times.

There was one big tree in the middle of the cane, and I sent my *syce*, Teeluck, to sit in this, as no cane would grow within twenty yards of the tree, and I thought the boar would surely go to this open space when roused, to listen. Gopal formed a line, starting from the north side on the edge of the big *nullah*. A strong west wind was blowing. Parsons and I hid our horses

in a bend of the *nullah*, at the north-east corner, so as not to give the boar our wind. The coolies had orders to move in one line, almost touching. Within a quarter of an hour there was an uproar, and we knew the pig was on foot, and almost at once a big boar broke on the south side and went away to the south-east, towards Dokraha. We gave him plenty of law, and when he crossed the Irish bank, heading for the open country, I could see him cantering up the slope half a mile away, so gave the word "to ride"; we had a great gallop, both horses jumping the big double perfectly.

Our friend soon heard us coming, and put on the pace, but I saw at once that it was not the old grey boar, although a very fine one. Parsons went up very fast and the boar charged him, but, owing to the pace, he only speared him lightly, as his horse was pulling hard. I swung out well to his left, and the boar at once gave me a beautiful charge; my spear went into his heart and he could only stagger a few yards and dropped in his tracks. He carried a lovely head, measured 33 ins. and weighed 19 st.—a very fine boar, but not *the* boar; although Parsons, who was young at the game, did not believe me and felt certain he had got first spear into our old enemy.

We cantered back, and the coolies finished the beat and nothing happened. Teeluck then came out of his tree, and told me that the *big boar* had stood under his tree for fully three minutes, and that he was the biggest he had ever seen, so I knew our friend was still in the cane. The coolies went through again and nothing happened. Three times they beat the cane and never saw a thing. Gopal was at his wits' end, and all the coolies were chaffing Teeluck about his eyesight and powers of imagination!

I rode all round the cane and there was nothing to be seen—no tracks, no sign. I then came to the patch of thorns, which did not look as if it would hide a rabbit, as it was only two feet high and not more than twenty yards long by five yards wide, on the steep bank of the *nullah*. The coolies, seeing me looking, shouted out: "Teeluck's sucking pig must be lying in the thorns; come, brothers, and we will catch him alive." They all proceeded to stand twenty deep, and walked down the bank into the thorns, when suddenly the old grey boar, who had been lying in a hole covered by grass and thorns, rose in their very midst. I never

saw such pandemonium ; literally the boar was covered with prostrate coolies all yelling blue murder. But above the din I could hear Teeluck using appalling language, begging the coolies to catch his sucking pig.

Meanwhile, the boar, which looked a veritable monster, dived into the cane. The coolies picked themselves up, swearing vengeance. One or two were slightly cut, but the feelings of one and all were badly injured by Teeluck's gentle words of encouragement. They lined up, and started to beat the cane, but the big grey boar was very angry, and at once took the offensive and charged the line repeatedly. After a bit, Gopal came out, and said it was not a pig, but a devil, and had cut three men badly, but that the men were mad with rage (chiefly owing to Teeluck's gentle badinage, which included a picturesque description, hardly complimentary, of all their female relations and lady friends) and would have one more go.

They found the pig once more, but this time he chased them out like a terrier after rats, and I had to call them off. I found four men with very nasty deep cuts—one very serious, who had to be sent to the hospital on a stretcher after I had tried first aid. It was now well past one o'clock and obviously quite unfair to ask the coolies to face the sugar cane again, as nothing would induce the old boar to leave.

Gopal and I decided that our only chance was to call off the coolies and send everyone away, as a pig that has been harried will sometimes break of his own accord when everything is quiet. I therefore sent everyone away, including *syces* and spare horses. Parsons and I rode down the *nullah* to the east (with Ernest Thorp, who had joined us to watch the fun), and hid our horses about half a mile to windward of the cane. We ourselves lay on the edge of the *nullah* and watched.

About three o'clock, to our great joy, we saw the old boar come out and look round. The excitement was intense, as the old fellow was obviously very uneasy. He stood and listened, and then went to where our horses had been hidden, and tried the wind from two different points. He did not seem happy, and, to our great disappointment, went back into the cane, and we thought it was all up, but evidently he went right through to the western side to have a look, because, presently, Thorp saw

him trotting very slowly from the western corner, going south-east to Dokraha. If only he would cross the bank I knew he was sure! He went on slowly, stopping every fifty yards or so to listen, and at last was over the bank and away at a steady canter. Parsons was half mad with excitement, but I held him by the back of his neck until the pig was fully a mile from the cane.

We then ran to our horses and started off. I shouted to Parsons to steady at the bank, but it was no use, and he took it at racing pace. Just as my old horse lit on top, I saw the grey turning Catherine-wheels into the next field. Parsons fell like a bit of dry toast, and was none the worse, but, alas! he could not keep hold of the grey. Thorp shouted: "Gallop on, or he'll beat you yet. I'll catch his horse!" I never meant to do anything else with the old grey boar in front, so on we went at racing pace over a lovely line of small banks and ditches which my horse never troubled to put a foot on.

We drew up very fast and the boar was only two hundred and fifty yards in front, going up a slight rise, when he heard my horse galloping. He pulled up at once, whipped round, and, without the slightest hesitation, just cocked his ears and came straight for me. I saw he meant to come straight home, so I gave my old horse his head, and took him on at racing pace. The gallant old boar never checked, but jumped straight at me in his stride, and took the point of my spear just in front of the off shoulder and down right through his vitals. It was whipped out of my hand as we passed, and, as I swung round, I saw the spear bend and break in the ground, having passed out in front of his near stifle. As I trotted back he tried to charge, but suddenly hesitated and fell stone dead in his tracks.

So died the most gallant old grey boar it was ever my good fortune to meet. When he dropped I almost felt as if I had lost a friend, so gallantly had he died. Soon Gopal, Teeluck, and the coolies came racing up, and they one and all did *homage* to the brave old boar with the words: "*Salaam, maharaj, salaam!*"

We carried him back to Haraj, and in the indigo scales he weighed down Parsons and myself, but Gopal's little boy of ten years old just made us balance— $24\frac{1}{2}$  st.; and the tape drawn tight between two spears, one at his withers and one at the dew



claw, showed 37 ins. He was in good, hard condition, but not fat, or might easily have weighed 3 st. more.

Behar pig run very big, owing to the good food and good climate, and this boar was by no means a record, as that great sportsman, Jimmy MacLeod, some years before killed a 43-in. boar off a small pony.

## CHAPTER X

### INDIA

Riding nilghai with spears—Tiger-shooting de luxe in Nepal—A polo win at Mozufferpore—An Indian polo tour—My brother George's pig-sticking accident—A trying journey—*Revanche Fashoda*.

I WILL now continue my own narrative.

One sport that is seldom indulged in is riding nilghai with spears, for they are so tough and give such tremendous runs that it is too hard on horses. Most old planters have killed at least one nilghai (a kind of clumsy antelope) in the course of their career, and my brother stated that he had done so on one occasion at a big pig-stick at Peepra, a neighbouring factory.

People laughed at him beforehand, and told him that he could not do it, so when a nilghai got up he went off after it on an Arab polo pony called Mecca, and—after a very long run—killed it in a pond single-handed. He returned to luncheon when they had nearly finished, and was greeted with a volley of chaff and laughter, to which he did not reply, but put on a disappointed air. However, the laugh was the other way when, later, a procession of coolies arrived, carrying the nilghai on a bamboo pole.

I had a most delightful experience in the spring of 1898, when Colonel Wylie invited my brother and his party to a tiger-shoot in the Nepalese *terai*. He had the Maharajah's elephants and double camp, and we proceeded along the foothills from west to east, dropping the elephants on the way at the villages to which they belonged, and where they would remain for the summer grazing.

Our camp was pitched, while another was sent on some ten to twenty miles and made ready for our arrival. We would beat up all the country between these camps. We were enabled to do this, because we started with no less than two hundred and forty elephants in line. The number of elephants diminished every

day as they reached their own locations, but even at the end of the fortnight during which the shoot lasted we had a very large number.

The method of procedure was to make a very long line, the five guns being equally distributed, and the head *shikari* placed in the centre of the line in order to control direction and pace. They knew pretty well where to find a tiger, as kills had taken place among the cattle and goats that had been tied up for the purpose. When the tiger was roused, the extremities of the line would advance rapidly so that it became a semicircle. If the tiger, or tigers, remained inside this semicircle the advance would continue till the horns of the semicircle joined up and the circle was complete, with the game in the centre. The circle would gradually become smaller and smaller till the elephants stood shoulder to shoulder, and when this took place the tiger's fate was sealed. Often when the line was advancing, or when the circle was in process of formation, the tiger would break through the line.

When this occurred it was the duty of two specially trained *mahouts*, who always rode small, fast, female elephants on the wings of the line, to double back as fast as they could and work round the patches of jungle till they were convinced that the tiger had gone back no farther, but was lying up in a patch of jungle. A tiger seldom gallops more than a few hundred yards, and will always lie up again when things are quiet. When a tiger broke back, the line of elephants split in half and went outwards, turned right and left, and followed the wing leaders in single file, turning inwards again to reform the line in rear of the tiger. Every *mahout* was a trained tiger hunter and a trained soldier. Each man of them understood his job and they were just like hounds after a fox. I never saw them lose a tiger that they once got on foot.

The Nepalese idea of sport is to kill the game and make a certainty of it ; so much so that at this period when the Maharajah went out himself he did not even proceed from his camp until the tiger was properly ringed, so that he had no trouble in shooting him.

According to our ideas of sport this is rather rough on the tiger, for in this open country of light jungles, with very sparse undergrowth, and with a large number of perfectly drilled *mahouts*,



ELEPHANTS BATHING IN NEPAL



and elephants, the animal has no chance at all. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the quarry is one whose numbers must be severely kept down. In the fourteen days we were out we got twelve tigers and several leopards, besides a large number of sambre and other kinds of deer. We also had a lot of fun shooting jungle and peafowl on the way back, after we had accounted for our tiger. My share of the bag was two tigers, one leopard and a sambre.

Sometimes in the same ring there would be more than one tiger, a leopard, and a deer or two. In order to minimise the danger and to give everyone a show we all took it in turns to get a tiger, and no one was allowed to shoot except the man whose turn it was. It was sometimes very exciting when the tigers were charging about in the ring, but the elephants were all so well trained and staunch that there was very little danger. They backed each other up, shoulder to shoulder, and presented a very bold front to a charge, which I never saw pushed home.

The neatest shot I saw was by my brother, who killed a tiger which charged at his elephant with an open mouth roaring. The bullet went straight down his throat, and there was no mark on the skin. My first tiger I shot as it broke back through the line past my elephant. He was only twenty yards from me, peering at me round the trunk of a tree. I was so fortunate as to put a bullet into his ear, so there was no mark on that skin, either.

The whole trip was a most interesting and delightful experience, in a perfect climate and in absolute luxury. Colonel Wylie was the kindest and most perfect host, and, as he had the whole of the Nepalese organisation at his disposal, everything was done without the slightest hitch. The party was a delightful one, consisting of five men and three ladies.

Other most enjoyable trips were made by my brother George to Motihari, with different friends of his, viz. Lord Kensington and Sir Humphrey de Trafford, when they took out packs of hounds and hunted jackals all over Champaran, in addition to plenty of other sport. The country there carries an extraordinarily good scent in the early morning, and they had some exceptional runs. On one occasion they made a most interesting trip to Assam to see wild elephants caught in the *kheddas*. In those days

there were indeed few forms of sport that could not be enjoyed to the full in India, and especially in Behar.

On one memorable occasion my brothers had a meet with the hounds at 6 a.m. After two capital hunts they returned to the bungalow at 9.30, to find news of pig awaiting them in the sugarcane fields. They changed horses, and found three good boars that they killed after good hunts. Then in the afternoon they all played polo. Almost a record for one day. In the party were the late Lord Kensington, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Major Freddy Bretherton, Keith Marsham, and his brother Herbert, the well-known polo player.

When I got to Motihari in 1895 I was surprised to find what an excellent polo player my brother had become, for he was an absolute beginner when I had seen him in 1892. Therefore I proposed to him that we should take a team to Mozufferpore and take on that hitherto unbeatable team. There were at Mozufferpore, Rowland Hudson, against whom I had played in 1888 at Calcutta, and who was one of the best players in India, Guy Collingridge, and other good players. Right through planterland no team could be found which, for some years past, had been able to make them gallop. The good teams from up country had never visited Behar.

However, I was full of confidence, as my brother's ponies were extraordinarily good, and I thought that Hudson and Collingridge were their only first-class players, and that we two brothers could play back and three with pretty nearly perfect combination. Our Number 1 was an oldish and very hard-riding man called Apperley, a very well-known Behar sportsman, while our Number 2 was Percy Jones, a hard-riding and hard-hitting beginner. As I expected, they did not take us seriously, for any fame we had had never reached Behar, and they only looked on my brother as a promising beginner. The result was that, to the great surprise of Mozufferpore, we won a good match very comfortably. Apperley's play was a great surprise to the Mozufferpore team, as they had considered him merely as a brilliant individualist who would ruin any team by selfishness, but they were wrong, and he played for me strictly to orders.

A good story is told about Apperley. One day at Bettiah he was taking no notice of his own side's requests to "leave the

ball." After the game, when tackled, he replied, "Do you suppose I have driven twenty miles in this blazing sun to leave the ball to you?"

A friend of mine, named Selwyn, joined us shortly after this, and said that as he would like to see polo in other parts of India he would pay all the expenses. We arranged a tour of Allahabad, Cawnpore, and Lucknow, taking some fourteen ponies with us. Percy Jones was the fourth man. We had a delightful time at all three places, and enjoyed it enormously, winning our matches at Allahabad against the 8th Bengal Cavalry and at Cawnpore against the station, but we found our Waterloo at Lucknow, where we met the 16th Lancers, beautifully mounted on much bigger ponies than ours.

Two distinguished generals of the Great War were playing for them. Their C.O., Babington, who was a beautiful player and beautifully mounted, played back, while Hubert Gough was the Number 2. They beat us easily. One of the 16th's team, Orr Ewing, was that well-known steeplechase rider commonly called "The Weasel." I served with him in the same regiment of yeomanry in the South African War, where he was killed when gallantly trying to save one of his men. This was in 1900, and he was the first officer killed in this regiment.

We stayed with the 16th in Lucknow, and I stayed with Orr Ewing. I enjoyed my visit enormously, for it was less than five years since I had soldiered there, and I found many old friends there still among the permanent residents in the civil lines. Percy Jones, the cheeriest of sportsmen and best of pals, was killed in the Great War.

There was a great shortage of water in the winter of 1898-9, which was likely to cause a serious famine. My brother arranged with the Resident of Nepal, Colonel Wylie, who was staying with him, that one of the Nepalese rivers should be diverted into our territory, which marched with the Nepal border. The villages were watered in turn by a system of channels and dams, or *bunds*, as they were called; the arrangement being that each village should have the water for so many days and then the *bunds* should be cut so that the next village should get the water down the dry watercourses.

One village, not in the factory leasehold, cut up rusty and, when



its time was up, refused to allow its dam to be cut. We accordingly formed a little expedition, arranged by my brother and the Bettoa assistant, to cut the *bund*. A hundred Dongas, as a reserve, were hidden in a *tope* of trees half a mile away, armed with *lathis*. We five white men advanced on the *bund* with a few officials and labourers. Colonel Wylie and my brother addressed the villagers, who, standing on the far side of the dam, looked very ugly and threatening. We were drawn up on our ponies and were armed with heavy sticks.

As the first spade was put in the *bund*, a volley of brickbats and sticks were hurled at us. So we charged across the *bund*, and E. Rose of the Blues, who was staying with us, and I rode into the midst of them. I must have been a funny sight, for at each of my stirrups ran a big Mahomedan—my own personal servant in a beautiful white dress, and the bungalow *chowkidar*—each armed with an enormous *lathi* with which they did great execution. We were enabled to scatter our enemies temporarily pending the arrival of the hundred reservists, who came along at a fast run, yelling their "*Hal, lal, lal, lal!*" war-cry.

The fight did not last long, and there were no casualties on our side except a few bruises, but the villagers were some of them badly knocked about and a great many of them, too, were thrown into the water. But the *bund* was cut, and I was told years afterwards that the factory never had any more trouble with the village, which had always up till then been a thorn in its side. This is the kind of treatment that the Indian native understands. The water had been brought for this village without any expense to its inhabitants, and their crops were saved. They knew quite well that they might only dam and stop the water for so many days, and had agreed to it. But, when they wanted all the water, they cared nothing for their promises or whether the people in the next village starved for lack of water.

This was the only kind of treatment they thoroughly appreciated, and they bore the white man no ill will for the strong measures taken; on the contrary, they respected them for taking the law into their own hands. The treatment was just, so they appreciated it. This occurred just over twenty-five years ago, when the government of India was conducted on very different lines and the country was a vastly better place to live in.

Mr. Gandhi was imprisoned for sedition in 1922, but he started his campaign in 1919 or 1920, in the bazaar at Motihari. Our manager, Mr. Irwin, heard of his speech within an hour of its delivery, so he sent information to the police officer, one of the Marsham brothers, who arrested the man immediately and locked him up. But the new régime had started, and, as soon as the authorities heard of the arrest, his release was ordered ; with the result that he had a free run for two years, did untold mischief, and had to be locked up after all. Also the police officer—a splendid type of Englishman, whose action would have saved many lives and much sedition had he been supported—was soon removed elsewhere. Thus is India cursed with ignorant idealists, who legislate from Whitehall for a country about which they know less than nothing ! I suppose they think that a politician who spends a cold weather globe trotting knows more about India than the devoted officers who have spent their lives there.

The natives of Behar are ignorant and superstitious, but they had unbounded faith and trust in the leading planters, who had treated them fairly and justly for so many years. If a white man behaved badly to natives, or lowered the "*sahibs*" prestige in any way, no manager of an indigo concern would give him a job. Such occurrences were very rare, for no man who did not bear an unblemished character could earn his living in the whole of Behar ; the managers of the big concerns, especially, being picked men of high character and organising ability.

The natives brought all their troubles to their *sahibs*, who saved them all kinds of legal expenses and also protected them from rapacious money-lenders. There was no question, from a matrimonial squabble to a highway robbery, that a planter might not have to settle off-hand any morning in his office. In cholera times the natives are very difficult. They think that cholera is a devil, stalking about after dark, so they will not venture out of their houses after sundown, but shut themselves up indoors, closing all doors and windows. The disease, therefore, spreads at a rapid rate, and it is by no means easy to help them in any way. The houses are built of bamboos and reeds and are flimsy, cheap affairs, very easily and cheaply constructed

at small expense. The best way to stop the cholera is to set a match to one or two houses on a dark, windy night and send the whole village up in flames. It is a hard thing to do without being found out ; still, it has been successfully done by a trustworthy agent on some occasions.

Every native requires to be understood individually, and very few can be treated in the same way. My brother treated one case in a most drastic way, which saved the man's reason and life.

Cholera had decimated one of the smaller villages, and the headman of the place had lost his wife and whole family, so he covered himself in dust and ashes, tore his clothes to pieces, and came in, naked and filthy, to throw himself at my brother's feet, saying he had lost everything that made life worth living and had come to die there. Indigo was then in full process of manufacture, so my brother took a stick, beat the man till he howled for mercy, and then turned him into the vats to work like a coolie. This treatment saved his reason ; he regained his balance and his health, and within a year had married a young wife. The last I heard of him was that he had regained his position, and was the father of a second and most flourishing family. This man my brother knew well ; he liked and respected him, and knew very well that only the strongest methods could possibly save him.

Another curious story my brother told me about a superstitious native was that he was once attacked by a mob in a village and narrowly escaped by galloping away on his pony. He found out that this was engineered by the leading man of the village as a sort of *No Rent* manifesto, so he sent factory police to arrest the man and bring him to his office. He made the man a speech, and told him that his sins would find him out, that he would not live a year in his wickedness, and that after his death he (my brother) would raze his house to the ground and plant indigo where the house had been. Of course this was all for effect on the audience, and my brother never imagined that it would be taken seriously.

He forgot all about the occurrence, and never thought of the matter again till one day, almost a year later, one of his factory servants came and told him that the man was dying and was

not expected to live over the anniversary of the attack on my brother. Sure enough he died the day before the year was up. He died because he believed in the power of the curse, and because he felt sure that his number was up, and so would take no nourishment. After his death the house was demolished and indigo was grown where it had stood. This enormously enhanced my brother's prestige, for the natives all thought he had some strange supernatural power, so no one cared to offend him, and he never had any trouble again in that part of the country.

The natives are very fond of litigation, and the following story will show how very difficult it is to get at the truth. Almost every native lies by choice, and trusts the white man implicitly because he thinks he is so curiously constituted as to be physically incapable of telling a lie. A man was run into court for not having paid a debt. Now, he never had any dealings whatever with his prosecutor, but he thought there was no use in denying the accusation, as the forged documents were all in order, and there were many witnesses to prove that he owed the money. He, therefore, produced more witnesses and more forged documents, and proved to the satisfaction of the Court that, though he had borrowed the money, he had paid it back!

A good story was told in 1895 *à propos* of the discipline in the Behar Light Horse. A very smart new adjutant, named Carandini, from the 8th Hussars, was sent to this corps. He was a gentleman, and a very charming individual, but he had risen from the ranks from sheer merit, so his ideas of discipline were distinctly stricter than those that prevailed in the planter's regiment, in which, from the last-joined recruit to the colonel of the regiment, all met more or less as friends and on terms of equality, in one another's houses, on the polo ground and on other sporting and social occasions.

Carandini's first appearance at a parade took place in the early morning. The chargers were sent on to the parade ground, and the new adjutant drove to the rendezvous with the colonel, Sir William Hudson. On the way they passed a trooper riding to the parade. As the dogcart passed him he shouted out: "Good morning, Paddy"; for Sir William was known far and wide as Paddy Hudson. Carandini was horrified at this breach

of discipline. He said nothing then, but, when he was discussing matters with the regimental sergeant-major after the parade was over, he said: "Do the gentlemen of the Behar Light Horse not salute their officers?" "Lord bless you, sir," replied the sergeant-major, "the Light Horse, they cleans nothing and salutes nobody."

My last visit to India, in 1904, was not nearly so enjoyable a trip. My brother George, who had gone out with Walter Jones and Bertie Wilson to spend the winter in Motihari, unfortunately had a very bad accident pig-sticking, and this caused internal injuries. I got a wire saying he was dangerously ill, so I started at once and only just arrived in time, for when I reached him he seemed nearly dead. However, he bucked up when he saw me and started to mend from that moment.

It was more than a month before I could move him, but eventually, and with the aid of a trained nurse and Bertie Wilson's servant, we took him right across India on a stretcher in the train, got him on a P. & O. at Bombay and across to France, still on the stretcher, and it was not till he had been home some time that he even sat up. I never thought he would ride again, but instead of this he played in the winning teams of many more tournaments, including the Irish Open Cup of 1907 and the Champion Cup of 1911.

An amusing incident occurred at Motihari station when I was trying to get my brother into the train on his stretcher. The door was too narrow, and the only way was to cut out the end of the railway carriage. This we proceeded to do, when the station-master babu expostulated at the damage being done to "Company's property, sir!" To this, Walter Jones, our Rugby Number 1, who was there, at once retorted: "Oh, babu, go to the devil! I'll buy your blooming train!" Where-upon the babu was quite content.

We received the greatest possible kindness as far as Marseilles. The Viceroy sent his own private saloon to take us from Dinapur to Bombay, where the Governor met us with an invalid carriage. On the ship a kind American turned out of his deck cabin when he saw my brother being carried below, and we were so fortunate as to find Colonel Byng (now Lord Byng of Vimy) and his charming wife on board. They were of the greatest help to us, and it was

not till we got to Marseilles that our troubles began. The French thought he was a wounded officer from Somaliland, and we got no help or sympathy. They would not supply an invalid carriage or delay the mail train one minute, so we had to hoist him in a sheet into an ordinary sleeper on the mail train, in a desperate hurry, and take our chance. However, it came off all right. I got him across France under morphia.

There was no *entente cordiale* in those days ; on the contrary, it was *Revanche Fashoda* !

India has almost invariably been governed by men of unblemished record with, as a rule, names, traditions, and careers behind them which eminently fitted them for the most important posts in the Empire.

The advice of such men was taken by the home Government, who supported their policy. Now everything seems to be entirely changed, and the destinies of our greatest dependency appear to be at the mercy of politicians ignorant of the country. The late Mr. Montagu's hurried visit with the openly avowed intention of "rousing the Indian millions from their pathetic content," has had the most disastrous results.

The Indian Civil Service is still the finest and most upright administrative service in the world, as far as the European personnel is concerned, but how long will this state of things continue when these devoted officers are not supported in their difficulties by the powers above.

The Indian Army was the favourite career of a very large number of Sandhurst cadets ; so much so that frequently a boy had to pass out of Sandhurst very high in order to get a chance of being accepted. Now all that is changed, and the vacancies in the Indian Civil Service and Indian Army are not run after to anything like the same extent by the right class of recruit.

It seems to be entirely forgotten that India comprises a very large number of entirely different nationalities, and that a Bengali babu differs as much from a Rajput as an Englishman does from a Russian. A Madrassi has no more resemblance to a Sikh than a Swede has to a Greek, and the inhabitants of Bombay are no more like the Pathans than Spaniards are to Poles.

The enormous majority are entirely illiterate, and in any case Eastern nations are utterly unsuited, even if they had the education, for representative Government.

No English officer is bribable. I believe I am right in saying that there is no recorded case since the days of John Company of an officer of the Indian Civil Service taking a bribe. Whereas it is quite the exception for an Indian official in any of the lower grades to be above having his price.

Sir Pertab Singhji, when questioned as to what would happen if the British left India, remarked : " I go riding ; my men go riding ; no more virgins left in Bengal." This was corroborated only the other day by a friend of great Indian experience, who told me that when he asked the Maharajah of Scindia what would happen he replied : " Well, I suppose that we shall loot Bengal " —and Patiala told him that he would, in the event of their being left to their own devices, make himself King of the Punjab.

The great hope lies in the fact that our rulers must soon realise that, if they persist in their present policy, the Indian market—which has been for a hundred years our most lucrative source of trade—will be lost to us, and that the only contented and quiet populations are those that are governed by the great Indian rajahs in their own States. No agitator dare stir up trouble in those States ; he would get short shrift.

## CHAPTER X

### WORK AND PLAY IN EGYPT, 1890-I

A glorious six months—Desert paperchases—Some profitable ponies—Why polo was abandoned—Managing the Mena House stable—Racing in Egypt—The Alexandria Derby Stakes of £60!—A blind-side tragedy—Defeating the horse who carried my money—The great entertainers of Cairo—The Duke of Cambridge judges a baby show.

IN October, 1890, when on leave in England, I got my orders to go to Cairo to take over quarters for my squadron, which was to be dropped there on the way home, the remaining three squadrons of the regiment being bound for Shorncliffe. It was fortunate, indeed, that the regiment ever arrived home at all, for while rounding Ushant the light appeared on the port instead of the starboard bow! There was a thick fog, and the ship had drifted with the current till it was within a few cables' length of the rocky coast before the officer of the watch discovered his position. The engines were put hard astern, and the ship was just able to back out. One of our officers who was on deck told me he could have thrown a cricket ball on to the rocks, and his opinion was that not a soul could have been saved had the mistake been discovered a little later.

I took over our quarters from the 20th Hussars in Abassiyeh Barracks, an old palace formerly occupied by pashas. The officers of the squadron were Major Jenkins, Capt. Renton, and three subalterns—Portal, Nickalls, and myself.

Thus began the Egyptian winter which I look back upon as the best six months of my life. Abassiyeh was four miles from Cairo, and one had to ride right through Cairo to get to Gezireh, where the polo and cricket grounds and the racecourse were. We only did enough soldiering to keep the men interested and the horses fit. Indeed, our squadron-leader was in bad health, and as this affected his nerves he seldom appeared. Jenkins was



invalided not long afterwards, and was relieved by Major Bouverie, who worried us still less.

We set very seriously to work to organise our amusements. We had a very good polo team, with myself, 1; Renton, 2; Portal, 3; and Nickalls, back. Renton and I determined to take up racing seriously, as it was practically all in the hands of amateurs, and, provided one could ride 10 st. 10 lb., there were plenty of mounts to be got. Nickalls took charge of the cricket club, while I was appointed honorary secretary of the polo club, and was told to organise paperchases in the desert on Indian lines.

Ponies were fairly plentiful and very cheap, and we were all very lucky in our purchases of them. The best were imported from Syria, though a certain number were bred in Egypt. I collected five, and there was only one bad one amongst the lot. Yemkin, a chesnut Syrian, cost £20; Peter, a grey Syrian, £21; Modena, a chesnut Syrian, £15; and a bay Egyptian, Lancet, I got from our veterinary officer, Finlayson, for £5, a bottle of whisky, and a box of cigarettes. Afterwards I brought them home, played them a season, and then sold them at auction in the spring of 1892 for 100 guineas, 250 guineas, 150 guineas, and 120 guineas respectively. It was this which gave me the idea of making a profession of dealing in polo ponies.

Renton, Portal, and Nickalls were equally fortunate; the latter had brought two from India, viz. No Name and Spec, the latter pony was the one on which I had won the paperchase cup at Lucknow. The best pony in the squadron was Star, belonging to Portal, which turned out subsequently to be one of the best in England. Although none of these ponies had ever seen polo they all took to the game at once, and required no training. Indeed, such tractable animals as those we found in Egypt I have never met before or since.

Our first match of importance was to be against the Egyptian Army team, run by Maxwell of the Black Watch, now the well-known General Maxwell, who was apparently settling affairs in Ireland quite satisfactorily till the Government removed him—under pressure of Sinn Fein opinion.

This match was to take place in the open tournament, the Egyptian Army team being the only one that need be considered

at all. I begged Renton not to show up our form for fear of the tournament falling through, for I knew that one or two of the Egyptian Army team had to come very long distances with their ponies to meet us, and that it would not be worth their while unless they thought they had some sort of chance of defeating us. However, he would play a practice match, which spread our fame abroad, and the tournament was abandoned. After this we did not treat the polo seriously, and only played for fresh air and exercise to keep our hands in and to train our ponies. This was before the days of handicap tournaments, and the best fun we had was in small matches against the infantry regiments quartered in Cairo, and against the Alexandria garrison, who came up to play occasionally, but we never played together as a team.

Racing was at a very low ebb, there being very few who took an interest in it, although it had some good supporters. Fenwick, who commanded the police, was honorary secretary, and was a fine horseman and fond of steeplechases. Coles Pasha, who had one or two good animals, notably Tahowie, the best pony in Egypt, was also a good supporter, and, fortunately for me, appointed me his stable jockey. Tudway, of the Mounted Infantry, was very keen and a fair rider. Achmet Effendi Bukri owned a good stud, which Renton managed and rode for. There were only two professional jockeys, Clements, an Englishman, and a black jockey, whose name I forget. We had a meeting and arranged a programme, with the result that I had the best fun of my life.

The greatest bit of luck for me was that Mr. and Mrs. Locke King, the owners of the Mena House Hotel, decided to start racing, and gave me their ponies to train and ride. They had a beautiful house in Cairo, and entertained most royally. In fact, a great deal of the charm of a Cairo season was due in their day to their great kindness and hospitality. Years later they started the Brooklands motor-racing track.

At the Mena House there was a large stud of ponies of all sorts, kept to be hired out, and as I was allowed to take any one I liked and try him out for racing I soon had a stable at Abassiyeh of some fifteen to twenty animals in training.

During the whole of that winter we had race-meetings, small and big, two or three times a month, and I managed to have a mount in almost every flat race and in every steeplechase that

took place. It was a strenuous life, for, though a good deal of work could be done in the desert, all the schooling for the steeplechases had to be done in the early morning at Ghezireh, six miles from Abassiyeh. My natural walking weight was over 11 st., so it added to my troubles that I had occasionally to get up at 10 st. 7 lb. The prizes were very small, £5 being the average amount we raced for, and £20 was considered a large stake, the biggest race in Egypt, the Alexandria Derby, was only for £60. Naturally the sport was very moderate and the class of pony poor. I know this was the case, for I won several races on Spec and No Name, which were only average polo ponies in India, not racing animals at all.

But we were all in the same class, ponies and jockeys, and we only raced for fun, there being no bookmakers and very little money passing on the totalisators and at the lotteries, so we all enjoyed it immensely, and every pony that started was out to win. I do not propose to weary my readers with a detailed account of the racing, but I will give a description of a few episodes which may be of interest. One thing the racing there taught me was the folly of betting. I trained my animals and rode them and often managed to frame the terms of the races to suit them. I only betted in small sums, yet during the winter I lost about £150 betting on the totalisator and in lotteries. On one occasion I was riding in four races in the afternoon, and a lady who was a great friend of mine and who was very anxious to win a little money, asked me for a tip. I was going to ride two outsiders and two favourites. I told her I should win on the favourites and lose on the outsiders. The result was exactly the reverse.

Once I rode a pony in a half-mile scurry. Lord Dunmore, who had only one eye, was the starter. I got on the side of his blind eye and stole three lengths by a galloping start, but, unfortunately, General Dormer, who also had only one eye, was the judge. I came up under the box and won by a length. I rode to the weighing-room to weigh in, where I was informed that I was not even placed. I had come up on the judge's blind side and he had not even seen me! Eventually, after a dispute, I think he placed me second or third, but that was of no use to me.

The luckiest race I ever took part in was a two-mile steeplechase. The lady who nominated the winner was to have a gold bracelet.

I rode a pony called Honesty, belonging to Locke King, whose wife nominated me. Renton rode Little Duke, a much better pony belonging to Achmet Effendi Bukri. Against Little Duke I did not think I had much chance, but luckily for me Renton ran out a mile from home, and I cantered in by myself, but my luck had not altogether finished, as I was not aware that Renton had come again and was catching me to come up on my blind side. He almost caught me on the post, for I only got home by half a length, not knowing that there was anyone near me.

The best week I ever had in my life was in January. Alexandria came up to play us in a two-day cricket match, two polo matches, and to take part in two days' racing. I played in both polo matches, rode in every race, won the two steeplechases, and, for the only time in my life, got a century in the cricket match.

In the spring I went down to the big meeting at Alexandria and took three ponies with me—Honesty for the steeplechase, a grey Arab for the Alexandria Derby, and a chesnut for the sprint races. The grey Arab belonged to Beauchamp of the 20th Hussars and Egyptian Army. He had gone home on leave and had left the pony with me, and made me promise that I would ride him in the Derby. The pony had shown no sort of form at home, and I thought he was useless.

When I arrived overnight I walked round the course, and to my disgust found a big Irish bank had just been erected, a most unfair fence, as no Arab or country-bred in Egypt had ever seen one. Even worse than this was the last fence, which consisted of a double, two stiff mud walls about three feet six in height and only eight yards apart, nothing to jump at a canter, but a deadly trap at racing pace in tired ponies. I went to the lotteries that night and strongly objected to the fences and demanded to have the bank cut down and one mud wall taken away. I was asked by the senior steward if I was afraid to ride over the course. I said "Yes, I am, but I can talk and you cannot, for, afraid or not, I shall ride over it and you have no intention of doing so." They would do nothing, but as things turned out I scored heavily. We all eight of us refused the bank, and I was the first to creep over somehow, took the mud walls at a gentle canter, and won by half a mile.

Then came the Derby. Thinking I had no chance, I backed

what I thought was a certainty, and which I could have ridden but for my promise to Beauchamp. I had more money on this than I ever had before, and I was very hard up. This was a chesnut pony, belonging to Locke King, which could leave my grey Arab on the training course at home. The race was two miles on the flat. I made all the running, and the farther I went the farther ahead I got. I won in a canter with the chesnut (ridden by Graham, who afterwards commanded the 5th Lancers) easily next, carrying my money.

I tried to pull myself round in a sprint race, the last race of the day, with my chesnut pony, which I did think was a certainty, but the getting out stakes went wrong, and I was beaten a head. But the lesson was valuable, as I have hardly ever had a sovereign on a horse since, and that is just over thirty years ago.

From a political and military point of view Cairo was a most interesting place in 1890. The Egyptian Army was being raised and trained by the Sirdar, Sir Francis Grenfell (the late Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell), ably assisted by officers specially selected from the English Army. A very tough proposition they had found it to make the downtrodden fellaheen into trustworthy soldiers. The Soudanese battalions were capital material, and they came from fighting stock ; but the ordinary Egyptian recruits were of a very different breed, and it was well known that they must have a real good stiffening of white troops before they could be taught to face the Mahdi's fierce warriors, and that even then they would be a doubtful quantity in a tight place.

Very little was said on the subject ; still, it was vaguely known to us that some day Gordon's death would be avenged and that the Sudan would be brought under British rule. Egyptian finance was in a bad way, and very little money in those days was forthcoming from the English Government for military enterprises, so the great Englishman who governed Egypt had to hasten very slowly, and cut his coat according to his cloth.

There were some fine soldiers and civilians in Cairo then. First and foremost, Sir Evelyn Baring (afterwards Lord Cromer), one of the very greatest of English proconsuls, was High Commissioner. Col. Kitchener was the Sirdar's Adjutant-general. Gen. Forestier Walker commanded the English troops,

which consisted of little more than a brigade ; and Alfred (afterwards Lord) Milner was acting as financial adviser to the Egyptian Government. Col. Wingate was, if I remember well, in command of the frontier troops. He became Sirdar many years later.

To mention a very few of the other good men who helped to build up the fortunes of Egypt in those days, all of whom I met there—Sir Leslie Rundle, Sir John Maxwell, Col. R. J. Tudway, Col. le Gallais, Sir Archibald Hunter, Brig.-Gen. H. P. Leach, Coles Pasha, Sir Reginald Wingate, and Col. Martyr.

I was fortunate in being brought into contact with, and in making the acquaintance of, many interesting people, some of whom were already distinguished, and others whose names later on became household words.

Col. Kitchener I used to meet at the clubs and on the racecourse at Gezireh ; also, occasionally at the big houses, at entertainments given by the leaders of society. Of course, I did not know then what a great man I was so lucky as to meet, but I was attracted by his quiet observant manner in society, and his dry, and rather cynical, humour, and I never lost an opportunity of talking to him when I got the chance. He used to take a mild interest in the racing and polo, or appeared to do so, and our short conversations never got beyond those subjects. However, I remember one kindly remark he once made, when a lady who was known to possess rather a bitter tongue was commenting sharply on the conduct of a young officer who was making himself conspicuous with a very pretty married lady. He stopped her with the remark : “ If it were necessary, which I very much doubt, I personally would forgive a woman as beautiful and charming as she is, and a man as good a sportsman as he is, a great deal.” Lord Kitchener never forgot me, and was very kind to me ten years later in the South African War.

Another interesting personality whom I came across occasionally in the club, and whom none of us soldiers suspected to be the great man that he afterwards proved himself, was Alfred Milner.

My pleasantest recollections of that delightful winter season at Cairo are connected with the hospitality dispensed by the four great entertainers, Sir Evelyn and Lady Baring, Sir Francis and Lady Grenfell, General and Mrs. Forestier Walker, and Mr. and

**Mrs. Locke King.** In addition to the big balls and small dances given at these fine houses, there were also constant entertainments at Shepheard's and the Continental Hotels, and also at the Mena House, at the Pyramids, which had been built by and, as I said, was the property of Mr. Locke King.

As we had only one squadron at Abassiyeh, and a very small mess, we could not do much in the way of returning hospitality, so I was deputed to lay out paperchase courses in the desert. Many were the cheery rides we had over artificial fences, finishing up with tea-parties at the mess. The fences were not big, and, moreover, anyone could ride round them and become merely a spectator, so all our friends who could raise ponies of any kind used to turn up.

One good show we got up was a horse, dog, and baby show, winding up with a jumping competition. This had always been an annual regimental event in India, and we ran it on exactly the same lines. There was a prize for the best baby under a year old, the property of any N.C.O. or man in the army of occupation. This was a very important event, and was adjudicated by the Duke of Cambridge, who gave it to the best-looking mother, hardly glancing at the baby. The old duke was very fond and proud of his regiment, with which he had served in the Crimea, but he hated change of any kind, and could not sympathise with what he looked on as "new-fangled notions." He always presided at our regimental dinner, and, for the last ten years of his life, made the same speech every year against any hint of change; and he had rather outlived his generation by the time he gave up the office of Commander-in-Chief.

## CHAPTER XI

### HUNTING IN WARWICKSHIRE AND NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

IN the autumn of 1891 our squadron came home, and we rejoined the remainder of the regiment at Hounslow, to which place it had come from Shorncliffe.

My brother George rented Spring Hill, Rugby, for our mother ; she sold our place in Surrey, and we made our home at Rugby. George started farming and horse-dealing in a small way, combined with a lot of hunting on young horses, which we bought in Ireland, and tried to ride over Northamptonshire and Warwickshire. These horses invariably failed to pay their way, for we did not find horse-dealing the simple business we had imagined it. We had an enormous amount of fun out of it, however, and it was the greatest possible interest to me, for I spent all the leave I could get from Hounslow at Rugby, and got a lot of hunting with the Pytchley, Warwickshire, North Warwickshire, and Atherstone Hounds.

Hunting has been my favourite amusement since I first started in 1872, chiefly because it has always been pure relaxation, no business, except for a very brief period, being connected with it, whereas polo was my business as well as my pleasure for some twenty-five years, during which time over two thousand ponies have passed through the hands of my brothers and myself. In comparing the two pursuits, hunting is, of course, pure sport, whereas polo is more of a game than a sport ; one of the chief charms of hunting is its uncertainty, which keeps one's keenness up to concert pitch, whereas, given good weather, a good ground, and good ponies, with eight good players, a first-class game of polo is a certainty.

The only sport, in my opinion, to compare with hunting is pig-sticking, and pig-sticking has the advantage over hunting in that each man is in the position of a hound ; he has to help the others to kill the quarry, and his presence or absence may



make or mar the whole hunt, besides the pig sometimes hunts him, whereas fox-hunting is entirely a selfish performance, and, unless a man is a hunt official, the only result of his absence is that there is one person less who may possibly break the fences, override the hounds or head the fox.

Hunting, pig-sticking, polo, and point-to-point and steeplechase riding are all admirable schools for horsemanship, and are, particularly for soldiers, an excellent training in the qualities that make men successful leaders in war. But polo has the advantage over the other three in that success depends on team play and not on individual effort, and that a selfish player never distinguishes himself at the game, also that it encourages *esprit de corps*, for the polo player plays for his regiment or team and not for himself only.

At the same time, for pure pleasure, in my opinion, riding a winner in a close race in a steeplechase beats anything that I have ever done. But unfortunately I have had very little of it. I never did much steeplechase riding in England. An odd ride at Rugby, and a few point-to-point races, in which I had no success, was the extent of it.

My first experience was disastrous. When I first arrived home on leave in 1890, I went to stay with some old friends, the Curtis family of Potterells, near Potter's Bar, for the hunt races organised by the Duke of Somerset's Staghounds at South Mimms, the successors of the old Collinedale. The course was a good one on part of our old Tolmers shooting.

I had no idea of riding, but, when I was sitting on a coach, a man came up and said he was disappointed because his jockey had not turned up for the first race. I offered to take his place, an offer which was promptly accepted. I got up as I was, in trousers, and with string tied round my legs under my knees, the colours put on over my vest. A funny object I must have looked ! The horse never rose an inch at the very first fence, and turned over on top of me, dislocating my right shoulder. This accident has handicapped me at polo all my life, for it left me with a loose shoulder which has gone out more than a dozen times since.

I never won a race in England ; the nearest approach being in the 1894 Atherstone Point-to-Point, when, on my good old



MR. E. D. MILLER'S "PASSION" (1876) (G. A. MILLER)  
 BY "WISIWICK," OUT OF "PIOT" BY "TURNUS," OUT OF "DIVICE"  
 BY "STRINGY JACK"



MR. D. MILLER'S "AIDBOROUGH"  
 FOALD 1917, BY "FORCEFUL," OUT OF "FAYSTALE" BY "MERRY LON," OUT OF  
 "MRS. AIDWORTH" BY "NORTH CHIEFTAIN"  
 Winner of Avon Vale Open Race and Wylve Valley Adjacent Hunts Race  
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grey hunter, Stratford, I was beaten half a length by Charlie Beatty on Jarnac, a horse which subsequently won some small races.

My son has beaten my record already, for in 1925, on a horse called Aldborough, which he bought from a farmer in November, he was second in the Army Heavy Weight Point-to-Point, and won the Avon Vale open race, and the Wye Valley open race.

My hunting experience and education was progressive, and consisted of all sorts, first in Hertfordshire and Essex with foxhounds, harriers, and staghounds, then in Surrey and Sussex with staghounds and foxhounds, at Cambridge with the Drag and the Cambridgeshire and Fitzwilliam and the Trinity Beagles, in Ireland with the Ward Union, and Roscommon Staghounds, and the Meath, Kildare, Wexford, Carlow and Island Foxhounds.

Since 1893 my lot has been fortunately cast in the Midlands, where most of my hunting has been done with the Pytchley. I used also to hunt regularly with the Warwickshire, North Warwickshire, and Atherstone, getting occasional days with the Quorn, Belvoir, Cottesmore, Fernies, the Meynell, South Notts, and Blackmore Vale, and usually a fortnight in the year with the Cheshire, thanks to my kind friends, the Duke of Westminster and Walter Jones.

I have also hunted the wild stag on Exmoor, and in the forests of Compiègne, jackals in Egypt, East Africa, and India, and hares with my brother's Spring Hill Beagles, which he kept here for some fifteen years.

After I married, however, I could never afford to hunt properly, and of late years I have had very little, though that little has been good, and on a good horse I can still enjoy myself as much as ever. Provided that a man's nerve holds good, hunting stands to him long after he has passed his best at polo, for the same activity is not necessary, and the cunning that comes with age and experience often enables one to see a hunt where the mistakes of a younger man might have lost him his place.

I suppose in my time I have hunted with over forty different packs of hounds, and I think that the three best huntsmen I have seen are Frank Freeman, Tom Firr, and Lord Willoughby de Broke, in the order named, and I am most fortunate in that

nearly all the hunting that I have done during the last seventeen years has been with the first of these artists.

I think the twelve best men to hounds that I have hunted with were Captain "Doggy" Smith, Bay Middleton, Lord Southampton, Charlie Beatty, John Adamthwaite, Jock Trotter, Johnny McKie, Teddie Brooks, Herbert Drage, Pat Nickalls, George Drummond, and Sam Hames. The last four were still in 1924 going as well as ever.

There have been, no doubt, others just as good, but these remain in my memory as, day in day out, practically leading in the field and never missing a hunt. I always considered that if I could keep their backs distinctly in view I was seeing a hunt fairly well.

Our chief mentor in the hunting line during our early days at Rugby was the late Captain David Beatty, the father of Charlie, David the Admiral, Vandy the trainer, and George the Indian cavalryman. When I knew him first he was running a big business in high-class hunters in 1892 in Rugby, and what he did not know about hunters and hunting was not worth knowing. He trained a few steeplechase horses over his own and our land, which adjoined before the advent of the Great Central Railway cut them asunder. He was 6 ft. 4 in. in height, and one of the very best horsemen I ever saw, quite the best at teaching a young horse to jump, a great rider to hounds, and a charming, very witty, and most popular man with a host of friends and admirers.

One of the best horsemen and riders to hounds that I can remember was Charlie Beatty, whose steeplechasing career did not begin till the 'nineties, and I don't suppose that he was ever quite at the top of the tree as a jockey. He rode in six Grand Nationals without a fall, and got second in one year, and his worst position was sixth. He used to throw his body so far back over a fence that his shoulder-blades sometimes touched the horse's quarters, and on several occasions he had his hat knocked off by his horse's tail. His father, Capt. David Beatty, good as he was at schooling young hunters over fences, was excelled by his son in the art of getting an inexperienced four-year-old to hounds. I once rode a quick twenty minutes with him in the Atherstone country, when his four-year-old never jumped one fence clean, and carved his way through most of them, coming on his head

more than once. Charlie never parted company with his mount, and had the best of the hunt all the way.

He was A.D.C. to Alderson in the South African War, where he earned the D.S.O., and he took up the same job for the same general in the European War. I heard that he was a most excellent scout, and spent all the time he could in No Man's Land, till he was badly wounded and lost an arm which, sad to say, caused his death a year later. He would not give up hunting, fell on the injured shoulder, and blood-poisoning set in, which proved fatal. All four brothers were, and two still are, exceptional horsemen, viz., Lord Beatty, the great admiral, and Vandy Beatty, the trainer; the youngest, George, an Indian cavalryman, also lost his life in the war.

Charlie was a great, all-round sportsman. Besides his soldiering, hunting, and steeplechasing records, he was one of the first members of the Rugby Polo Team in 1892. Later on he became trainer to Col. McCalmont and Lord Howard de Walden.

I got to know Capt. David Beatty's second son, David (now Admiral of the Fleet, Earl Beatty O.M., G.C.B., G.C.V.O., D.S.O., etc.) well about the year 1894 on the Rugby Polo ground and out hunting, of both of which sports he is still, thirty years later, an ardent devotee.

We always say that he and Winston Churchill are the two keenest young players at the Roehampton Club.

When I first knew him he was, I think, a midshipman in the Royal Yacht, and he first came to real notice by his gallantry in a gunboat, and at the battle of the Atbara in 1896.

The next time he made a name for himself, also for gallantry, was in China in 1900.

I believe he got to the battle of the Atbara by borrowing a camel, and pretending he had to take up supplies, when he arrived he joined in the attack on the zareeba with the infantry.

This is the spirit which has helped to make him one of the greatest admirals since Nelson, while his charm of manner and overflowing good spirits have endeared him to all who have served with him and to a host of friends who have not.

The third brother, Vandy Beatty, is also a great horseman. He served in the South African War and in this war, and is now, as I have remarked, a trainer of racehorses.

In those days Lord Spencer (the Red Earl) hunted the Pytchley, with Will Goodall as huntsman, and Charles and John Isaacs as whips. Ashton had the North Warwickshire, with Tom Carr as huntsman. Lord Willoughby de Broke hunted the Warwickshire himself. Mr. Oakley hunted the Atherstone in great style, practically all his own, his hunt horses being bred by himself.

In the early 'nineties my brother George and I used often to train our horses over to the Quorn country in order to have an odd day with the Quorn, then hunted by Lord Lonsdale, with Tom Firr as his huntsman.

It was a great treat to us to see Tom handle hounds in his masterly manner : in those days he had no rival.

Also I had several days on the horses of Bertie Wilson, who frequently asked me over, and always mounted me beautifully.

One day Cecil Grenfell, the twins' eldest brother, invited me and my wife to Scraftoft. He promised me his best horse, and offered my wife a pony to ride out and see the fun. At the last moment some business turned up, and I could not go, so my wife went alone. As I was not there, the horse that I was going to ride was put at her disposal. She did not like to say that she had never ridden a big horse in her life, and had only pottered about on a quiet pony. So she mounted, in fear and trembling, this magnificent hunter.

The meet was at Scraftoft, and the first draw was close by. The horse was very well mannered, and she kept well out of the way. On arrival at the covert she saw all the field go down to one side, and one man alone making his way to the other corner. Thinking this was a road rider making his way to a gate on to the road, she nervously followed him. But the fox came out that side, and the hounds on his brush. Away went her pilot, and she could do nothing but follow. A screaming scent, and 15 minutes of the best, and they had a lead of the whole field. Her pilot was never caught till a check came, and she was close behind him. The first man to catch her was Bertie Wilson, who did not recognise her till she spoke to him, but she managed to pass it off as if this was always the way in which she was accustomed to go to hounds. Her pilot was Johnny McKie, who appears as one in my list of the twelve best riders to hounds. This gave her







such a taste for the sport that I had to get her a good horse the following season, on which she thoroughly enjoyed herself.

Many celebrated characters were hunting with the Pytchley then, viz. Bay Middleton, Pennell Elmhurst, who wrote the best hunting accounts for the *Field* for so many years as "Brooksby," "Puggy" Riddell, Peter Flower, Charlie Mills, Mr. Budd (who died only in 1922, the result of a fall at Ashby St. Ledgers, in his eighty-fifth year), Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Capt. Wheeler (who was given his white collar in 1922 in recognition of having hunted with the Pytchley for fifty years without a break), John and George Gee, the well-known farmers, the latter still to the fore after nearly seventy consecutive seasons with the Pytchley. I hope that some of these well-known sportsmen are now hunting in the Elysian Fields, but now when I go out with the Pytchley the only ones I see who were hunting then are George Gee, Capt. Wheeler, Lady Frederick, Capt. and Mrs. Faber, Romer Williams, and Mrs. Renton; the latter riding just as hard as she did as Miss Dawkins 30 years ago.

The following comes into my mind.

A pack of hounds in the south of England, not one hundred miles from Aldershot, was at one time hunted by a well-known sportsman whose temper was often beyond control, and who hated the very sight of a soldier.

One day they had rather a good hunt, and were pulled up by a locked gate out of a field where they could see the hounds were at fault. The master and a hard-riding young officer pulled up at the gate side by side. The master remarked: "We cannot get out there," and turned back; the young officer wheeled his horse round, and rode him at the gate, smashing the top bar and falling into the field. The master turned round and cursed him for smashing the gate, adding: "You will let all the beasts out of the field." "I only see one beast in that field, and he apparently cannot get out even now!" replied his fellow sportsman. Many of the field had arrived, and were simply delighted with the repartee. But the officer was sent home.

Will Goodall, the celebrated huntsman of the Pytchley, soon after the Rugby Polo Club was started over thirty years ago, came over to see what the game was like. When I asked him what he thought of it, he replied: "It looks to me to be a very

good game, but it is a bit too much like flat-racing. Could you not improve it by putting a few jumps about the ground? "

Overheard with the Pytchley at Althorp, the day after the Pytchley Hunt Ball by a well-known lady rider to hounds—" I do feel sorry for Sir Charles Lowther, with all those loose horses galloping about among his hounds, with women on them."

Many years ago the celebrated Jones, who had hunted the Cheshire for very many years, did not quite ride up to his hounds as he had formerly done. Some extra keen sportsmen jumped one fence too many and were right among the hounds. One of them shouted out: " Oh, where's Jones? " A voice from the other side of the hedge: " Where's Jones? Why, 'ere's Jones, and if you was where Jones is there would be no call to ask ' Where's Jones? ' "

Tom Firr had a most artistic way of getting across a country. Apparently he was always watching his hounds, and seemed to entirely ignore the fences, but of course he kept his eyes very carefully skinned all the time, and knew very well if an obstacle was too big. There was a good story told of him when, on one occasion, he was stopped by an almost unnegotiable bullfinch. There were two desperately hard members of the Quorn field who rode very jealous of one another, named Bankhart and Logan (the M.P. for Harborough). On this occasion the former was with Firr when he was pulled up by this fence. He heard Tom Firr soliloquising: " Oh, if Mr. Logan were only here, he would give me a lead." This was quite enough for Bankhart, who promptly took on the fence, took a heavy fall, and made a huge hole. " Thank you, sir," said Firr, as he jumped through the gap.

My brother George was a born huntsman, and, though he was a very good man to hounds, he cared more for the hunting than the riding part of it; so he started his own pack of beagles, and in a few years worked them up into sharing with Mr. Howard Vyse's and the Halstead Place Beagles the reputation of being one of the three best packs in England. He kept them going till just before the war, when Aldridge of Hinckley took them over, and they are going still.

These beagles gave us an enormous amount of fun, and I was especially glad of them, as they were of great use in teaching my



SPRING HILL BEAGLES, 1910

T. ALDRIDGE

G. A. MILLER

D. ALDRIDGE

GEORGE NICKERSON

C. FRANCIS



boys the science of hunting and bringing them up to know exactly what hounds were doing, which stood them in good stead when they came to really ride to foxhounds. That great huntsman of the Cattistock, the Rev. E. A. Milne (under whom I graduated to beagles at Cambridge, when he was master of the Trinity Beagles), used to say: "No boy should be allowed to ride to hounds till he has run with beagles, or he does not know how a tired horse feels."

Every Monday in the winter, for several years, I used to hold a riding class of the children in the neighbourhood, in order to amuse my boys and to encourage them to ride well. As the children improved we held paperchases, and we used to play games such as hide-and-seek. It was extraordinary how quickly the boys and girls used to learn to ride well. Those children, the sons and daughters of the Hon. A. Hastings, Col. Mulliner, Lord Denbigh, Walter McCreery, and others, are all grown up now, and, without exception, are good horsemen and horsewomen. One of them, R. McCreery, rode his own mare, a hunter named Annie Darling, to victory in the Grand Military, 1923. We always held an annual gymkhana, and the year before the war thirty children competed. My eldest boy, who was killed in the war, won the prize for the best rider, and the jumping competition in 1913.



## CHAPTER XII

### EARLY DAYS OF POLO

Hurlingham—Ranelagh—Rugby—John Watson and The Peats.

THE game of polo was brought from India to Aldershot in 1869, and the first regular polo match was played at Hounslow Heath in 1871, with eight players a side, between the 10th Hussars and the 9th Lancers.

The first match at Hurlingham took place in 1874 ; the jubilee of the club was celebrated by a match between Hurlingham and the Army on June 7, 1924.

Polo was by no means general in England in 1892. There were few country clubs, and there was only one ground in London, i.e. the front ground at Hurlingham, where the game was played regularly. True, there was a ground at Ranelagh, but it was not properly kept up, and all the polo that I remember there was an occasional game in wet weather, when we migrated from Hurlingham in order to save the Hurlingham ground.

It was not till 1883 that the number of players was reduced from five to four a side, but the modern game of polo in England really began in 1884, when John Watson, of the 13th Hussars, returned from England, and proceeded to teach the players to combine and play for their side instead of for themselves. He was the inventor of the backhander, and the first to demonstrate the value of this stroke and of combination. Up to that time everyone hit round, and kept the ball to himself as long as he could.

He taught Number 1 to ride the opposing back and to leave the ball alone. The other two players were called Number 2 and half-back ; they were taught to stick to their places vigorously, and the back remained as purely a defender, and acted as a sort of long stop, simply serving the ball to his forwards. Polo was played on these lines for some years, and Watson's



teaching went right through the Army, soldiers being almost the only players in those days. His teaching was a vast advance on previous methods, and he greatly improved the game. It was still, however, played on far too rigid lines, for players in England slavishly followed the Watson teaching, and neglected that of the brothers Peat.

The latter, though they undoubtedly learned many of their early lessons from Watson, soon found out how to play the game in a more scientific manner. John Peat, as Number 1, became the most brilliant striker and goal hitter of his day, and Arthur Peat, an even finer player than Watson, showed how he could make runs. When I first played polo in 1886 I was taught by Renton, who had played with the Peats in England. During the next three years he, Portal, Rawlinson, Lawrence, and I developed in India the same elastic game that the Peats were playing at home.

John Watson was a great player and a grand sportsman. He was the son of a celebrated father, Robert Watson of Carlow, master and huntsman of the Carlow Hounds for many years. The same position was held at the same time by his son John with the Meath Hunt. Many is the good hunt I have had with both of them, and I don't know which was the better huntsman. John was a magnificent horseman and a very heavy weight, for he walked about 14 stone. A most charming man when one got to know him, he was rather a forbidding personality to strangers, and his speech and temper in the hunting field and on the polo ground was sometimes startling.

He was an extraordinarily good captain of a polo side when he did not err, as he frequently did, by frightening young players. With the men who knew him well, and played regularly with him, or with those whom he considered to be of the same calibre as himself, he was an excellent leader and a consummate tactician. He used to bully his old friends, such as Tom Hone, with impunity, for they knew him so well and were so fond of him that they thought nothing of his words and temper. But a new generation arose who, as he himself said, "knew not John," and they would not put up with his bad manners. The result was that at the end of his polo career in the late 'nineties, when, in spite of his great weight, he still remained quite at the top of the tree as a back,

he became a most charming man to play with or against. I played many matches with him and against him, and I never had the smallest disagreement with him. The last big occasion on which I played with him was 1904, at Hurlingham, when Ireland (A. M. Rotherham, Hardress Lloyd, John Watson, and myself) was defeated by England (Lord Shrewsbury, A. Rawlinson, W. S. Buckmaster, and P. W. Nickalls) by 5-3. In the following year, 1905, I was playing against him in the Phoenix Park in an ordinary match when I suddenly saw him swaying from a heart attack. I was only just in time, for he practically fell from his pony into my arms, and he never played again.

The first time I ever heard of him he was playing in the Phoenix Park in 1881 with his father. The occasion was stamped on my memory, for it was then that my uncle Bob Darley was killed by falling on his head and fracturing his skull. This was the first recorded fatal accident at the game. Bob Darley, one of the best-known and most popular all-round sportsmen in Ireland, was, as I said, a great loss in every way.

John Watson was a typical Irishman of the old school, and probably the best known sportsman in that country. There was no better judge of a horse or a hound, and no better huntsman or rider to hounds. In spite of his weight he could get across Meath or Carlow in the first flight. He was easily the most celebrated polo player in the country for more than twenty-five years, and held the distinction of bringing the American Cup to England in 1886 with a Freebooter team, consisting of himself, Malcolm Little, T. Hone, and R. Lawley. There were many good stories told of him, but I do not think that the following have ever appeared in print. He was also a big dealer in hunters, and the first polo player to make a business of dealing in polo ponies.

The first time Rugby won the Championship Cup we met the Freebooters in the final—Gerald Hardy, 1; Rawlinson, 2; Buckmaster, 3; and John Watson back. We were very much the superior team because we were by far the better mounted, but John put up so marvellous a defensive game that we could not hit a goal. For fifty-six minutes he kept us out of goal, though the ball hardly ever passed the half-way line. My brother

George's best pony was laid up, and he had to rely on two Argentine ponies, Slavin and Sandow, two good, honest plugs, but not fast enough or with sufficient enterprise to ride John off the ball or take or give a bump. The result was that, as Number 1, he could make absolutely no impression on the back. John did everything he could think of, and committed many fouls, but escaped a penalty. At last we got a goal four minutes from time, then quickly got another and so won an extraordinary match by 2-0.

The next week we produced the same team at Ranelagh against the best side John could get up. This time Rasper, a great big, strong English pony, was all right, so my brother George had no intention when mounted on this pony of letting John cross him. John began the same play and my brother said: "Look out John, I am not going to stop to-day." "Nobody asked you to," said John. I hit my brother a backhander and he came down on the ball with a wet sail. John came in at right angles, and my brother never even saw him till he took him full amidships. Rasper went on for about twenty yards on his nose and his knees, and finally picked himself up. Meantime Watson had been knocked end over end, a desperate cropper. He got up, however, and roared out: "How was that?" "Foul against John Watson," said the umpire, Dennis Daly. John never said a word, but mounted his pony, and though much shaken managed to finish the game, but did not appear on the polo ground again for three weeks.

He had a very good opinion of his own play, and one day he was playing at Hurlingham with Willie Walker (the present Lord Wavertree) as Number 2; he kept abusing and shouting at Walker. The latter quietly said: "We forwards are doing all right; you yourself are making a mess of it behind." This fairly drew John Watson, and he shouted back: "You dare to speak to me, who am acknowledged to be the best back in the world!"

"Not by me," said Walker.

Willie Walker's reply evidently rankled in John Watson's mind, for he shouted at him after the game: "Oh, Walker, you may be able to buy the winner of the National (he had won the Grand National that year with The Soarer, ridden by the present Sir David Campbell), but you will never make a polo player."

Walker quietly replied : " You have been trying for many years to sell the winner of the National, but you will never succeed."

Amongst the many good hunting stories told of John Watson, these two have always struck me as the best. When hunting the Meath Hounds he once drew a covert blank which had never been blank before. The owner of the covert, Morrogh, went up to him, and said quite cheerily, " Where will you draw now, John ? " " Oh, hell ! " said John. " No use ; it is not stopped," was the reply.

When John Watson lay dying, with very few days to live, his old friend, the hero of the last story, lay dying too, not many miles away. A mutual friend went to say good-bye to them both, and paid his visit to Morrogh first. As he said good-bye, he remarked that he was going on to Bective to see John Watson, so the old man said : " Give him my love, and tell him that I shall get there first, and that he will find me holding the gate open as I have often done before."

The three brothers Peat carried all before them for many years at Hurlingham, from 1881 to 1893, winning the Champion Cup on eleven occasions, including two walks over. And it was small wonder that they did so, for they were the first to realise the immense importance of the well-bred, well-trained polo pony, and they took endless trouble in selecting and training the best animals procurable. Also, for a long time, each in his own position was about the best exponent of the game then playing. In their fourth man, the present Lord Mildmay, they had an accurate hitter and good horseman, who fitted into the team admirably.

If John Peat were playing now as he did in those days I am sure there would be no Number 1 in England as good, for he was a most accurate shot at goal at any pace. The only Number 1's that I have seen of his calibre were Dokhal Singh, Larry Waterbury, and Leslie Cheape. John Peat, too, it must be remembered, always played under the disadvantage of the offside rule, in spite of which he made the back hunt him, instead of his hunting the back, as every other Number 1 player under the old rules did. He helped my brother George enormously, and taught him all his own tricks, so that in time he became the best forward player in England.

It seems to me that one of the disadvantages of the modern polo world is that there are so few teachers of the game. In those days the three brothers Peat, John Watson, and Lord Harrington considered it part of their duty to instruct all beginners who came on to the ground, and their example was followed by Renton, de Lisle, MacLaren, Buckmaster, Lord Charles Bentinck, Rimington, Neil Haig, John Vaughan, Hardress Lloyd, Douglas Haig, Portal, Reggie Badger, my brothers, and myself. Now, it seems to me that outside the Army there are very few who lay themselves out to drill young players and teach them on scientific lines with the result that in nine out of ten matches all the eight players are ball hunting all round the ground and team play is neglected.

Arthur Peat was as good a back as John Watson, if not a better one, because he was always beautifully mounted, while "The Boy," if he was not quite as good as his two brothers, was still the best Number 3 of the day.

These three brothers had a very great influence for good in those early days of English polo, for they soon realised the importance of scientific combination. They did far more for the improvement of the game than any of the contemporaries except John Watson.

The first time I met the Peats was when I was on leave from India in 1890. They were very kind to me when I was on musketry course at Hythe, and mounted me at polo at Folkestone. I played constantly with them at Hurlingham, Barton-under-Needwood, and at Elvaston during 1892, 1893, and 1894, and found that on every occasion they played the game according to its very best traditions.

In 1892 all the polo in London that took place was on the one ground at Hurlingham, and consisted of four members' games during the week and a single match on the Saturday. Only three tournaments took place there during the whole season, viz. The Champion Cup, the County Cup, and the Inter-Regimental Tournament.

Sir Walter Smythe was polo manager at Hurlingham. It was a most simple matter to manage polo in those days, for there were very few players and no rivals to Hurlingham. Ranelagh was moribund in the days of the Herberts. It was not till the

club was taken over by a company, with Sir George Hastings as the moving spirit, that the real success of Ranelagh began.

The best players at Hurlingham from 1880 to 1894 were the three celebrated brothers, Arthur, John, and The Boy Peat, who, with Frank Mildmay, formed the famous Sussex team.

Their only opponents were an occasional soldier team and Watson's Freebooters, who were supposed to be soldiers, past and present. It was really a scratch side of the best players available at the time, for in later years John did not stick to his own rule; if he wished to play a civilian he did so. Still, most of them were soldiers, and he was successful in 1884, 1886, and 1887 with teams composed entirely of soldiers, such as Wengy Jones of the 5th Lancers, Tom Hone of the 7th Hussars, Judy Spicer of the 5th Lancers and the Blues, Gough of the 9th Lancers, and Malcolm Little of the same regiment, and Boy MacLaren of the 13th Hussars.

The best soldier teams of those days were the 7th Hussars—Tom Hone, Carew, Douglas Haig, and Lawley, Hare and Roper (who won the Inter-Regimental in 1883, 1884, 1885, and 1886)—and the 9th Lancers who, with Jenner, Colvin, Little, and Lamont, won in 1889, 1890, and 1891.

My regiment was quartered at Hounslow, and we started playing regimental games early in the season at Hurst Park on an excellent ground made inside the racecourse, but we only played a few times, and I do not think that the ground was ever used again. I think it was made at the same time as the racecourse, with the idea of making Hurst Park into a regular country club. I suppose, however, it was too far out, for the idea of a country club, apart from racing, never materialised.

In 1892 my regiment produced a very good side, the same that had won in India in 1887—Renton, Portal, Rawlinson and myself. We were beaten in the Champion Cup by the Peats' team, 5-2, and in the Regimental by the 13th Hussars (MacLaren, Wise, Robertson-Aikman, and Pedder) after playing extra time. But on that day the 13th Hussars, under their admirable captain, MacLaren, were the better team. We were caught napping in this match, for we never took it seriously, the betting being ten to

one on us, and did not even take the trouble to get all the best ponies in the regiment. This was the best lesson I ever had in my polo career, and I have never since been caught out through lazy or careless preparation for an important match.

During the winter of 1891-2 my brother and I began to make a polo ground at Spring Hill Farm, and formed a club during the summer, but very few games took place there till 1893. In those days the ground ran east and west instead of north and south, as it had done since the Great Central cut off the end of it.

In the spring of 1892, when my regiment was at Hounslow the Rugby Club played the first two matches, the details of which I very well remember. We had wintered a few ponies, brought back from Egypt, three of mine, Peter, Modena, and Lancet, and three belonging to B. P. Portal of my regiment, Star, Steel, and another. We had also a few green ponies, which we had broken to stick and ball for my brothers, George and Charlie, to ride. We therefore decided to challenge the Leamington Club for a match on their ground on Easter Monday before Portal and I took our ponies to London. This club had been in existence for more than ten years, but we thought that Portal and I, on our good fast Arab ponies, could take them on; even though my brothers had never played a game in their lives, but only knocked the ball about on a rough field. Our confidence was justified, for Portal and I decided to ignore my brothers, to hit the ball to each other and go as hard as we could; and we won very easily by eight goals to nil. The teams were:

RUGBY.		LEAMINGTON.
C. D. Miller	(1)	A. Tree
G. A. Miller	(2)	A. C. Jones
E. D. Miller	(3)	P. Leaf
B. P. Portal	(back)	Capt. Prior

The next match in which we decided to play was not so successful. My brothers had not long left the University, so we thought we would go there and take on the Cambridge undergraduates. I travelled down from Hounslow after a field day in the morning, and we fully expected not to find much opposition, but came up against the best team the University has ever turned out before

or since. I forget the score, but they beat us fairly easily, as my brothers and Charlie Beatty were still absolute beginners. The teams were :

RUGBY		CAMBRIDGE	
Charlie Beatty	(1)	G. Heseltine	
C. D. Miller	(2)	W. C. Harrild	
G. A. Miller	(3)	W. S. Buckmaster	
E. D. Miller	(back)	Laurence McCreery	

I do not think that the standard of polo can have improved so vastly in the last 15 years, when we find Buckmaster, at the age of fifty, was still at the top of the tree, and Heseltine still holding his own as Number 1 in first-class polo. After Kirkwood and Melvill of the 17th Lancers, I think Heseltine, when properly mounted, was in 1922 as good a Number 1 as any Englishman, though not so good as Louis Stoddard, the American veteran, who played better in 1921 than he did fourteen years ago.

The only regular country clubs I can remember in 1892 were at Edinburgh, Liverpool, and Leamington, and at military stations such as Aldershot, York, and Shorncliffe. It was also played in Dublin, and at a few other places in Ireland.

At Barton-under-Needwood and at Abergavenny there were autumn tournaments lasting a week or a fortnight, but there were no regular players beyond the Herberts at Abergavenny and the Walkers at Barton, who ran the tournaments and acted as hosts. In 1884, and for some years subsequently, there had been a regular club with local players at Barton, but, though the ground was kept up by John Reid Walker, the club had practically ceased to exist in 1892.

With the start of the Rugby Polo Club in 1892, and the first tournament in 1893, began the boom in country polo. Several other clubs came into existence and most of them enjoyed a prosperous career till 1914. Among these clubs were Cirencester, Blackmore Vale, Barnstaple, Wellington, Hooton Park, Cheltenham, Stoke d'Abernon, York, and Catterick Bridge. Other clubs sprang up round London, such as Wembley, Kingsbury, Worcester Park, the Crystal Palace, Eden Park, where the Household regiments held their regimental games, and, later on, the Guards' ground at Southfields, Wimbledon.



The County Polo Association, of which I had the honour to be President in 1923 and 1924, came into existence in 1899, since which date it has been the governing body of all English polo outside Hurlingham. I think it was about at the same time that the Hurlingham committee became more representative and admitted delegates from the Army and counties and dominions.

The vast improvement in London polo started in 1893, when, as I said, a company was formed which bought the Ranelagh Club from Reggie Herbert, and founded the admirable club which has done so much for polo and for the social life of London. Few of the present generation of English players realise what a debt of gratitude they owe to Sir G. Hastings, by whose brain and energy this charming club has been brought to its present pitch of perfection.

When I first knew Ranelagh in 1892 there was only one badly kept ground, the present second ground being a cricket field used by the inhabitants of Barnes. Tom Jones, a dealer in polo ponies, had a farm which reached the Barnes entrance to the club, whence a rough cart-track led to the club-house, then a rather tumbledown old country place. Now there are, as everyone knows, three polo grounds, a golf course, a lovely garden, many lawn tennis courts, and a cuisine up to the Ritz standard. It was not till 1895, when I was appointed polo manager at Ranelagh, with my brother George as assistant, that the present system was started of arranging programmes at the beginning of the season and of advertising the fixtures in the morning papers.

My brother and I inaugurated the Rugby Club's annual tournament in 1893, and our example was speedily followed by Cirencester, Blackmore Vale, Leamington, Barnstaple, Cheltenham, Catterick Bridge, and other clubs.

Our first success in an English polo tournament was in 1893, when the Rugby team, consisting of Ronald Chaplin (8th Bengal Cavalry), John Reid Walker of racing fame, my brother George and myself, beat the 14th Hussars in the final of the Rugby Tournament, 8—2. The 14th Hussars played R. C. Stephen, W. G. Eley, Capt. C. Stacey, and Capt. Richardson.

Our next important win was in the County Cup at Hurlingham in 1895, when we pulled off the County Cup with Lord

Shrewsbury and Captain Daly. My first real attempt to capture the Champion Cup was in 1896, when our Rugby team—E. Rose, my brother George, Renton, and myself—were beaten by the odd goal after a very close match by a Freebooter team, which consisted of Gerald Hardy, Lord Southampton, A. Rawlinson, and W. S. Buckmaster.

In 1894 the rule of allowing one minute to change ponies whenever the ball went out of play was done away with and in that year the Peats, whose ponies were never accustomed to go for ten minutes on end, were defeated in the Champion Cup by a Freebooters' team got up by Capt. Dennis Daly, consisting of himself, Capt. Le Gallais, Lord Southampton, and Gerald Hardy. The Peats then sold their ponies, and never appeared on a polo ground again.

Ponies were nominally fourteen hands in those days, but there was no measurement, and no notice was taken of the rule, so the average height of ponies playing was well over 14.2.

In 1897 the successful career of the Rugby team began, for we won the Champion Cup (G. A. Miller, Capt. Renton, E. D. Miller and W. J. Drybrough), the Ranelagh Open Cup (Walter Jones, G. A. Miller, C. D. Miller, E. D. Miller), the Irish Open Cup (C. D. Miller, G. A. Miller, E. D. Miller, W. J. Drybrough), and played throughout the season without being beaten.

We also won the Champion Cup in 1898 with the same team and in 1899 with Walter Jones in Renton's place. The South African War interrupted our polo, but in 1901 and 1903 we again won the Champion Cup with Walter Jones and us three brothers. The Rugby full team, in fact, did not lose a match of any kind from 1897 till 1903.

I suppose polo reached its zenith in 1914, when there were sixteen grounds in and near London—two at Hurlingham, three at Ranelagh, three at Roehampton, one at Wembley, two at Kingsbury, one at Gunnersbury, two at Southfields, two at Wimbledon (the present headquarters of the Lawn Tennis Association), one at Worcester Park, and one at Sunbury, Major Peter's private ground. Now, in 1925, sad to say, there are only eleven, for Roehampton has lost one ground, and at Wembley, Kingsbury, Gunnersbury, Sunbury, and Southfields there is now no polo, though this year two new grounds have been added to Worcester Park.



## CHAPTER XIII

### REMINISCENCES OF POLO PLAYERS

The 4th Hussars—Colonel Brabazon—Winston Churchill—Lords Shrewsbury and Harrington.

IN 1896 the 4th Hussars were quartered at Hounslow, under the command of that fine old soldier, Col. Brabazon, who only died in 1922. He had a very smart regiment, beautifully mounted, and under his command the 4th Hussars were most efficient. A story is told of him that, in taking over command, he stopped drinking in the regiment by sending away the first man who came before him charged with drunkenness, with the words: "What, a 4th Hussar drunk? I never heard of such a thing. Go away, and don't let me ever hear of a 4th Hussar being drunk again." He had had a very varied career, coming from the 10th to command the 4th, he had at one time left the service and came back for the war in Ashanti; he at once joined an infantry regiment, and, being asked by a friend what his regiment was, replied: "I don't know, but they have green facings and you go from Waterloo."

He was a great character, an intimate friend of King Edward when Prince of Wales, his curly-brimmed top hat, dyed hair, and brilliant complexion, were equally well known with the Pytchley, in the Row, at all the principal race-meetings, and at the cricket matches at Lord's and at Harrow.

The 4th Hussars had a useful polo team in those days; Winston Churchill, Savory, Barnes, and Reggie Hoare being the team which afterwards won the India Inter-Regimental Tournament in 1899. My lifelong friendship with Winston Churchill started then; he is still playing polo in 1925.

He is the author of *The Story of the Malakand Field Force*, *The River War*, *The Life of Lord Randolph Churchill*, and, in 1922, of perhaps the greatest war book that has been written

since Napier wrote on war. He has been a war correspondent and saw active service in the Tirah, Cuba, and in the Nile Expedition, 1898, when he rode in the Omdurman charge of the 21st Lancers, was in the South African Campaign, taken prisoner and escaped. He commanded a battalion of the Scots Fusiliers for a short time in the European War in 1916, and has been : Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, 1905-8 ; President of the Board of Trade, 1908-10 ; Home Secretary 1910-11 ; First Lord of the Admiralty, 1911-15 ; Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, 1915 ; Minister of Munitions, 1917-19 ; Minister of War and Air, 1919-21 ; Secretary of State for the Colonies, 1921-2 ; Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Conservative Government from 1924.

Winston Churchill's expedition to Antwerp has been very severely criticised by many authorities, and I think the general opinion among the ill-informed public was that a great mistake was made. Eminent authorities, however, have given it as their opinion that had not the Antwerp Expedition taken place the Germans would have got Calais. They had their legs pulled, and were delayed just long enough, because they did not know the strength of the force they were leaving on their flank. I know this view was held by some distinguished soldiers, and, curiously enough, I got corroboration of it in 1922, when the King of the Belgians visited Roehampton Club. Winston Churchill was playing polo and the King desired me to present him to him, which I did after the game, and I heard the King say : " I am very pleased to meet you, Mr. Churchill, I have never had the pleasure before, and I have often wished to be able to thank you personally for having saved my country."

Reggie Hoare did very well in the war, becoming a brigadier-general of dismounted yeomen, part of the time in Gallipoli, Egypt, and Palestine. He was a very fine player in his day and for many years captain of the 4th Hussars team.

Reggie Barnes was transferred from the 4th Hussars for a short time to the 17th Lancers, and thence was promoted to the command of the 10th Hussars in India. In the war he became a major-general, and commanded a division, and earned the K.C.B.

One of the greatest friends I had during the whole of my polo career from 1893 to 1914 was Lord Shrewsbury. For many years

he was fifth man of the Rugby team, always played for us if one of the regular team was missing, and always represented Rugby in the Ranelagh Open Cup.

I first met him in Paris in 1893, where he was living at the time, when I took a team over for the Paris Open Cup. In 1893 he invited us to Alton Towers, where he not only put up two complete polo teams, but also collected fourteen more men, so that we had two elevens of cricketers staying there as well. They had never heard of us as cricketers, but my brother George was quite good, and had only lately left Cambridge, where he was very much in the cricket set, so that when Lady Shrewsbury challenged him to get a team against her team he had no difficulty in producing a couple of University bowlers and other useful men, who were a lot too good for her representatives. I remember the team included Rotherham, the Oxford bowler; Turner, who bowled for Cambridge; and Pat Nickalls, who had just represented Rugby School at cricket. The polo players included Dennis Daly, Toby Rawlinson, A. Burnaby (the present master of the Quorn), Sir Humphrey de Trafford, and J. Reid Walker, the racehorse owner.

Lord Shrewsbury was a very clever man of business, and made a lot of money in his time. To a large extent he ran his own collieries; anyhow, he had a great deal to do with the direction of the policy connected with them. When I first knew him he owned a lot of racehorses, of not a very high class, and he was one of the first to exploit the starting-price betting. But when he took to polo he got rid of all his horses in training. He was a very keen hunting man, and always kept a good stud of horses at Shavington, near Crewe, and he hunted for very many years in Cheshire.

As a polo player he was a useful Number 1, though never a first-class player, but he was a beautiful horseman, and always rode the very best of thoroughbred ponies. Of his very many good ones, perhaps the best were Elstow, Conceit, and Marengo. He never would have a docked horse or pony, and was the first player to insist on the virtues of the pony which, if not actually thoroughbred, looked like it. He had perfect hands, and, though on occasion he could be as rough a Number 1 as anyone playing he never knocked his ponies about, or asked them impossibilities.

He did not ride his ponies into backhanders, but pulled out and met the back's backhanders on the near side with his own stick. The result was that his ponies trusted him, and kept up their dash and courage in old age, though he was continually playing Number 1 in first-class polo.

He was the first man to improve the London hansom, and put a fleet of cabs on the London streets, very smartly turned out with rubber tyres and the best of drivers.

When motors came in he went in with Monsieur Clement, and started a company, and produced the Clement-Talbot cars, of which he made a great success. He sold the business shortly before his death, which then occupied enormous works at Ladbroke Grove. He had been a great four-in-hand whip, and till motors came in (he was one of the pioneers of motoring) he always kept the best of carriage-horses. A very good shot, he preserved pheasants extensively at Ingestre; his shooting parties there being some of the cheeriest gatherings that could be imagined. I used to go there every autumn, and have met on those occasions some of the most interesting people in England, among them the Dowager Lady Shrewsbury, who was a very clever and agreeable old lady, and her daughters, Lady Londonderry, quite one of the greatest hostesses and most charming political ladies of her time; Lady Helmsley, a very able philanthropist, and Lady Gwendoline Little.

Lord Londonderry was sometimes there, a most charming man and, as he was in the Cabinet and full of anecdotes, it was an extra privilege to meet him. Charlie Shrewsbury had married very young, and he and his son, Ingestre, who was a great friend of mine, were more like brothers than father and son, Ingestre had married one of the charming Paget family, who were often there too, including Lady Ingestre's brother, Lord Anglesey, who was in the Blues with Ingestre. Walter Jones, Lord Inniskillen, and Cosmo Little were also habitués, so it can be seen that the parties were always bound to be a success.

I never knew a man more beloved by his employés and servants. On one occasion at a dinner-party at Ingestre, a young footman upset a plate of thick soup all over his hunt coat and dress shirt. He never moved a muscle, and all he said was to the lady next him: "How lucky that did not go over your beautiful dress."

He was the same charming gentleman to everyone ; if he was annoyed he never showed it ; he had more than his fair share of trouble and of the ups and downs of life, but he always took things as they came, with a cheery smile.

When war broke out Charlie Shrewsbury went into the Remount Department, and showed his brains as regards the care of horses, for though he went to Netheravon himself, he put Ingestre at the disposal of the Government, and collected a lot of remounts there, which he put in charge of Coulthwaite, the great trainer.

In the last years of his life he was a great sufferer from his heart, and indeed it was wonderful that he was able to play polo and hunt up to 1914, for he had had many severe attacks before then, and had for many years been unable to walk up hill or go quickly upstairs, and had always used a shooting pony. He was a great all-round sportsman and a most charming personality, and when he died in 1921 he left a host of friends behind him.

The most notable figure in those days, and the most popular, was the Earl of Harrington.

An autumn season was held for many years at Elvaston, on Lord Harrington's private ground. He was a wonderful host, and used to fill his house, and give us all a delightful time, putting up everyone and his ponies. The same players assembled there every year, i.e. the three brothers Peat, Kennedy, Norman Nickalls, Dennis Daly, Shrewsbury, my brother, and myself, and two or three others. We used to cub hunt in the mornings, shoot partridges and play polo to our hearts' content. The games were arranged by the Boy Peat, and all we had to do was to tell the butler when we would be there, and we were free to come and go as we liked, so long as there were eight players available four days a week.

When autumn polo increased in England the autumn season was curtailed to a week's tournament, which Lord Harrington carried on to the day of his untimely death. This was caused by blood-poisoning from an injured hand. Certainly his lordship was in a class by himself. He hunted his own hounds at his own expense five or six days a week, bred his own horses and ponies, and dispensed the most wonderful hospitality to all sportsmen who came along. He was keen on every form of sport and was blessed with a marvellous constitution and a



tireless frame. From early morning till mid-day he would hunt his hounds, rush back, and play polo hard till dark. After his bath he would always have an hour's sleep before dinner, and then he would keep us all up till late, playing billiards or any other game that came along. He never rested even on Sundays, for that was his day for going round his stud farm, and we would probably finish up with snob cricket, lawn tennis, or some other game.

I often stayed with him in the winter, and rode his young horses, which were always perfect jumpers, even as four-year-olds, for not only did he always breed from jumping blood, but his young stock used to learn to jump before they were yearlings. They had to jump little timber fences after their dams, and they were all taught to jump four feet of timber before they were ever backed as three-year-olds.

He always maintained that his best hunters had pony blood in them, and that hunters bred from pony dams were hardier and could carry more weight in proportion to their size than animals bred in any other way.

Certainly I have seen him riding horses only some 15.2 hands high, that could carry his sixteen stone all day and negotiate any fences required. He was often very vague and absent-minded, and in latter years he apparently trusted to his butler and his chauffeur to tell him where his meets were and get him there. I suppose he knew more than he appeared to, but his servants were evidently responsible for getting him to the right rendezvous.

I do not think that he was ever a great huntsman, but he was well supported in those days by his kennel huntsman, George Sheppard, and his first whip, Jack Brown, and showed good sport for very many years.

When hounds really ran, his lordship did not always take the trouble to ride up to them, though he could do it well enough if he liked, and then Jack Brown took charge and showed himself a first-class huntsman, as was proved later when he became huntsman of the Warwickshire.

When Lord Harrington, as he often did, took a day with the Belvoir or one of the other neighbouring packs, he always rode very hard, and I have seen him, both with the Warwickshire

and the Belvoir, shoving along decidedly too close to hounds, as if he were determined that no one should get his nose in front of him.

Anyone who did not know him might have thought that he was riding jealous, but such an idea could never have entered his head. He was merely out for a holiday and thoroughly enjoying himself, and showing the young idea that there was life in the old dog yet.

There was a good story told of him that once when he was mooning about one of his own big coverts, rather bored, as he could not get his fox away and there was no scent in covert, hounds got away without his knowledge, and George Sheppard, not seeing him, went back to look for him and found him doing nothing in the heart of the wood, so he addressed him in the following language: "Lord love yer lordship, my lord, what be your lordship adoing of? The hounds be gone these ten minutes, quite."

As a polo player I do not think Lord Harrington was ever quite in the first class; probably he did not take to the game early enough. Also, he usually rode ponies bred and trained by himself, and constantly appeared in games and matches on ponies whose education was not quite finished. His two most celebrated ponies were a one-eyed, very big pony called Cyclops, and a beautiful chesnut mare called The Girl. He had these two for many years, and they were quite first class. Neither, however, was bred by himself. Lord Harrington would always sell one of his own breeding, and he turned out very many good ones which distinguished themselves in other hands. He was one of the first starters of the present National Pony Society, and was the first President in 1894.

Elvaston Castle was actually situated in the Meynell country, and was a most extraordinary place in those days. Except the kitchen gardens, which paid their way by means of a shop near Charing Cross, and the yew hedges, which were carefully clipped, nothing was kept up properly. The lawns were kept short by rabbits. The coverts ran up close to the house, and were full of foxes, for the benefit of which his lordship used to explain that he kept nothing but white ducks and poultry, so that they might find them easily in the dark.

An ancestor of his had married an actress, and in order to amuse her had ransacked Europe for treasures with which the house was filled, and had planted what is, I believe, the finest yew hedges in England. This former holder of the title was, it is said, in the habit of buying any good yew tree he saw in any part of England, and he would cart it to Elvaston and plant it there. Sometimes the waggon carrying the yew tree could not get through a toll gate ; when this happened it is said that he took down the gate post, and built it up again after he had got his yew tree through.

The house was a regular museum of lovely things all jumbled up anyhow. One bedroom I remember well. It contained a magnificent old bed with four carved posts and canopy, a lovely old wardrobe and chest of drawers worth hundreds of pounds, a common deal washstand, and an ordinary seven-and-sixpenny steamer chair. Priceless china bowls were used as waste-paper baskets, and in the billiard-room perfect Adam mirrors and Louis XVI cabinets had to take their chance of flying billiard-balls when billiard fives grew fast and furious.

Lady Harrington was the most charming hostess, and made us all welcome, and never shall I forget their wonderful kindness and hospitality, or the example that they set in the world of sport. I shall never see their like again.

## CHAPTER XIV

### SOME SPORTSMEN I HAVE KNOWN

Lieut.-Gen. Sir David Campbell—The Duke of Westminster—Col. J. W. Yardley.

ONE day in the Cavalry Club I got David Campbell to tell me about the Soarer.

When he first went to Ireland he had bought a very good hunter for £100, which turned out to be a racehorse, on which he won many small races in different parts of Ireland, winding up with the Maiden Military Steeplechase at Punchestown. He then sold him for a very big price, and was always on the look-out for something to take his place. In 1892 he was fishing in the neighbourhood of the Curragh, and, finding that a farmer in the neighbourhood had some decent horses, went to look at them, as the fish would not rise. There were three horses running in the field, and he took a fancy to the three-year-old, and sent his old friend and trainer, Michael Denehy, over from the Curragh, who brought off the deal for £100.

Except in his very early days, no one ever rode the horse over a fence but his owner. He hunted him as a four-year-old in 1893, and in the same year was beaten in the Punchestown Grand Military by a neck. In 1894 he won the Maiden Race and the Hunters' Steeplechase at Sandown, and then placed The Soarer with Willie Moore at Weyhill. The horse won many small steeplechases, but they never suspected that they had a National horse till 1895, when he ran very well in the Champion Steeplechase at Liverpool, considering his condition, and showed that he could negotiate the fences with ease and in the most perfect style.

Before the great race in 1896 this horse was very highly tried, and David Campbell says that this is the only race he ever rode in which he felt absolutely confident of success.

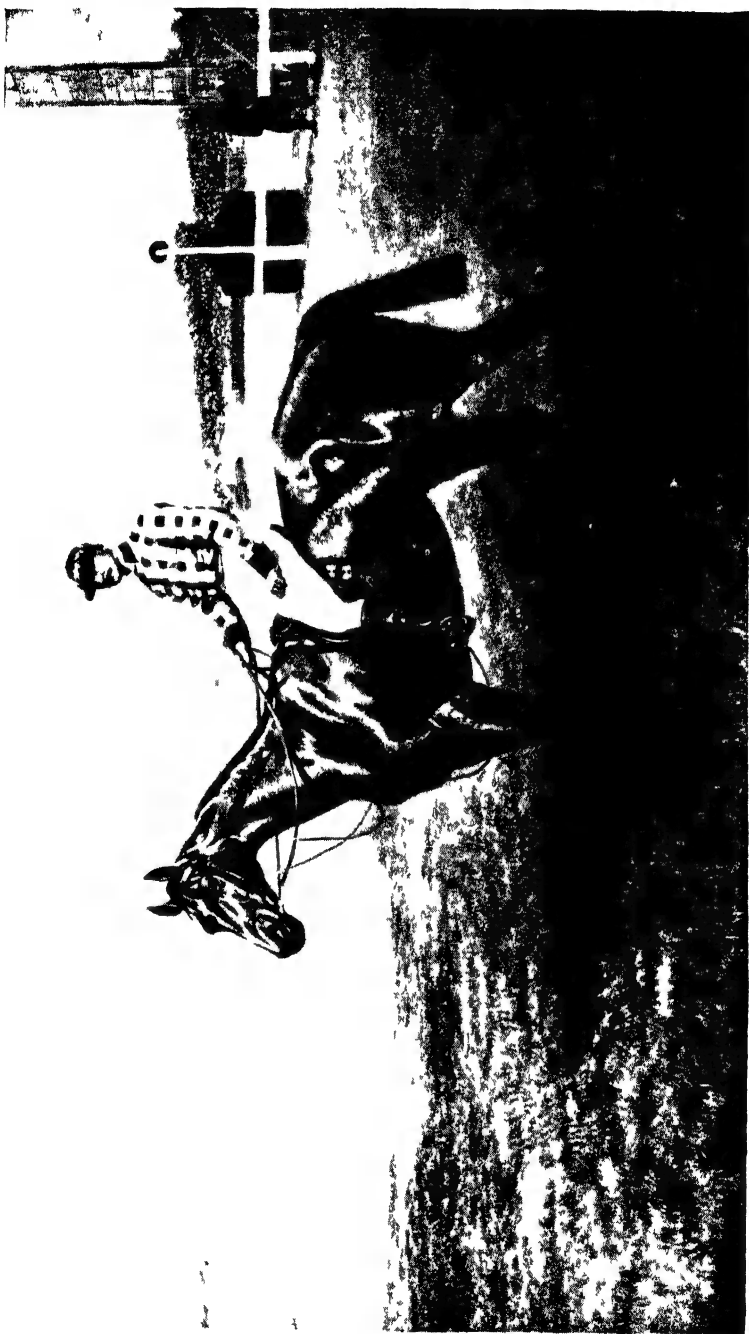
Shortly before the weights were published he met Willie Walker, now Lord Wavertree, who asked him if he knew of a horse he could buy for the National, and offered Campbell the price he asked without even seeing the horse. Finally the deal was fixed up on the understanding that the management and riding of the horse were left entirely till after the race to his then owner. When the weights came out they were surprised and pleased to find that the horse had only 9 st. 3 lbs. to carry. In the race itself Campbell never had an anxious moment, except when loose horses nearly carried him out at the water, and he won easily.

I remember meeting Willie Walker in the paddock just before the race, and he told me he was sure to win. I suppose he shared the confidence of his trainer and jockey, for he hardly knew the horse by sight.

In 1897 Campbell came home from South Africa on leave, and won the Grand Military on Parapluie five days after landing, but was knocked over at Becher's Brook on The Soarer in the National. Some people thought The Soarer lucky to win in 1896, but, as a matter of fact, he was unlucky not to be able to repeat his victory. For in 1896 a bad discharge came from his nostrils, which was quickly cured, and did not appear again till 1897. In 1898, when Arthur Nightingall rode him, he was beat the first time round, and turned a bad roarer in spite of an operation. This was bad luck, as he was a real National horse, a perfect jumper, and a delightful horse to ride.

What would probably have been a most brilliant career as a steeplechase rider was cut short, as David Campbell could not keep coming home, so he remained with his regiment, and became adjutant, which was the real commencement of a very brilliant military career. As a soldier and as an all-round sportsman the 9th Lancers never turned out the equal of David Campbell.

He played cricket for Clifton and Sandhurst in 1905; won the Rackets Championship in Northern India, and took every opportunity he could get for big-game shooting. He is a first-class man to hounds. As a polo player his best performance was to play in the winning team of the Inter-Regimental Tournament at Hurlingham in 1896, and in the same year he helped to win the Subalterns' Cup at Ranelagh—a feat that has been very



"THE SOARER"

WINNER OF THE GRAND NATIONAL 1896 RIDDEN BY MR D G M CAMPBELL 9TH LANCERS



seldom achieved. But this by no means finished his 1896 successes, for in that year he rode the winner of the Grand Military, Nellie Gray, and of the Grand National, The Soarer. He won a lot of races from 1893 to 1897, including the Irish Grand Military in 1895 on Ballingan, the Irish National Hunt Cup on Lord Arravale in 1895, and on Dakotah in 1896. He also won the Grand Military at Sandown on Parapluie, as I said, in 1897.

David Campbell went out to France with the Expeditionary Force in command of the 9th Lancers, and was wounded in the retreat by a Uhlan's lance through the shoulder. He rose speedily to the command of a division, and, when the war was over, was selected for the Indian Frontier command at Quetta, which he vacated in 1921.

The record of Lieut.-Gen. Sir David Campbell, K.C.B., as an all-round sportsman and as a soldier is hard to beat, and is one that may serve as a model for any young officer. His advice to all young soldiers is to play every sort of game and never miss a chance of sport.

The Duke of Westminster, G.C.V.O., D.S.O., joined the Blues in 1900, and received his early education at polo in that regiment, which was at that time and for many years one of the best polo regiments in the Army. He probably shares with Lord Wimborne the distinction of having done more for English polo in the last twenty years than anyone else. For he has always mounted a team and has kept two good polo grounds going at Eaton, where he still entertains large parties for the game. At his own expense he made a good effort to recover the Cup in 1913, and, I think, paved the way for Lord Wimborne's success the following year. He is a great all-round sportsman, for he has been master of the Cheshire Hounds and has for many years kept a pack of hounds for hunting the wild boar in the South West of France; is a first-class shot and fisherman, a big-game hunter of note, and is now a fair lawn tennis player and golfer. He has a private golf course at Eaton.

Some of the cheeriest polo parties that ever took place were from 1904 to 1911, when the Duke of Westminster used to collect a very large party and entertain them royally at Eaton. There



were often fifteen to twenty polo players staying in the house, and others in the neighbourhood. He had, and has still, two excellent polo grounds. I used to manage the polo for him, and I always look back on those parties as some of the pleasantest days of my life. There were always a large number of ladies staying in the house ; my brother used to take his beagles there, and there was also cub-hunting, and dancing every night. The King of Spain went there more than once ; the same players, mostly officers from the Blues and Coldstreams, used to attend every year, the guests being chosen from the cheeriest players that could be found. The days were not long enough for all the fun that took place.

On one occasion, Shrewsbury organised a mock Spanish bull-fight, getting all the dresses from Clarkson ; Lindsay FitzPatrick doing master of the ceremonies, mounted on a gigantic shire horse ; Reggie Herbert (the present Lord Pembroke) was, if I remember right, the hind legs of the bull.

Everyone was out to play the game all round, and the fun went on from early morning, cub-hunting or hunting with the beagles, till late at night, dancing. And I shall never forget the pluck of the Queen of Spain, who had not been on a horse for five years, coming out under my escort on a polo pony with the beagles and taking her part in the gymkhana.

The Duke's first job in the war was in command of a fleet of armoured cars in France, but they were not a great success in trench warfare, as they drew the artillery fire too much, so he was sent to Egypt, where he brought off a most gallant effort in rescuing the English prisoners in the desert from the Senussi Arabs.

As regards the performances of the Duke of Westminster's cars in the Senussi Desert the following are extracts from that most fascinating book *Prisoners of the Red Desert*, by Captain Gwatkin Williams, R.N., a book which in exciting episodes and heroically borne suffering, beats any war novel. I tender him my apologies for quoting from his work so freely and I most strongly recommend anyone who sees these words to get the book and read it himself, for it is of absorbing interest.

## THE BATTLE OF AGADIR

" *Saturday, February 26, 1916.*—In this battle the British had about 250 casualties. They would unquestionably have been much heavier had it not been for the pressure of two armoured cars personally commanded by the Duke of Westminster, who advanced with the South African Brigade in its frontal attack, and by their traversing fire much reduced that of the enemy.

" *March 13.*—By dint of superhuman effort, the men of the Armoured Car Brigade, by moving rocks and filling in chasms, eventually succeeded in getting all their machines to the summit unknown to the enemy . . . the armoured cars have not always been given full credit for this magnificent achievement. . . .

" On the morning of March 14 the Duke of Westminster's light armoured cars, arriving at dawn at the head of the Halpia Pass, had surprised two Senussi who had not made good their escape. From these the Duke had learned news of importance as to the enemy's movements.

" With his unfailing faculty for quickly grasping the essentials of a military situation, thought and action usually came simultaneously. Without waiting for orders, or even for permission from his superior officer, he dashed off with his cars in pursuit of the retreating enemy, leaving one car behind to helio to General Peyton.

" . . . Total complement of the ten vehicles consisted of thirty-two officers and men all told. With this force, unbacked by any other, they commenced the pursuit of the unbroken Senussi Army of several thousands, equipped as it was with artillery and machine-guns . . . at a speed of nearly twenty miles an hour. After an hour's run, shortly before midday they sighted the enemy's camp . . . the surface was about as bad as could be . . . but the drivers were extraordinarily efficient, and safely negotiated it. Once through, the cars formed line abreast, and charged straight home at the enemy.

" Never was surprise attack more effective ; the enemy were caught just as they were about to march. As the cars dashed

forward the shells whizzed harmlessly over them. The British Maxims did deadly work, and the enemy artillery, men and officers, were shot down or captured almost to a man.

"In a very short time the enemy were in a state of rout and panic, and fled helter-skelter in every direction in a vain effort to find some means of escape from the death-spitting monsters who pursued them so relentlessly.

"The final result of this dashing action was that on the British side one officer was slightly wounded. Against this was the Turco-Senussi Army entirely smashed up and dispersed with very heavy losses.

"Disillusioned once and for all time, starving and perishing with thirst, the unhappy Senussi found themselves hunted out like rats in the vast and hitherto safe fastnesses of their own deserts.

"On March 14, at a spot about midway between Bir Waer and Azais, was found in an abandoned Ford car a letter written by myself imploring that food, clothes, boots, and medicines be sent at once to us unhappy prisoners.

"It described our number and our pitiful condition, and it begged Tarrik Bey (late Turkish commandant at Sollom) to get into touch with the British general commanding with a view to the supply of these necessities.

"It was the only letter ever written in which Bir Hakkim was mentioned.

"Thus the first authentic news of the pitiable plight of the Tara's prisoners, and also the name of the place of their internment, came into the hands of the British. Subsequently this information was corroborated by the discovery, in a burning tent at Bir Waer, of letters written by others of the prisoners. But in this instance none of the letters told either the place of our internment or any other news than such as would readily pass the censor. Bir Hakkim Abbyat was an unknown place, marked on no map, visited by no white man way back of the long centuries.

"The Turkish officer prisoners, ashamed of our treatment, would have been only too happy to help, but with the best intentions they were unable to do so. And my letter was six weeks old.

"There was found in the camp a one-eyed Senussi whose name

was Achmet, who stated that, thirty years before, his father used to water his flocks at Bir Hakkim. He thought he could find his way there, but was not sure.

"Was it likely that any man could be found so foolhardy as to trust his fate in Achmet's alien hands, and wander off the map into the waterless interior, it did not seem likely.

"Then Providence played her third card.

"The Duke of Westminster happened to hear of my letter. He at once went to General Peyton, and volunteered his services to make an effort to discover and liberate Tara prisoners.

"The general at once acquiesced, and, realising the need for immediate action, not a moment was lost . . . practically every motor vehicle with the Army would have to be employed.

" . . . With incredible difficulty the troops set to and got the other motors to the top of the plateau.

" . . . At 3. a.m. on March 17, 43 cars left the old Turkish fort above Sollom.

" . . . Average speed for first day twelve miles per hour.

" . . . The fool journey, the knight-errant adventure on the hundred to one chance had begun. . . . A hundred and ten miles passed. No one any longer spoke. They were half-way through their petrol, with the return journey to make. Everyone believed that to go farther was useless, everyone except one man. The Duke of Westminster that day was in a mood which is designated in the vulgar seamen's vocabulary as "bloody-minded," that is to say—obstinate, determined, brooking no opposition to his will, impatient of futile argument against his set purpose. If they ran out of petrol he would stay where he was, and send back for more.

"They went on, one hundred and fifteen miles passed, and anxious looks were cast in the duke's direction. To go farther seemed madness.

"Achmet, the guide, had been peering intently into the desert on the left. Suddenly he shouted, and threw himself off the automobile, which was then moving at twenty miles an hour.

"With his one eye Achmet had sighted the fig-tree, the first to note what all those other eyes could not see. He went up to the tree, fell on his knees, and, having given thanks to Allah, he scraped away the sand with his hands, exposing as he did so the

coping of an ancient *bir*. Where had been the well of sweet waters where his father used to water his flocks in his boyhood, now choked and useless, only the ancient fig-tree remained to show the place where the well had been.

"With pent-up emotion the cars raced forward once more. Ten or twelve miles farther on they sighted a huge mound, and just to the right of it a small heap of stones on a low ridge. The guide informed them that it was their destination. A few seconds more, white-clad figures came into view; it was the five tents of the prisoners at Bir Hakkim.

"Providence had played her last card. She had gone nap, and won.

"A car was sent forward to reconnoitre. A faint British cheer was heard.

"At that cheer the whole convoy rushed forward.

"The impossible had been achieved, and the starving prisoners were rescued."

Colonel John Watkins Yardley ("The Curate") was better known to fame as a first-rate soldier steeplechase jockey than as a polo player, though he often played Number 1 for the regiment.

When up at Cambridge he rowed in the Trinity boat, played football occasionally for the 'Varsity team, and was an adept at rackets and tennis. His record, say G. Maunsell Richardson and Finch Mason in *Gentlemen Riders Past and Present*, is an amazing one, seeing that he never rode expensive horses and that so much of his time was taken up with soldiering.

It was soon after joining the Inniskilling Dragoons, when the regiment went to South Africa in 1883, that Capt. Yardley, as he was then, began his race-riding career, and for some years his average of wins was enormous, chiefly across country. He twice rode the winner of the Grand Annual Steeplechase, on Scamp and Di Gama respectively. This race was always run at Pietermaritzburg, and corresponds to our Grand National. Steeplechasing in those days was very popular in Natal, and the *Mercury*, a leading newspaper, is said to have kept in type—"Capt. Yardley enjoyed his usual pleasant ride across country."

In 1892 Capt. Yardley won the Grand Military Hunt Steeplechase at Sandown, on Capt. H. B. Purefoy's Grigou, and rode

General de la Poer Beresford's bay gelding Faust, by Faro, in the Grand National.

This year Capt. Yardley rode the winner of the Aldershot Cup. In 1894, when stationed at Shorncliffe, he won several races on his own hunters in that district, and was third on Mr. Reid Walker's Monk Lewis, by Ascetic, for the National Hunt Steeplechase, run that year at Derby.

At this time he came into possession of a really good horse, a three-year-old, Bennithorpe, by Isonomy—Rudstone, and, having permission from the Jockey Club to ride on equal terms with jockeys, rode him in several races under this rule at Sandown, Goodwood, Lewes, etc., winning on three occasions.

In 1895 he won three races on a horse called Knockalong, and won races at nearly all the meetings round Cheshire on some of his own hunters. In one three-mile steeplechase, at Wirral Hunt, riding a four-year-old, first time out, his stirrup-leather broke at the first fence, but, catching it as the iron slipped off, rode the race and won, and, thanks to having carried the leather, just drew the weight.

In the Ladies' Purse at Tarporley, Capt. Yardley steered his bay gelding Martial, by Victor II, a capital hunter, into second place, and, as Scalemorebother was disqualified, became the winner.

In 1896 the regiment was stationed at Edinburgh, and Captain Yardley was seen riding a good deal at northern meetings, winning races at Bogside, Dumfries, and Rothbury.

In 1897 he won a three-mile steeplechase on Victor; the Regimental Cup on Woodcock, and the Buccleuch Cup on a horse owned by Mr. Scott Anderson. He won two races later on, with a favourite horse, Brushwood.

A great big-game hunter, the Cheltenham Steeplechase Club's premises are adorned with his trophies, one of which is a giant forest hog, shot in Kenya Colony.

He had retired from the Inniskilling Dragoons when the South African War broke out, but returned from a big-game hunting expedition to rejoin his regiment in South Africa, where he was twice wounded; and while he was convalescent he wrote a charming book, *With the Inniskilling Dragoons in South Africa*, in which he gives a graphic account of other people's doings.

Allenby, Rimington, the gallant and ill-fated Capt. Oates, the Australian poet, Barty Paterson, all figure in this graphic and unassuming narrative. When the European War broke out Col. Yardley was in the Remounts, and of course was in France on the earliest opportunity. I found him in October, 1914, at Rouen, where he was most helpful to my regiment. His age, his many accidents in the hunting field and on the racecourse, his health, were all against him, and he came home from time to time to recover from attacks of malaria.

He was decorated for his services in the Great War, and returned home with his health seriously undermined, to die suddenly on November 28, 1920, after a chill caught when hunting with the Cotswold Hounds.

One of his stories was about the publishers who vainly approached Lord Allenby to persuade him to write a book on Palestine. One offered him some thousands of pounds, and last of all came an American, who said: "Whatever anyone else may have offered you, I'll double it, and, what's more—I'll *write the book myself!*"

"You see," said Col. Yardley, "he wanted to save him all trouble!"

## CHAPTER XV

### THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR

Sir Bryan Mahon—De Wet—Colonel Smith—Sir E. Bulfin—Lord Wemyss—  
Sir A. Holland—Lord Methuen—Lord Kitchener.

IN the spring of 1899 I married the only daughter of Col. H. Langtry who had commanded the 8th Hussars when I first went to India. In the autumn of the same year the South African War broke out, and, as I felt sure it would be a bigger show than the authorities expected, I immediately volunteered, with the following result :

“ War Office,  
“ Pall Mall, S.W.,  
“ November 17, 1899.

“ SIR,—I am directed by the Secretary of State for War to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 8th inst. on the subject of your wish for employment on active service in South Africa.

“ In reply, I am to state that it is not anticipated that any but officers of the Regular Forces will be employed there.

“ Your obedient servant,  
“ COLERIDGE GROVE,  
“ Major-General,  
“ Military Secretary.

“ TO LIEUT. E. D. MILLER,  
“ Reserve of Officers,  
“ Spring Hill, Rugby.”

Soon after this the reverses of Colenso and Magersfontein, Ladysmith and Kimberley, Stormberg, and the Modder River took place, and the War Office discovered that others besides



regular soldiers would be required. As in the case of the Great War, but of course in a lesser degree, all sorts of likely and unlikely civilians began to join up.

Heroes are found in every walk of life who, when one meets them, one would never suspect of heroic qualities. Sir Basil Thomson, in his excellent book, *Queer People*, tells the following story :

“ A certain dilettante, well known in London, when he was offered a commission, said, ‘ Look at me. Could I lead men ? I have never done anything but sit and sew ’ (he excelled at embroidery). He insisted on going out as a private, and, when the commissariat broke down in hot weather, and the nerves of his comrades were all on edge, he kept them cheerful and contented by a never-failing flow of good spirits.

“ He said he had enlisted because, being the greatest rotter in London, he thought that, if he went, others less rotten would have to go too. They relate that when an ill-conditioned N.C.O., addressing him with contempt, said : ‘ What was your line ? ’ he replied, ‘ Embroidery. They say I was best at that.’ He returned to England, badly wounded in the hand, and when a sympathetic old lady saw him fumbling with his latchkey at his own door, and fluttered up to him to help, saying, ‘ Oh, you are wounded ! ’ he replied : ‘ Oh, no, madam ; I fell off a ’bus when I was drunk.’ ”

I personally came across a similar case before the South African War. I went to lunch with a well-known society lady in London, and there I met a little namby-pamby sort of man, beautifully dressed, with longish hair carefully brushed back off his forehead. His manners were ingratiating, and he was much occupied over the troubles of arranging a charity concert for his hostess, the chief difficulty being that the two best professional singers, who were giving their services gratis, were jealous of each other, both of them demanding the best place on the programme. I asked the lady about him, and she laughed, and said he was most useful in arranging all sorts of charity functions, as he was able to keep the lady performers in a good temper. He had no physique, nor, so far as I could see, anything else to

recommend him, but when the South African War broke out he volunteered, and went out with a yeomanry regiment as a subaltern. I heard that he was the life and soul of his squadron, always cheery, apparently enjoying all the hardships, and that the men were devoted to him, and were heart-broken when he was killed leading them in an attack on a kopje.

I soon got a job with the company of Imperial Yeomanry raised by the Lancashire Hussars Yeomanry, and joined them for a month's training at Southport before embarking at Liverpool.

The officers were Capt. Wengy Jones (the well-known ex-5th Lancers polo player, steeplechase rider, and hunting man), and, as subalterns, Freddie Bretherton, E. S. Pilkington, Willie Fletcher (the great Oxford rowing man, explorer, and big-game shot), and myself.

We were a funny crowd, and in my ignorance I was rather dismayed that such very raw material, consisting of men who knew nothing of horses nor riding, should be expected to go on active service in a few days. Few of the regiment had volunteered, and nearly all the men were newly enlisted miners, who had no previous experience whatever of horses nor of soldiering.

On inquiring my men's professions in private life, I at last came on a promising subject who told me he was "an 'ossman." "Oh," I said, "a horseman, are you? Do you ride well?" "No," he answered, "I can't ride, but I've been driving a pair in Wigan."

All we managed to do was to shake the men into their saddles on the sands at Southport to the extent that they gave up falling off at a trot by the time we embarked at Liverpool, and we succeeded in persuading the men that it was necessary to groom and feed horses regularly.

I was very greatly distressed, just before starting, to hear of the death on Waggon Hill at Ladysmith of my best friend, Ava, eldest son of Lord Dufferin.

The news from the front was very bad when we embarked, and we fully expected to find when we arrived at Cape Town that we had lost the whole of Cape Colony, and that we should have to fight our way inland from Cape Town and Durban.

However, bad as our position was, it was not so bad as that,  
**Ms**

for Buller was holding his own on the Tugela. French had done marvels in the way of bluff, and had kept the northern border of Cape Colony almost intact. White at Ladysmith, Kekewich at Kimberley, and Baden Powell at Mafeking, still held out, and the railway beyond De Aar was still working. Lord Roberts had arrived, and was getting busy on the relief of Kimberley.

After about three weeks' rest and training at Maitland Camp, we were sent down to De Aar, where we detrained, and started on an expedition to Prieska and Kenhardt, away in the western part of the colony, adjoining German South West Africa.

Our force consisted of one brigade, viz. our own regiment—commanded by Col. Burke and including a Warwickshire company under Orr Ewing, late of the 16th Lancers and better known as "The Weasel"—and two companies of Cheshire yeomanry (under Lord Arthur Grosvenor and Moseley Leigh), another yeomanry regiment (under Col. Blair, who had the Leicestershire, Hampshire, and two other companies), and the 7th Dragoon Guards, who were greatly handicapped as regards horses. We were mounted on little, handy, 14.2 to 15.1 cobs, and had had nearly a month in Cape Town, whereas the 7th Dragoons were mounted on their big, fine, black horses, and had followed us almost straight off board ship.

Our yeomen had done marvellously well by this time. They could sit safely at a trot, they could be relied on to some extent to look after their horses, they could shoot fairly, and we had no doubt about their keenness and courage.

I had a great bit of luck at De Aar, where I found that my old friend, Mahon of the 8th Hussars, who had been my father-in-law's adjutant, was waiting to take over command of the column. My meeting with him was a pleasant surprise for I came across him quite unexpectedly on the platform. He did not see me, and I did not see his badges of rank and went up behind him and smacked him on the back, saying, "Hullo, Mahout, delighted to see you." My colonel saw me, and told me that Mahon was our general for the trip. However, it was great luck for me, as he took me on as his galloper, and then, when his brigade major went sick, gave me his job, which of course made the trip extremely interesting.

Lord Kitchener had called for Mahon to come to South Africa

at once from Kordofan, where he had gone as Governor, after his fine performance in catching the Khalifa.

General Sir Bryan Mahon has had a most distinguished career since I met him in Meerut in 1888, when he was playing Number 1 for his regiment in the tournament. He has a wonderful gift for leading men, especially such as the yeomen, Australians, and South Africans, and I never met any general more personally popular with his men, who would follow him anywhere. As a sportsman, though fond of polo all his life, he is perhaps better known as a good man after pig (he won the Kadir Cup), a very good steeplechase rider, and a keen big-game hunter. He once killed two charging elephants with a right and left in the Southern Sudan. Sir Bryan hunted for many years with Fernie's from Kibworth, where he lived with Col. Wood, C.B., the celebrated remount officer.

Paardeberg was over, and Lord Roberts had relieved Kimberley and arrived at Bloemfontein; so Lord Kitchener had come on this expedition in order to see the situation in the west.

We pushed out by forced marches to Prieska, experienced bad weather, and had a rough time, while the Boers all melted away in front of us. We went far too fast, and killed a lot of horses, especially those belonging to the 7th Dragoons, and when, after a week of hard marching, we arrived at Prieska, there was not a sign of the Boers to be seen. Lord Kitchener decided to garrison Prieska and Kenhardt with my regiment, and to take the rest of the troops back with him to De Aar. He allowed me to return with the column, and on arrival at De Aar I went with his staff on his train to Bloemfontein, where I heard of the birth of my elder son.

I had a most interesting experience there, for I went out with French and Mahon to see what had happened at Sannah's Post, where Boers had scuppered one of our columns in a drift. Lord Roberts wired the next day for Mahon to return, so he started off at once on my horse, a ride of thirty miles, leaving me to lead his own lame horse the next day. Broadwood, who had been in command of the unfortunate Sannah's Post column, gave me lunch, and I had a most interesting dinner with Sir John French, Douglas Haig, Lawrence, and Barry.

When I turned up next day, tired and dirty, at Bloemfontein,

it was to find that Mahon had gone to Kimberley by train. So I went up to headquarters, and was so fortunate as to walk straight into Lord Roberts's presence. He was very kind, said he was pleased to see me, and told me I was to get on after Mahon as fast as I could. On arrival at Kimberley I found I had some twenty-five miles to ride to Boshof, where I found Mahon in command of a South African regiment called the Kimberley Mounted Corps, attached to and under command of Lord Chesham, who had an Imperial Yeomanry brigade.

We had one or two small reconnaissances and expeditions from Boshof, and on one occasion, with a weak force, were hunted back into camp by a superior force of Boers. But this was only by way of reconnoitring and training.

I had no job at this time, and was very pleased to go to Lord Chesham as brigade major of his splendid yeomanry brigade. It was disappointing in a way, for if I had not taken on this I should have gone to Mafeking with Mahon, for which job he was intended, but he was not informed of it till I had been a week with Chesham.

Mahon went off to Mafeking with the Kimberley Mounted Corps and the Imperial Light Horse, under Tom Bridges (later Major-Gen. Sir G. T. M. Bridges, K.C.M.G., etc., etc.), who commanded the 19th Division in France. I first met him at Krugersdorf, when he was in command of the Imperial Light Horse. It is said that he obtained this command in rather a curious way, and that he joined this corps when absent without leave from the King's African Rifles in East Africa. He speedily rose to the position of adjutant, and then of C.O., and General Buller thought his services too valuable to be dispensed with when the authorities, after some difficulty, discovered his whereabouts. He was badly wounded and distinguished himself greatly in Somaliland, 1902-4, and in the Great War, where again he was very severely wounded and lost a leg. When the war broke out in 1914, he was military attaché in Brussels, and went to France in command of a squadron of 4th Dragoon Guards. He was the hero of the well-known story on the retreat in 1914. He got a dead-beat and exhausted regiment to pull themselves together and continue the retreat by purchasing a penny whistle and making his trumpeter play "The British Grenadiers." The

loss of a leg in no way impairs his shooting and golfing activities. He is also an accomplished amateur artist.

After Mahon had gone off to Mafeking we started across the Free State for Kroonstad, on Roberts's left, for he was making his way to Pretoria. We were in a big column under Lord Methuen, with a brigade of infantry and a battery of artillery. We had lots of trekking, and received the surrender of various small places such as Hoopstad, which gave us their useless horses and obsolete rifles and then rose against us a few months later.

Chesham's brigade was officered by ex-cavalrymen, such as Col. Smith (Life Guards), Fred Meyrick (15th Hussars), George Younghusband (the Guides). The battalions and squadrons or companies were commanded by picked yeomanry officers, such as Birkin, Gordon Wood, Bertie Wilson, and Gascoigne, or by ex-regulars, such as Bates (King's Dragoon Guards) and Willie Lawson (Scots Guards). The rank and file were magnificent, being mostly midland and northern farmers, hunting men and tradesmen, with a big sprinkling of Public Schoolboys. Amongst the squadrons were Northumberland Hussars, Sherwood Foresters, Bucks, Warwickshire, and Yorkshire Hussars, Yorkshire Dragoons, and Shropshire Yeomanry.

We had nothing much to do till we got to Kroonstad, where we had a forced march to try and save the Duke of Cambridge's Own Yeomanry at Lindley, but, hard as we pushed on, we were too late, for De Wet had bagged the lot a few hours before our arrival, and all we found were Lord Longford and a few other wounded men.

We had bad luck in not saving the Lindley garrison, as in Kroonstad I went into the bank to draw some money, and while I was there a Dutchman came in and told the bank manager that there were some yeomen in trouble at Lindley, and described the actual situation.

I galloped out to camp, and informed Lord Methuen, who told me he was sorry, but he had orders from Pretoria to march north. We therefore started, and marched twelve miles in the wrong direction before we received orders to turn east and go to Lindley. Had Lord Methuen had a free hand, he would have saved them comfortably, but when he got his orders we had forty-three miles to go.

But this was not all of our curiously bad luck, for a yeoman named Hankey met us about a dozen miles from Lindley, having got through the Boers. He told us that the yeomen were all right and that there was no very particular hurry. Undoubtedly they should have held out until we arrived.

The 3rd Yeomanry, under Younghusband, had a great attempt to save the prisoners, and got right into the Boers' rearguard, but by the time they got there they had lost three out of four company commanders, wounded (Rolleston, Starkey, and Dawson), a lot of men, and over seventy horses, wounded.

They had already marched over forty miles on end, and there were actually only the colonel, his adjutant, Beresford-Peirse, the gallant Bertie Wilson (the international polo player, killed at Arras in 1916), and Bertie Sheriff (well known with the Quorn Hounds), and thirty-two officers and men fit to proceed, and that slowly. Still they were rather angry when they got peremptory orders from Lord Methuen to give up the pursuit. They only rescued one prisoner, who slipped off a waggon.

We then pushed on to Heilbron, where Macdonald and his Highlanders were being held up by a force of Boers. We could not see that there was any worry or trouble, and no one seemed to think there was, except Macdonald himself, for Simon Lovat met me with his Scouts, and begged us to hurry up and have a game of polo. This I believe actually took place, but Lord Chesham would not let me play. We then received orders to go by train to Krugersdorp, to the western Transvaal, and for the next few months had lots of hard marching and a certain amount of not very serious scrapping.

The whole of this part of the campaign was badly mismanaged; we marched about aimlessly, under orders from Pretoria, for many months, and were sent on many wild-goose chases. Notably once, when we were sent about one hundred and twenty miles south-west, to Shwartz Reinecke, to find a column sitting outside an abandoned town, which its commander was apparently afraid to attack without our co-operation. He did not even know that the town was empty. This general was well known throughout South Africa as "General Stickey."

Occasionally, Lord Methuen would be left on his own for a week or two, and was allowed to formulate some plans, and then

we sometimes had some small successes, rounding up a few Boers and waggons, but they travelled far faster than we did, and we very seldom did much good. The commandants who chiefly opposed us were de la Rey and Lemmer; they were excellent sporting opponents, and were certainly blessed with a sense of humour.

On one occasion a young subaltern of yeomanry, when out with a small patrol, was rounded up by de la Rey. The Boer general had a talk with him and said he was sorry to inconvenience him, but clothes were scarce. He had him and his three men stripped to their shirts and drawers and returned to Lord Methuen's command under escort and white flag, with a note that he did not care to keep such a fool and considered that his presence in Lord Methuen's command would probably prove more of a hindrance than advantage to that force.

Rumours of peace were flying about everywhere, and Lord Roberts had announced that the war was over, so Lord Methuen sent a message under flag of truce to Lemmer, who gave the non-committal answer that there would be a message in the morning. Sure enough it came in the shape of a few shells right into our camp, just as we were inspanning at daylight.

We got Lemmer not long after this, with a chance shot in the course of a small scrap, not far from Lichtenburg.

Just as we arrived at Potchefstroom we found that a very grand town guard had been organised, under the command of Major P. Coke, late 15th Hussars, a queer character, who had had a varied career. He told me that he did not think his command (which consisted of all the old men and boys, able-bodied or otherwise, that he could rope in) were very brave, for he had taken them out one night to round up a farm, where there were supposed to be some Boers resting from commando. He heard a man cough, so he sent him home. Then another started coughing, so he told them that any man who could not stop coughing must not proceed with him. They all melted away, so he presently found himself only followed by two men out of the original fourteen.

The O.C. 10th Imperial Yeomanry was Col. Smith, late of the 1st Life Guards, a most cheery man, very good company, and a first-class fighting soldier. He had only one arm, was a great



walker, and sometimes rather absent-minded. When walking he sometimes, not having a rifle to carry or a tired horse to drag along, was apt to go on too fast, making his regiment straggle and spread out behind him. It was my job to keep the column closed up, so one day I rode to the head of the column, and, saluting the colonel, said: "Good morning, Colonel; do you know what your men are saying?" "No," he barked out. "They are saying that they wish to heaven you had lost your b—— leg instead of your arm." "Mount," shouted the colonel, and climbed on to his horse without another word.

His health was not very good, and at Boshof I had a bed in a house, which I surrendered to him, as he had had a go of fever. I found two private soldiers, old friends, working with some young horses, lately caught in a *kraal*, very hot, dirty, and exhausted after their labours in all the muck of the *kraal*. Their names were Potter and Ridley, and when I had last seen them they were hunting with the Pytchley, with a large string of horses. They had joined up as privates, and I was very pleased to see them again, and, as they looked as if they badly wanted a drink, I gave their horses to my Irish servant to hold and took them into my tent for a whisky-and-soda. Unfortunately the colonel passed the tent and spotted the horses. He rasped out their names and, when they emerged from the tent, asked them what they meant by drinking with the brigade-major before they had looked after their horses. When Potter and Ridley had departed, very sorry for themselves, I also emerged from the tent and told the colonel that if he dared to talk to my friends in that manner he would have to sleep on the floor and I should have the bed. Relations were very strained between us that evening. However, he got the bed.

I hear Col. Smith served right through the German East African Campaign with Van Deventer, and proved himself invaluable owing to his knowledge of Swaheli. This was a wonderful performance for a man of his age in that pestilential climate.

The most interesting experience we had was when we joined in the De Wet hunt, when he was driven over the Vaal. We undoubtedly ought to have had him, or at any rate his column, on three separate occasions; first, at the crossing of the Vaal; second, at the Kats River, between our column and Smith

Dorrien's ; third, at the pass of Olifant's Nek, in the Magaliesburg. However, he eluded us on three separate occasions, and slipped through.

He was too quick for us over the Vaal, as we came south from Potchefstroom, working round our left flank to the east. We undoubtedly should have had him then had we gone at him with determination, but he, very cleverly, managed to hold us off with his flank guard, while he worked his main body due north through the gap. We had plenty of troops, including the 23rd R.W. Fusiliers, and other good infantry regiments, and there was no excuse. Had the yeomanry, of which we had four regiments, been pushed towards the Kats River he could never have taken his column between us and that range of hills, while Smith-Dorrien was waiting for him on the railway the far side of the Kats Rand. An Australian regiment was posted to the north to head him off, and was ordered to do so if he got up to their neighbourhood, which he should never have done. But an extraordinary mistake was made, for Warwick, the Chief Intelligence Officer, sent the order in a message envelope, with a map. The C.O. acknowledged the receipt of the map by signing the opened envelope, which he returned, but never noticed the message on a flimsy sheet of paper inside it, so he thought all he had to do was to acknowledge the map. Smith-Dorrien had done his part, for he was waiting in the right position, ready to pounce if De Wet turned his way. But the elusive De Wet pushed straight north, and all we could do was to follow up in a stern chase right up to the Magaliesburg, where we understood that the passes of Olifant's Nek and Magatos Pass were held by Kekewich and Mahon.

We proceeded for two nights and a day, with very little rest. Three columns were on the left, Kitchener in the centre, and Smith-Dorrien on the right.

We took a number of De Wet's waggons, two or three guns, and a good many prisoners, but De Wet himself and his fighting men, and most of his guns and waggons, triumphantly emerged through the passes in the Magaliesburg, which had been vacated by some mistake by orders from Pretoria.

It was a great disappointment, but it served us right, for he should never have got over the Vaal in the first instance, or over the Potchefstroom railway in the second. When he had escaped

these two dangers we could perhaps not have prevented his getting away to the west with a few of his men, but he should have lost all his guns and waggons, and most of his commando.

The day that De Wet got his commando across the Vaal, Younghusband was sent on with his regiment to get in touch with the *lager* which was located, and got right into serious trouble, for they were greatly out-numbered, and Brother Boer was an artist at picking off advancing mounted men. The colonel was among many others seriously wounded, and was carried into a farm-house, where I went with Lord Chesham that night to see him.

In his most excellent book, published in 1923, he gives a very graphic description of this fight and of his experiences in the farm-house. He tells a most amusing story of how Miss Albrecht, the eldest daughter of the farmer's wife, felt "tickly," and was made by her mother to see Captain Powell, the English medical officer, who told her to strip. To this she strongly objected, and pretended to be shy. The mother's frugal mind could not stand this, for she was getting the best medical advice for nothing, and she made her daughter take her clothes off. Powell's examination was brief, and his prescription simple—which was to wash herself with soap and water, and do so at least once a week!

We were very lucky in getting a man of Younghusband's attainments and experience and skill in command of one of our Yeomanry regiments, for he was one of the cleverest soldiers in the Army. He is now Major-Gen. Sir George Younghusband, K.C.M.G., K.C.I.E., C.B., Governor of the Tower of London. His campaigns include: Afghanistan, 1878; Soudan, 1885; Burmah, 1886; Chitral, 1895; Spanish-American War, 1898; Mohmand, 1908; and the Great War, where he commanded a division in Mesopotamia with the Guides. He was continually fighting on the Indian Frontier; indeed he told me that he was called out one year on fifteen occasions, not one of which ever got into the English papers. In addition to this he is a noted sportsman, a good polo player, an authority on and a writer on Indian polo, a big-game shot and pig-sticker of note, and a very clever author. Everyone, especially every young soldier, should read his charming book, *Forty Years a Soldier*, which is a wonderful

record of a man who started on active service at the age of nineteen and has been fighting most of his life.

De Lisle came to look me up at Olifant's Nek, very cheery, with his arm in a sling, for on the previous day he had been shot through the left elbow, but it was not enough to make that hardy sportsman go sick.

We then proceeded to Mafeking for a rest, relieving one or two small posts by the way. Carrington was sitting doing nothing, having come down with Canadians and Australians from Bulawayo. Nothing had been done in the matter of relieving these posts till we arrived from the east.

We had a week's rest in tents at Mafeking, which we much enjoyed after our hard trekking, but the second night a fearful storm got up and laid the whole of our tents flat. Henry Darley and I tried to hold up the tent pole, and we succeeded for some time, till a sudden extra gust blew us end over end and sent our kit flying all over the *veldt*. We all then spent a very miserable night, and walked about most of the time to keep ourselves warm.

Rather a cruel practical joke was played on me one morning. Bulfin, the infantry brigade major (now Lieut.-Gen. Sir Edward Bulfin, of Palestine and fame), brought a remount to me for my opinion as to whether it would suit him. I mounted carelessly, and the horse started bucking as soon as I was in the saddle. I hung on by the wallets and managed, to my great surprise, to sit three great bucks. He then took an easy for an instant, and I jumped safely off. "Thank you," said Bulfin, "that is just what I wanted to know. I thought it might be my fault, for that is just what he does with me." My language to that now distinguished soldier can be better imagined than described.

The day before we left Mafeking Randolph Wemyss turned up from the north, where he had been big-game shooting with his wife and another lady, and Lord Chesham took on his old friend immediately as a galloper. When we started on trek, south from Mafeking, the ladies accompanied the column, in order to see us a few miles on our way. We all thought it was quite peaceful, but Brother Boer suddenly began to snipe the advance guard from the bush. Lord Methuen, who was in front, suddenly

spotted these two ladies, and I shall never forget his anger as he ordered them back under escort.

Randolph Wemyss, till the day of his death some seven years later, remained one of my closest friends, and we used to visit him in his wonderful home every autumn. Wemyss Castle is on the cliffs of East Fife. It is more than twelve hundred years old, and is the place where Darnley first met Mary Queen of Scots. A marvellous old fortress, it was built for defence against the Norsemen. Lord Wemyss's family were in those days Dukes of Fife, but under attainder in the times of the Stuarts they lost their titles.

For the most part, so far as my work was concerned, our trekking about the Free State and Transvaal was like a cheery picnic, with a lot of scrapping after the elusive Boer to break the monotony, and on the whole I enjoyed myself immensely. Lord Methuen, the divisional commander, was always most kind, and I saw a good deal of him, for I used to have to go for orders every day to headquarters. His Chief of Staff was Col. (now Lieut.-General Sir Herbert) Belfield, who helped me in every way, and made every allowance for an ignorant yeomanry officer.

The D.A.A.G. was the gallant Benson, a gunner; it was a sad loss to the British Army that he was killed a year later when Botha overpowered his column.

Streatfeild of the Grenadiers (now Sir Henry, and Queen Alexandra's equerry) and Tilney of the 17th Lancers, a former brother-officer of mine, were the A.D.C.'s. They were all great believers in the yeomanry, and made my work easy and pleasant. Lord Chesham, who earned the K.C.B. for his services, was our brigadier, and was a delightful man to serve under; he had received his early training in the 10th Hussars, of which regiment he had been adjutant in India. After leaving the regulars he joined the Bucks Yeomanry, in which service he was a great influence, and was a moving spirit in the organisation for raising yeomanry and sending them to South Africa, his chief coadjutors being Lord Valentia (also a 10th Hussar) and Colonel Lucas.

Both had been keen polo players, Lord Valentia playing in the first match that ever took place in England, in 1871. Both also were masters of hounds—Lord Chesham of the Bicester.

Lord Valentia was for many years Chairman of Hurlingham, and was still in 1925, at the age of eighty-one, Lord-in-Waiting to the King and Chairman of the Cavalry Club. Lord Chesham, sad to say, was killed over a simple fence near Welton, in the Pytchley country, soon after he came home from the South African War. A curious coincidence in connection with this was that his great friend and former A.D.C., Henry Darley, arrived at Welton station for a Saturday-to-Monday visit to a friend in the neighbourhood. He was met by a motor-car, and, just as he was starting from the station, a man rode up and asked him to come along quick and pick up a man who was hurt. Henry Darley went as fast as he could, to find the dead body of his old friend.

To return to South Africa. In the division there were naturally many men who subsequently distinguished themselves. The Horse Artillery battery was commanded by a splendid gunner named Butcher, who was always ready to go anywhere or do anything, kept his horses in wonderful condition, and taught us yeomen a lot in the way of foraging for extra supplies.

He changed his name later, and is now Lieut.-Gen. Sir Arthur Holland, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O. He commanded a corps in France, and I once met him when I was judging at a horse show. I asked him if he was as good at looting in France as he had been in South Africa. He replied, "Oh, no; it is now my job to see that no one does any of that sort of thing."

I was once sent to ask him in the De Wet hunt if he could push on through the night with the yeomanry. His reply was short and to the point. "D—— your eyes! Cannot I go where any —— yeomanry can go?"

Kekewich had most ably conducted the defence of Kimberley, and soon got a big command on his own. He became Sir George Kekewich, K.C.B., and would have gone far in the Great War, but unfortunately died soon after the outbreak of hostilities.

He used to amuse me greatly with his stories of Rhodes in the Kimberley Siege. Rhodes hated being shut up there, and did not at all like being under the command of a mere infantry colonel. Kekewich caught him more than once sending out S.O.S. messages on his own, demanding relief. This was most annoying to a

commander, who felt quite safe and comfortable, and did not wish to hurry or upset Lord Roberts's plans for relief.

Our own staff consisted, besides myself, of Henry Darley, the well-known Secretary of the Cavalry Club, Le Roy Lewis, and Randolph Wemyss, than whom one could not possibly have better, nor more cheery or capable, companions. Darley had been adjutant of the 4th Dragoon Guards, and what he did not know about foraging and catering was not worth knowing, so we were all a very happy family. He is well known to his many friends as a clever raconteur of funny stories, and he told me one not long ago which amused me. He said that when he was serving on the staff on the Somme in 1917 a distinguished M.P., of high military rank, met him with the remark, "Hullo, what are you doing here, and how does the Cavalry Club get on without you?" "Every bit as well as the House of Commons does without you," was the reply.

Col. Le Roy Lewis is now a distinguished officer with several English and foreign decorations.

With our division no provision had been made for a chaplain, but in the Worcestershire company there was a chaplain named Gell, whose real job was that of a curate, in Birmingham I think. He was a capital chap and a first-class fighting man. I can see him now, in his mind's eye, climbing out of a steep *nullah* bank, well ahead of his men, in our attack on a Boer position. Gell was a N.C.O. all the week, and became a parson and a temporary officer on Sundays, when he always dined at our mess, after taking the service. I have not heard of him for years, but I believe he is still in a living that Lord Chesham put him into.

I usually found that the Boer farmers' wives and daughters were glad to see us and have a talk, and many is the cup of coffee I have had with them on our wanderings. They always seemed glad to talk and to hear any news they could.

Tilney one day called on a lady in a house on the southern slopes of the Magaliesburg, who told him her man was on commando. Some weeks afterwards, as he passed the same spot, Tilney went to look up his friend, who told him that when he was there before her man was sitting behind a stone two hundred and fifty yards away, and had him covered all the time he was talking to his wife in the verandah.

One queer old Australian, who attached himself to us for a short time, went to a farm to buy some eggs, and while he was having coffee the farmer arrived, made him put his hands up, took his revolver and money, and bundled him off as a prisoner into the *kloof*. The old sportsman felt cold, so he sent his captor back to our camp with a white flag, with a letter, asking for his valise and more blankets. I shall never forget Lord Methuen's face when he read the letter. Naturally he was furious, and the old gentleman had to do without his blankets.

We had to watch our horses pretty closely, especially when there were any Australians or Canadians in the neighbourhood. We once camped for a single night next to an Australian regiment going in the opposite direction. Next morning two horses were missing, and only two, but they were two blood hunters which Col. Gascoigne had brought with him from Yorkshire, and were actually the two best horses in the whole brigade. I once lost a pony, and found it in the officers' lines of my old regiment, the 17th Lancers, when I went over to call on them in camp near Mafeking. I never got my pony either, for the officer who had found it came to see me next day, and succeeded in borrowing it from me, and, as our ways parted, I never saw him again.

There were a couple of good stories told at that time about Lord Kitchener. Great organiser and marvellous man as he was, he never quite understood the feeling of the rank and file, nor did he grasp the importance of *esprit de corps*. To Lord Kitchener a man was a man, and a horse was a horse. Twenty-five men on twenty-five horses made a troop, and four times that number made a company or a squadron. Apparently it did not matter to him if they were a mixture of M.I., Regular Cavalry, Yeomanry, and South African Light Horse, and one of the greatest grievances the men had was that if they were left temporarily in hospital, or in any way got separated from their own regiments, they had enormous difficulty in finding their way back to their own units.

Lord Kitchener collected a few casual men at Kroonstad, men out of hospital, or returning from leave or other duties, and detailed them to escort a convoy which was urgently required for Lindley. He had no officer handy to put in command till he saw what he thought was a very smart-looking cavalry officer strutting up and down the platform. So he told him off for the



job. The man looked very nervous, and said : " Please, sir, I don't feel competent to undertake the work." " How dare you confess your incompetence, sir, for such an elementary job. What is your name and rank and regiment ? " " If you please, sir, I am the master tailor of the 10th Hussars."

The following story he used to tell himself. Lord Kitchener always wore a plain khaki jacket, with no badges of rank or medal ribbons, and so was sometimes not even recognised as an officer. He was riding in to Pretoria in front of his staff when he met a most dejected-looking dead-beat infantryman, a straggler, left far behind by his column. He asked him who he was, and what he belonged to, and received the startling reply : " I belong to the 23rd Royal Welch Fed Ups ; what do you belong to ? "

After some months of this work Lord Chesham was given the post of Chief of the Yeomanry Organisation at Pretoria, and he offered me a job in his office there.

The war was supposed to be over, and the first lot of yeomanry were going home. As I had business affairs to attend to, and did not relish work on an office stool, of which I knew nothing, I went, too, little thinking that guerilla warfare would drag on for another eighteen months. I did not do myself much good, for soon after I went home I was sent to Aldershot as an adjutant on the staff to raise more yeomanry as reinforcements. Till I went to Aldershot, where I remained till peace was declared, I never knew what work meant. Men were advertised for at five shillings *per diem*, and they came in hundreds when they were only expected in dozens. We equipped over five thousand men in less than a month, and officered them. I started with a quartermaster and one clerk, and before long had two quartermasters, two assistant adjutants, some ten clerks, and eleven regiments to look after, under Colonel Baynes. My ordinary office hours were from nine-thirty a.m. till eleven p.m., with just time off for meals. How often I wished I had never been fool enough to leave South Africa.

Many amusing things happened at Aldershot. Officers and men were recruited on London in a most haphazard manner, and sometimes an officer would turn up whose only qualification was that he had seen active service in the first lot of yeomanry, or in some South African scallywag corps. There was more than one

instance when the man had only served as a private, and had been got rid of as useless in that capacity.

On one occasion a man turned up, very out at elbows, with a dirty collar, to report as a second lieutenant. In order to get rid of him I paid his fare back to London out of my own pocket, and wrote to his colonel, who had not yet joined or been gazetted. Some time afterwards a file of official correspondence arrived on the subject of this man, with a private note attached from the colonel, who was Curly Birch (Inspector General of Artillery in the European War), saying: "Ted Miller says you could not possibly sit down to dinner with this chap."

Lieut.-Gen. Sir Noel Birch, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., a great horseman and authority on equitation, is the author of *Modern Riding*. He did me the honour in 1906 of coming to Spring Hill and studying my methods of training polo ponies, and of consulting me about his book. I had hunted with him in Cheshire and served with him with the Yeomanry at Aldershot in 1902, and he was most kind in getting my boy out to France to a Horse Artillery Battery at the earliest possible moment after the Armistice, and in sending him up to Spa, where I was.

Another officer reported at the mess through the mess waiter. I said: "All right, show him in." "If you please, sir, he ain't in a fit state." So I went out and found the hopeful officer propped against the wall of the passage in charge of a private soldier who had found him at the North Camp Station.

I once had to put a medical officer under arrest for drunkenness, as he arrived at the station late, having missed the train by which his regiment had gone to the front. He looked at me sadly and remarked: "You may be a b—— fine polo player, but you know nothing about soldiering."

My assistant adjutant was a clever caricaturist, and I have some illustrations of his idea of the way in which my correspondence arrived in the office, and a couple of clever drawings of Col. Kemp, the well-known Harrow and Lancashire cricketer—one of which shows him as he went to quell a disturbance at night in the South Cavalry Barracks, and the other depicts his feelings at a sham fight when he suddenly became aware that the men had secreted and were using ball ammunition instead of blank.

When this work had been going on for very many months, and things were getting a bit easier, I was sent for to Hurlingham, to be tried for the English polo team against America.

It is hardly to be wondered at that I was not in any sort of condition for first-class polo.

I ain't a timid man at all, I'm just as brave as most,  
I'll take my turn in open fight and die beside my post,  
But riding round the whole day long as target for a Krupp,  
Adrawing fire from the hills ; well, I'm fair fed up !

There's not so many men get hit and that's a good job, too,  
Their rifle fire's no class at all, it misses me and you ;  
But when they sprinkle shells around like water from a cup,  
From that there blooming pom-pom gun ; well, I'm fair fed up !

We never get a chance to charge, to do a thrust and cut,  
I think I'll chuck the cavalry and join the mounted foot ;  
But after all what's mounted foot ? I saw them t'other day,  
They occupied a *kopje* when the Boers ran away.  
The cavalry went riding on and saw a score of fights,  
But there they stuck, these mounted foot, for seven days and nights,  
For seven days and nights with scarce a bite or sup,  
So when it comes to mounted foot ; well, I'm fair fed up !

And tramping with the footies ain't as pleasant as it looks,  
They scarcely ever see a Boer except in picture-books ;  
They make a march of twenty miles, which leaves 'em nearly dead,  
And then they find the blooming Boer is twenty miles ahead,  
Each footy is as full of fight as any bulldog pup,  
But walking twenty miles to fight ; well, I'm fair fed up !

So after all I think that when I leave the cavalree,  
I'll have to join the ambulance or else the A.S.C. ;  
There's always tucker in the plate and coffee in the cup,  
But bully-beef and biscuits ; well, I'm fair fed up !

*South Africa, 1900.*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I picked this poem out of a South African paper, and apologise to the unknown author.

## CHAPTER XVI

### ROEHAMPTON CLUB, 1902, AND THE OLD RUGBY TEAM

Lieut.-Gen. Sir Beauvoir de Lisle and the polo game—The starting of the Roehampton Club—Polo in London round about 1900—Sales of ponies at Spring Hill—Record prices—Jack Drybrough.

IN 1902, after the South African War, London polo was further improved by the starting of the Roehampton Club by my brothers and myself.

The idea originated with a small number of keen players who realised that the then existing four grounds, at Hurlingham and Ranelagh, could not accommodate the quickly increasing number of players. The original shareholders in the club who found the money to start it were Lord Shrewsbury, Walter Jones, F. J. Mackay, R. W. Hudson, Herbert Wilson, C. T. Garland, Capt. Neil Haig, Bernard Wilson, Leslie Wilson, Frank Hargreaves, and we three brothers.

My brother Charlie found the place, secured a lease, and was appointed managing director, which position he has held for twenty-three years. My brother George and I decided to leave Ranelagh and throw in our lot together, he and I acting as polo managers. At first we only took on about fifty acres, on which we made three polo grounds, but gradually the area was increased so as to make a golf course, garden, lawn tennis courts, etc., till now it is one hundred and five acres in extent, and can boast, in addition to the two polo grounds, golf course, and ten croquet grounds, no less than forty lawn tennis courts, and stabling for over one hundred ponies.

One polo ground was lost during the war, for Government built over it, and though we went through some very rocky times we just survived, and since 1918 it has gone well ahead, so that now we have some two thousand members and a waiting list.

The most successful year the Rugby team had was in 1901, when we played thirteen matches without losing one, including

the Champion Cup at Hurlingham and the Open Cup at Ranelagh ; the team then being my two brothers, Walter Jones, and myself, with Lord Shrewsbury as fifth man. From 1897 we did not lose a single match for seven years when playing our full team.

The strongest teams we defeated were : The Old Cantabs in 1901, in the Champion Cup, 6—3, and in the Ranelagh Open Cup Finals, 6—2 (Old Cantabs : G. Heseltine, F. M. Freake, W. S. Buckmaster, and Laurence McCreery) ; The Students in 1899 (Cecil Nickalls, M. Nickalls, P. W. Nickalls, and Col. de Lisle) ; All England in 1903, 4—2 (A. Rawlinson, F. M. Freake, W. S. Buckmaster, P. W. Nickalls) ; Hurlingham in 1901, 5—4 (G. Heseltine, F. Freake, W. S. Buckmaster, J. Watson) ; and Hurlingham in 1901, 7—1 (E. B. Sheppard, A. Rawlinson, W. Buckmaster, J. Watson).

The secret of our success was very careful organisation off the ground—the best of ponies, very carefully trained, each pony being fitted to the rider. Walter Jones and Lord Shrewsbury used to keep large studs of the best of ponies which were entirely at our disposal in important matches, and before I went into a match I used to write down all the ponies, so that I knew exactly on what pony each player would be mounted in each period. Then we worked out the most perfect system of combination, and each one of us knew exactly what each other player would do, or try to do, on every occasion. We were none of us brilliant players, except my brother George as a goal getter, but we could pass with extreme accuracy, and my brother Charlie was undefeated in defence and in saving what looked like a certain goal. He would extricate himself from an apparently impossible position and be off down the ground with the ball, turning defence into attack with lightning rapidity. Probably the off-side game suited our style of play, as we relied so much on defence and the accurate short passing, being none of us powerful hitters.

We were a far stronger side with the three brothers and Walter Jones than we had been when we played Renton and Drybrough, for we could never get them to work to our ideas, and the latter could never hit goals ; whereas, with my brother Charlie as back, we found that by centring the ball to him he was able to hit more goals in a season than anyone else.

We carried on our polo business at Spring Hill at a loss until 1897. As we owed the bank a lot of money, and were at our wits' end to know how to carry on, we decided, in 1896, to collect all the best ponies we could find, to sell no good ones during the winter, and then to have an unreserved sale at Spring Hill in the spring of 1898 by Warner, Sheppard & Wade, taking care to put no bad ponies up.

This was an unqualified success, for such prices were given as had never been given before, and we got £8,862 for thirty-one ponies, an average of £285 per pony. We had another sale the following spring, when thirty-four ponies fetched £8,806, an average of £259 per pony. This gave us a fresh start, and we were able to run a prosperous business till 1914, when the war broke up the concern. It has never recovered. The best ponies sold in 1898 were Lord Kensington's Sailor, who fetched 750 guineas; Mr. Walter Jones's Charmer, 610 guineas; Lord Kensington's Elastic, 550 guineas; Mr. Spender Clay's Lady Grey, 480 guineas; Lord Kensington's Sermon, 430 guineas; and Lord Shrewsbury's Conceit, 300 guineas.

Sailor played till he was twenty-two years of age, and was one of the best ponies in England, while Charmer played for thirteen years in the Rugby team, and in all the international matches of 1902 and 1909, during which time she never missed her turn, or was sick or sorry for a single day.

In 1899 the best animals we sold were: Mr. Walter Jones's Attack, who fetched 700 guineas; Mr. H. Whitworth's Pearl, 500 guineas; Mr. Monro Walker's J. W., 400 guineas; Mr. H. Whitworth's Rosemary, 380 guineas; Captain Barry's Miss Barry, 300 guineas; and Colonel de Lisle's Carte de Visite, 55 guineas.

There was also a first-season pony called Policy sold for 750 guineas, who afterwards went wrong in the wind. She fetched an absurd price, as both Lord Kensington and Monro Walker sent unlimited commissions to buy her. The latter had never seen her, and merely took my word for it, and told his agent to buy her, without giving a limit, thinking she would only fetch about 200 guineas.

Almost every pony at both sales turned out well, which was a great advertisement for our judgment and system of training,

so that for the next fifteen years we used to sell from a hundred and fifty to a hundred and seventy ponies a year.

Jack Drybrough was unfortunately killed on the Rugby ground in 1899, just before we were starting for Dublin in order to win the Irish Open Cup for the third time in succession, which we could easily have done, for we only had the Inniskilling Dragoons without Rimington (Paynter, Ansell, Higgin and Neil Haig) to beat. Rimington was on secret service in South Africa. He was a very fine hitter, and always perfectly mounted, being a superb horseman, with wonderful hands. He could ride what no other man could manage. Mine was, however, a most difficult task when I played between him and Renton, who, though a most brilliant forward, had played back all his life. It was a great relief to us when my brother Charlie came home, so that I could play between my two brothers, who understood every turn and twist of the game, and who could play in every place. It is a great mistake for men to always play in one place. John Watson and Jack Drybrough, owing to their great weight, always played back, so that they did not always know what they could ask their forwards to do, whereas my brothers and I graduated in every place in the game, so that it did not matter in the least how much we interchanged, and we knew, as a rule, in every game what we could ask other players to do.

Lieut.-Gen. Sir Beauvoir de Lisle, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., Commander of the Legion of Honour, etc., whom I am proud to have called one of my most intimate friends for nearly thirty years, is not only one of our most distinguished generals, but is also well known as one of the greatest of polo players. As an author, organiser, teacher, judge of the game, as a trainer of polo ponies, and as an authority on horse management his reputation is unrivalled, and truly his record as a sportsman and a soldier is hard to beat.

His powers as a polo player may be judged from the fact that, though he was born in 1864, his polo handicap in 1924 was seven, an absolutely unique achievement. At one time he was a very good steeplechase rider; his book *Polo in India* is the classic on the game for that country. His record as a soldier is too well known to the public for it to need more than a very passing







reference by me, but I think it may be of interest to relate for the benefit of young soldiers how, as a very young subaltern in Egypt, he was not afraid of responsibility, and the dash which has since distinguished him in war and in sport was demonstrated very early in life in a small campaign which has been completely forgotten by the present generation.

De Lisle came of a soldiering family in Guernsey, where he was born in 1864. His father won the Legion of Honour in the Crimea, so it was an extra proud moment for him when Clemenceau pinned this decoration on his breast in the Field in 1918. He joined the 2nd Battalion Durham Light Infantry in 1883 at Gibraltar, and was so fortunate as to see active service, when only just twenty-one years old, with the Mounted Infantry in the 1885-6 Campaign in Egypt under Sir William Butler.

After the failure of Sir Garnet Wolseley to save Gordon at Khartoum, the whole force fell back to Dongola, and the Liberal Government, under Mr. Gladstone, decided to evacuate this frontier post, and to withdraw to Wady Halfa, maintaining an outpost at Kosheh, about a hundred miles to the south. The railhead at Akasheh was twenty-seven miles north of Kosheh, where the detachment was left to protect the railway from the south.

In his first brush with the enemy de Lisle was unlucky, for he was sent with a weak patrol of some twenty-five men and a troop of the 20th Hussars under Legge to get in touch with a very strong force of Dervishes who were advancing north down the river-bank; the Dervishes came on too quick, and, as of course his weak fire quite failed to stop them, he ordered his men to mount and retire. This was done too hastily, and de Lisle was nearly done in, as he had to stay behind in order to pick up on his own horse one of his men who had lost his own mount. He got his patrol back to Kosheh in good order, without losing any men—a very narrow escape, and an extraordinarily good performance, for he was able to hide up the fact that he had been left by his men, who got the wind up their first time under fire.

The next day he started back to Akasheh, and on the way heard from an inhabitant that the Dervish force intended to move round by the desert to cut the railway between Akasheh and Wady Halfa. He made this report, but it was not believed ;

however, the line was cut the next day, and a force was sent to reconnoitre. Nothing was seen of the enemy, but information was received that Ambigole Wells blockhouse was being attacked by a strong force of Dervishes. A relief force was ordered, but countermanded on other information, and the relief force was recalled to Akasheh.

De Lisle did not believe this report, and, after great difficulty, succeeded in getting permission to go with a patrol of three of his own men and six of the Camel Corps under a Soudanese officer called Said Radwan to verify the report.

They rode the last mile under heavy fire, and found the fort safe, except for being very short of water and ammunition.

Haste was urgent, as Akasheh was twenty miles off, and the nearest troops (half a battalion Berkshire Regiment) were ten miles away, and due to leave at 4.0 p.m., leaving only one and a half hours to negotiate ten miles of sandy desert.

There was only one thing to be done, according to de Lisle's ideas, and that was to go straight back and get help. So he started with only two men, Dines and Hart of the D.C.L.I. Both men had orders to go as fast as possible to Tadjore Road, and to disregard casualties. Turning a corner, they came on a strip of large boulders right across their path. Dines's horse jumped it, but both the others fell, and lay for dead. Dines was ordered to go on and leave them. "I am damned if I do," he replied, dismounted, and loaded his rifle. De Lisle in his rage kicked first one dead horse and then the other; both horses got up, and they climbed on the staggering horses and only just escaped.

When his report was received there was the devil to pay; General Butler came down by train, and a force started in the early morning and relieved the fort. By his initiative and pluck de Lisle, a very junior subaltern, had saved General Butler's reputation entirely, for had it not been for him the small force at Ambigole Wells must have been annihilated. For this incident de Lisle was awarded the D.S.O., in the original *Gazette* when this decoration was instituted, and after a certain amount of further fighting with Capt. (General Sir Archibald) Hunter, and Capt. (now General Sir Horace) Smith-Dorrien, was transferred to the 1st battalion of his regiment, at Colchester in 1887, and then

rejoined the 2nd battalion again at Poona in the autumn of the same year.

De Lisle made a great name for himself in the polo world of India by organising and teaching the officers of his regiment, and by buying ponies and training them with such success that in 1896, 1897, and 1898, the Durham Light Infantry proved themselves the best team in India and won the Inter-Regimental Tournament for three years in succession, a feat never approached by any infantry regiment. They beat all the cavalry regiments including the 4th Hussars, 11th Hussars, 18th Hussars, 4th Dragoon Guards, 16th Lancers, and 21st Lancers. They were also able to defeat the best Indian teams such as Patiala. The Durham Light Infantry heroes of these achievements were W. J. Ainsworth, Capt. H. B. Wilkinson, Capt. C. C. Luard, L. F. Ashburner, and Capt. B. de Lisle.

This performance was quite unique, as de Lisle was living on his pay, and none of his brother officers were men of means ; but, by devoting themselves to buying the right kind of pony and by training them well, they were able to command good prices after the tournaments and to sell the ponies well enough to get their polo for nothing. So much so that de Lisle made enough money out of his ponies to enable him to take a year's leave and pay his expenses at a crammer's and pass into the Staff College. From the day he went to India he never received an allowance from his father.

His racing career only lasted two years, for he then gave it up and devoted himself almost entirely to polo, but took every opportunity of pig-sticking and shooting when those sports came in his way. In the winter of 1890-1 he rode thirty-one winners out of a total of sixty-three mounts, in 1891-2 he did better still, for he rode thirty winners in forty-nine rides. These were nearly all steeplechases at small meetings ; his best wins being at Meerut. He also won some very good races, including the Turf Club Cup at Bombay, with Warrior in 1890, and many good races with Snow in Calcutta, with other jockeys up. Snow was the best pony he ever owned ; this pony, a white Arab, which eventually went to the stud in Australia, won thirty-one races before being put to polo, winding up with the biggest pony-chase in India, carrying top weight of 13 st. 4 lbs.

In the year 1896 my brother Charlie, then a planter in Behar, found himself in great difficulties for ponies to play in the Mozufferpore Tournament, the great local event, for the ponies he relied on belonged to Lord Kensington and Sir Humphrey de Trafford, who left them with him and had lent him six very good ponies. A rule was brought in that the ponies must be the property of the players. His team had won this tournament the two previous years, and had it not been for de Lisle he was done. A happy thought struck him, and, though he did not know him personally, he knew he was a friend of mine ; he borrowed the money from the native banker, and wrote de Lisle to send him up six suitable 13.2 ponies after the regimental tournament. The ponies arrived, his opponents had no idea that he had got any, but the ponies did the trick and my brother's team won the tournament, and he sold all the ponies again without losing a penny ! Everyone of these six ponies was an absolute topper.

De Lisle came home in 1896 to work for the Staff College, and came to stay with us at Spring Hill in order to study the methods of training English polo ponies, and he spent a month with us working very hard at the ponies, and I think we mutually taught each other a good deal, and I was glad to be able to introduce him to the charms of fox-hunting. In 1899, when he was at the Staff College, he made up a team called the Students (the three brothers Nickalls and de Lisle), who met our Rugby team in the final of the Champion Cup and I think might have defeated us had they been better mounted.

I remember thinking him a very hard nut in 1895, when he announced his intention of giving one of my ponies a fall because it would not change its legs. He promptly did so and gave himself and the pony a tremendous roll and as he got up he remarked : " That will larn him ; he will change his legs next time." Up he got, went through the same manoeuvre, but the pony never fell again !

When the South African War broke out de Lisle commanded the 6th Regiment of Mounted Infantry and subsequently was in command of a cavalry brigade and of the 2nd Mounted Infantry Brigade. I met him once on the De Wet hunt, the day after he had been shot through the left elbow ; he did not go off duty, and I remember congratulating him on the fact that it would

improve his hands at polo, for I had always chaffed him on the fact that he was too strong in the arm.

At Lord Roberts's special request he was transferred to the cavalry in 1903, and went to India as second-in-command of the Royals which he subsequently commanded. After a period as G.S.O.I., 2nd Division, at Aldershot, he became brigadier of the 2nd Cavalry Brigade at Tidworth, which brigade he took to France in 1914, speedily rising to the command, first of the 1st Cavalry Division, then of the 29th Division in Gallipoli; and in France in 1918 he became corps commander of the 13th and then of the 15th Corps. I had the honour of serving on his staff in the last six months of the war and accompanied him on the final advance to Lille.

From 1919-23 he was Commander-in-Chief, Western Command, at Chester, where he devoted his spare time to hunting with Sir Watkin Wynn's and the Cheshire, to shooting and to playing polo at Eaton and at Hooton; in 1923 he was admittedly still the best polo player in the north of England.

From Chester he went to live on half-pay near Devizes, where he has bought a beautiful place. He has not retired, as he is waiting for the next war.



## CHAPTER XVII

### OSTENDE, CANNES, ETC.—VISITS TO AMERICA AND TO THE KING OF SPAIN AT MADRID

IN 1904 Leopold, King of the Belgians, in order to advertise Ostende, made a polo ground in the middle of the racecourse. The Marquis Villavieja introduced me to Baron Oscar Van Loo, who engaged me. I went there every year for the next seven years from about July 15 to August 1, and managed a fortnight of most excellent polo. It was a very cheery spot, and the same players went year after year. Our chief supporters were the Hungarians, Count Andrassy, Count Karolyi, Szechenzi, Zigray, and several others, together with a few Germans, mostly Jews, from Hamburg, under the leadership of Hasperg. The Spaniards were brought there by Marquis Villavieja, including the Dukes of Alba, Penaranda, Santona, and the brothers Escandon (Santos-Suarez). A few Belgians also played, led by A. Grisar, and there was, as a rule, a French team, while a couple of teams came from England. The expenses were enormous, and were paid mostly by Marquet, the proprietor of the baccarat rooms. The King would help us in no way, even refusing to lend his extensive stables, which were empty, for he said he had done quite enough in making the ground. Therefore, when the Clerical party got into power, and stopped the gambling in 1910, there was no more polo. But we had most cheery times while it lasted, and we kept the ball a-rolling, for no one went to bed till the small hours. One keen sportsman went to bed early one night, as he had a big match next day. This was not considered fair by his opponents—or, indeed, by his own side—so they dressed up one of their team as a very smart Parisian cocotte. He was more than a bit of an actor, and made up very well as a girl. Our friend had been asleep about an hour in the Palace Hotel when the pretty lady entered his room, turned up the electric light, and went and sat on his bed. He yelled blue murder, and said



it was blackmail, and a most amusing scene ensued, which we were able to watch from the dark passage.

The Marquis Villavieja, the well-known Spanish player, had a fall at polo, and got knocked out. Somehow it got into the papers, and the news was telegraphed to England that he had been killed. A few days afterwards the police turned up, very indignant that they had not been informed. So one of us pointed to a bit of bare earth, where the grass had been worn off owing to a small tent having stood there, and a wag among the party explained that as he was only a foreigner we thought it did not matter, and that we had buried him on the spot to save all trouble. They went away and reported this, and there was the devil to pay, for the Belgian official does not like having his leg pulled. I had a lot of trouble and expense answering telegrams. One wire came from a relation of his in Mexico.

I only met the King of the Belgians once, and it was rather a dramatic meeting. I was umpiring ; the match was just finished, and I rode off the ground in order to arrange the presentation of the players to H.R.H. Princess Albrecht of Belgium, who was going to give away the cup. I had left a clear passage-way by which to conduct the players, but when I rode up to the entrance I found it blocked by a man sitting in the middle of it under an umbrella. From the height of my pony I told him none too gently that he must move. It was not till I saw Villavieja's and Van Loo's agonised faces from the back that I knew something was wrong. I then looked under the umbrella, to see the old King's grinning face, for he was evidently delighted at my mistake.

I often used to meet Prince and Princess Albrecht on the polo ground, which they attended regularly ; they are now King and Queen of the Belgians.

A very amusing episode occurred one day. I took my wife over to Bruges to see the pageant, and asked my brother George to run the polo for me for the day ; he had only arrived over night from England.

Princess Clementine of Belgium, the King's daughter, was the great lady that day, who took precedence of Prince and Princess Albrecht, for the Prince was then merely the King's nephew.

My brother made great friends with a charming lady, who he thought was Princess Clementine's lady-in-waiting, and who asked him to tea with the royal party. She told him that she was anxious to hunt in England, so he told her that there was no difficulty about that, and invited her to stay with his mother at Spring Hill and hunt with the Pytchley, saying that he had a horse that would carry her perfectly.

He could not make out why she seemed amused, and told him she really could not manage it, and it was not till afterwards that he discovered that his hostess at tea was the future Queen of the Belgians.

I have visited America on five occasions, and each time I enjoyed it enormously, and experienced the most exceptional kindness and hospitality.

We English pride ourselves on our hospitality, but the Americans leave us in the shade ; they simply cannot do enough for us when we visit them.

As I have said before, I first went to the States with a cricket team in 1886, while my second visit was with a private polo team in 1910. Again, early in 1913, I went to make arrangements for the polo team, and fourthly in May 1913 on an attempt to recover the cup for the Duke of Westminster, and lastly in 1924 in a second abortive attempt.

On my third visit I stayed with Dev. Milburn, and so carefully was I looked after and entertained that in the week I was in New York I only spent two and a half dollars. The last night that I was there they gave me a dinner at the Racket Club, and, when I said I really must go to bed, as my boat left early in the morning, Cowdin told me that it was ridiculous, and said they would sit up all night, and escort me to the boat in the morning, and I am sure that they would have done so had I consented.

When my wife and I went over with the team in May of that year we simply could not avail ourselves of all the kindness and hospitality that was showered on us, and I had the same experience in 1924.

The American matches have always been played in the most sporting spirit, and have, I am sure, done a great deal to enable us to understand one another. The American crowd who watch polo is a very large and enthusiastic one, and a very fair one, too.

Every good bit of play by an Englishman is always keenly appreciated and well applauded.

In 1910 I accepted a most tempting invitation to take a team to America, to be mounted by them, and to play a series of games and matches at Mr. Jay Gould's charming place at Lakewood, some eighty miles south of New York. At his country place there Mr. Gould had laid out two perfect polo grounds, and he also placed at our disposal his rackets and real tennis courts and a great marble swimming bath. Mrs. Gould was in residence, and was most kind and hospitable. The climate was perfect, and we passed a delightful month there.

Our American hosts were very kind. They put us up in a hotel, and mounted us on excellent ponies. Our team—W. S. Buckmaster, G. Bellville, C. C. de Crespigny, and myself—really did very well, for we beat Whitney, Monty Waterbury, Milburn, and Collyer in the Open Cup, and also an English team which had been playing in California, captained by F. A. Gill of Ranelagh fame, viz. Hurndall, Hobson, Gill, and Romer Lee.

We were so much impressed with the advantages, from some points of view, of the no off-side rule, and of handicapping, that when we returned to England, Buckmaster and I persuaded the authorities at Hurlingham to adopt them.

In 1906 my brother George and I went to Monte Carlo with St. Quintin, the polo manager at Hurlingham, to run a supposed infallible system for a friend. But though we had a delightful time in the most perfect weather, the system was not a success, and we lost a lot of money for our friend. We ourselves were not pecuniarily interested.

While we were there we were approached by some French polo players, who wished to start a winter polo season at Cannes. We went over there and saw the proposed ground, of which we approved. It took about a year to make and get ready, and polo was started there in February, 1907.

For the next seven years either I or my brother Charlie ran most successful seasons there from January 15 to March 30. We used to take out some twenty-five or thirty ponies, and let them out on hire. There was not a great deal of profit connected with it, but we had a most delightful time in that charming climate and always enjoyed it enormously.

I did not return till 1925 to manage the polo at Cannes, where it all goes on in the same cheery way. I played in a polo match at Cannes on my sixtieth birthday. Rather a contrast to the fiftieth anniversary, which was passed in the trenches, opposite Neuve Chapelle!

Polo is only one of the attractions in that charming place, where so many English people have delightful villas. There is an excellent golf club, any amount of lawn tennis, bridge, and one of the best casinos in France. One is within easy reach of Valescure, Nice, Monte Carlo, Cap Martin, Mentone, and all the other delightful Riviera resorts, so that no visitor is ever short of a job.

The bals masqués were sometimes great fun. On one occasion George Bellville and I went with a big party from one hotel. We were in ordinary dress clothes, unmasked, so we slipped away and hired dominoes, and then forced our attentions on the ladies of our own party, to the great indignation of my brother and of Walter Jones, who tried to protect them from molestation. It was a long time before we revealed ourselves to my wife and the other ladies, and by that time they were very angry.

Cannes was a great resort in those days of Russian grand dukes, the Grand Duke Michael being a sort of king of the place, especially at his golf club; and many interesting people in London society came there in the course of the season for long or short periods. A good many were permanent residents in lovely villas, such as Lord and Lady Cheylesmore, Lord Brougham, Lady Waterlow, Admiral Lord Wester Wemyss and Lady Wester Wemyss, and the Rothschilds.

I met at Cannes the man who was considered to have successfully brought off some of the cleverest practical jokes on record.

Prince and Princess Pless took a house at Mandelien, near Cannes, which had for one or two seasons been an unsuccessful hotel. They turned it into a charming villa, where they dispensed the most open-handed hospitality.

Amongst their guests was this practical joker, who, when he heard that they were going to give a ball, declared that he would go into Cannes and stay at the hotel, as he did not like dancing. Waiting till the dance was in full swing, he disguised himself with a goatee beard and in loud checks, as an American tourist,

and turned up with lots of luggage at the villa, saying he wanted a room at the hotel. The big German major-domo told him to go away, and that it was no hotel. In spite of the butler and some sturdy footmen, he forced his way in, saying he had stopped there last year, that he knew it was an hotel, and that he would not go away. Prince Pless was called, but the visitor ran past him into the ballroom, where he created great consternation. The footmen followed him up, and, seizing him, gave him the frog's march from the room. As he was carried past Princess Pless he looked up at her and said : " Princess Daisy, won't you help an old pal ? "

A few days after this he dressed himself as an apache, held up a dinner-party at the Villa Kasbec with a revolver, and relieved the ladies of their jewellery and the men of their money ; but this time he was thought to have gone a bit too far.

Once in London he enlisted the help of a couple of friends, and for a bet the three dressed themselves as labourers, pegged out with ropes and iron stakes a square in the busiest part of the Strand in the morning, and proceeded with tools to dig up the pavement.

When the luncheon hour arrived they asked the policeman on the beat to look after their pitch while they went to get some food. They returned to their lodgings, changed into smart London clothes and top hats, and returned to view the commotion that ensued when the hoax was discovered.

On another occasion he collected a staff, dressed himself as " The King of Siam," and by means of a telegram ordered an inspection of a battleship, which he carried through without being discovered. The rage of the naval officers when they found out that they had been hoaxed can be better imagined than described.

After the Cannes season of 1910 my brother George and I were invited by the King of Spain to go to Madrid for a month and play polo. Of the party were the famous twins, Francis and Riversdale Grenfell, well known and loved in the Army and in the world of sport.

I first made friends with Rivy at Rugby, when he came for a month to study the rudiments of the game, worked here like a stable-boy, and endeared himself to everyone. A year or two



W. W. K. & Co  
GEORGE ANSELL AND J. W. YARDLEY



W. W. K. & Co  
FRANCIS AND RIVY GRINNELL



later I met Francis at Tattersall's, and, mistaking him for Rivy, warned him off a bad pony that he was thinking of buying ; he thanked me, but did not correct my mistake.

The twins had one mind at polo, and played brilliantly together. They took enormous trouble, and studied every detail and phase of everything connected with the game. Francis was Number 2 and Rivy Number 1, and in 1914 their combination and tactics were more highly developed than those of any other pair. We have no one now to compare with them in that respect. They copied the Waterbury brothers, and, though not as good as the Americans, their tactics and understanding of each other was just as perfect.

But good players and fine sportsmen as they were in first-class polo, where they are most missed is in the social world, for they were always the life and soul of country house polo parties. As a polo manager I owe them a debt of gratitude for the way in which they always played up at such parties as were held at Eaton and Madrid.

They would always fall in with any plan and would play on any side with anyone in order to make a success of the show, and neither of them cared if they won or lost, as long as they could help the party to run successfully. They were absolutely the very best type of clean-living, hard young English sportsmen.

Francis held a unique record in that he played in the winning teams of the championship of polo in England, America, India, and South Africa. He also played for the 9th when they won in 1916.

Rivy's record was that he went out to India as a globe-trotter, and won the Kadir Cup for pig-sticking ; he also helped to win the Champion Cup at Hurlingham twice, and the Championship of America once.

To show Francis's phenomenal pluck, on the very day he knew he was financially broke he played a polo match at Roehampton because I could not get a substitute and he would not let me down. Rivy, too, in the final of the Champion Cup at Hurlingham in 1903, played against my team with a broken bone in his ankle ; of course we did not know it, nor did he know that it was broken, but he suffered agony. In John Buchan's book, page 114, appears the following letter.



"I was unable to put a boot on, and so played in a large shooting boot and puttee. In the first five minutes Ted Miller caught me an awful bump on the ankle, soon followed by another from George Miller. The Millers were a little off, and kept giving us openings, but I felt myself getting weaker and weaker, and could not turn my ponies, my ankle hurt fearfully . . . "

They were both good men to hounds, and trained their hunters as carefully as they trained their polo ponies.

The twins went to the Front in 1914, both in the 9th Lancers. Francis commanded a squadron, and Rivy was attached to the regiment, his proper unit being the Buckingham Yeomanry. Their life has been written by John Buchan, who ably portrays their lovable qualities. I saw them off at Tidworth. They were in the greatest spirits, for it was their chance of beginning life again, having lost all their money owing to the failure of Rivy's business.

The polo world mourns many good players and sportsmen killed in the war, but for none is more sorrow felt than for the gallant twins. Francis won the first V.C. of the war, and was twice wounded before he was killed. I met him near Ypres a few days before he was killed ; he was just as charming as ever, but one could see that the real savour of life had gone out with Rivy's death. When Francis Grenfell was killed, Lord Burnham, in a magnificent leading article in the *Daily Telegraph* of May 31, 1915, especially mentions his friends the Grenfell twins and their cousins, Lord Desborough's heroic sons. It is headed "Our Young Officers" and an extract from it is as follows :

"The record of young lives willingly given with such intense bravery and chivalrous devotion to King and Country will never be forgotten in our history. It is a record of which every family suffering at this moment the anguish of deep sorrow may truly be proud. And how many these families are ! Day by day the long list lengthens, and those who sigh as they read know that till the very end of the war the scroll must be perpetually unrolled. The thought of so much bereavement

would be almost unendurable but for the great glory of those who so simply lay down their lives, and the certainty that so much valour is not spent in vain. We recorded on Saturday the death of Captain Francis Grenfell, V.C., captain and adjutant of the 9th Lancers, and there are many reasons which make it singularly appropriate to take his career as a shining example of the glorious company of regimental officers who are giving all they have to give for England at this hour. Captain Francis Grenfell won the first V.C. of the Great War.

"The brief official record simply speaks of his 'gallantry in action against unbroken infantry,' and describes how, on the self-same day, he helped to save the guns of a battery of the Royal Field Artillery whose horses had all been struck down. The guns were safely man-handled out of action amid a storm of shell, and in an episode in which all were brave, Captain Grenfell displayed a high heroic courage which gained him the crown of every soldier's ambition. He did not escape unscathed. He was severely wounded and returned to England. But at the earliest moment he was back in France with his regiment, and a little later was wounded even more severely than before. A second time he fought his way laboriously back to recovery, only to receive a third and mortal wound a week ago. Thus he has joined, after a few months' interval, his gallant twin-brother, Captain 'Rivy' Grenfell.

"Few British officers were better known or better liked than these two Grenfells, whose younger brother had lit the way for them down to dusty death years before, in the brilliant charge of the 21st Lancers at Omdurman. In the happy days before the war they were two of the best-known Eton men of their generation, and for several seasons their polo was the delight of Ranelagh and many another festive ground.

"As types of the British regimental officer, as soldiers, gentlemen, and sportsmen, these two brothers had no superiors, and their memory will be treasured long. What is the ideal of these and many thousands more? What is the secret which makes them so beloved? There are many types of gallant officer, but there is a peculiarly British type, which is different in many subtle ways from all others, and the secret of the difference is

best found in the British Public-School spirit, which Sir Henry Newbolt has interpreted in verse :

To set the Cause above renown,  
To love the game beyond the prize,  
To honour while you strike him down,  
The foe that comes with fearless eyes ;  
To count the life of battle good,  
And clear the land that gave you birth,  
And nearer yet the brotherhood  
That binds the brave of all the earth."

We had a most interesting time, arriving in time for the Madrid Easter celebrations. These consist of a state visit of the whole Court to church, and we were most fortunate in that the King allowed us to view it all from a small gallery high up in the chancel, so that we could see the whole ceremony exactly as if we were in a box, high up, at the opera. After the church function, in another building, took place a ceremony which has gone on without interruption for twelve hundred years, viz. the washing of the feet. The King personally washed the feet of twelve old beggar men, while the Queen did the same for twelve old women. Then the King, with his own hands, served meat to the men, and the Queen to the women.

The weather was bad, and we did not get much polo, but His Majesty and our other Spanish hosts could not do enough for us.

The Duke of Alba put the party up in Madrid. We consisted of the Duchess of Westminster, Lady Helen Grosvenor, Francis and Rivy Grenfell, and myself. My brother stayed with the Ambassador, Sir Maurice de Bunsen, and we all went about sight-seeing together. We visited all the picture galleries, museums, churches, and other old buildings in and near Madrid, and had an experience that I shall never forget. The twins' thirst for information on all subjects was insatiable, and they were the most charming companions.

There are no better or kinder hosts in the world than the Duke of Alba and his brother, the Duke of Penaranda, and this visit was specially delightful to me, as some of my very best friends are the Spanish polo players and their charming ladies, viz. the Duke and Duchess of Arion, the Marquis and Marquesa



"Saatchi"

H.M. THE QUEEN OF SPAIN AND H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF THE ASTURIAS ON THE  
BALCONY OF THE PALACE OF MADRID



Villavieja, the Marquis and Marquesa Viana, the Comte de la Maza, the Duke and Duchess of Santona, the Marquis San Miguel, and the brothers Santos-Suarez. Neither Alba nor Penaranda nor Maza was married then, but since those days they have been so fortunate as to marry three of the most charming ladies in Spain.

The Palacio de Liria, the Duke of Alba's house in Madrid is a most lovely palace and is really as interesting a museum as any in Madrid, full of family heirlooms of all kinds, pictures, tapestries, armour, and weapons and records of the first Duke of Alba's campaigns in the Low Countries. The most interesting thing that I can remember was a pen-and-ink sketch by Christopher Columbus of the view he had of the coastline of America when he sighted it for the first time.

Our Spanish hosts were more than kind, and we went on from Madrid and stayed with the Marquis and Marquesa de Viana at Moratalla, their country house. The King was there, and we had a delightful visit, and played polo on Viana's private ground.

I think it was in 1907 that I had the honour of being summoned to Kensington Palace to have an audience with the King of Spain, as he wished to take up polo and get some ponies. We arranged that day that my brother George should go out to Spain as the King's guest and teach him polo, which he did, and had a most delightful time. The King has a wonderful personality and is, as all the world knows, a marvellously clever man, and since that day he has honoured me with his friendship, and up to 1914 I supplied him with nearly all his ponies and played the game with him at Madrid, Rugby, Hurlingham, and Roehampton. He is a fine horseman and a really good player. On August 31, 1908, he played at Rugby for the 16th Lancers with Howard, Hubert Gough, and Malise Graham. He is Colonel-in-Chief of the 16th Lancers.

The day before I met him first he had had his first experience of English hunting, in Cheshire on a horse of the Duke of Westminster's. I asked him how he had enjoyed himself, and he told me that he had enjoyed it immensely, but that he thought he had put his foot in it rather badly. A man had crossed him at a fence and nearly put him down. His ejaculation in Spanish was, he said, more forcible than polite, for he thought he was perfectly

safe in saying what he liked in Spanish; but, to his dismay, the man pulled up and humbly apologised in fluent Spanish—he had just come from Argentina.

Things have been so difficult in Spain for the last year or two that the polo world in England has not seen nearly as much of His Majesty as we should have liked, but it is to be hoped that now things will be better, and that we shall see him again soon, especially as he is sending horses over here to run in our big races.

He is a very great asset to polo, English as well as Spanish, for he is always inviting English players over there and is always ready to put all his resources, including his perfect polo grounds, and his numerous ponies, at the disposal of his English friends.

In 1914 the team that brought back the cup did all their winter practice in Madrid, and he lent them his best ponies too.

No form of sport comes amiss to His Majesty—yachting, racing, hunting, shooting, as well as polo, occupy his spare time, of which there is none too much, for he allows nothing to interfere with his anxious and responsible work, of which he is admittedly a past master.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### IN EAST AFRICA

The voyage to Mombasa—Somali hunters—Riding a "shoulderless" mule—Land allotting in East Africa—My host's fine shooting—A wonderful view of hundreds of deer—Concerning elephants and lions.

IN the autumn of 1912 I received a most tempting invitation from a friend, Captain Chapman, who had a lot of property in East Africa, to go out to that country and pay him a visit. It is a part of the world that I had always been anxious to see, as I had always understood that its wonderful climate and scenery, together with the vast amount of game there, made it a sort of paradise on earth. Also I understood that land was cheap and extraordinarily fertile, so I thought that if I really liked the country from every point of view I might be able to buy a ranch there for one of my sons.

I had a comfortable and cheery voyage out with a very pleasant crowd. At the port of Djibutil, where we put in for a few hours, I was introduced to a most interesting Somali hunter. The Somalis are admittedly the finest and most intelligent native race in Africa. They are, as a rule, lighter coloured than the ordinary run of African natives, and their features are not negroid, but more of European type. They are a brave and faithful people, and, like Arabs, are probably not indigenous. Every Somali hunter who accompanies a white man after dangerous game considers himself eternally disgraced if his employer is killed and he escapes. Most of them are handsome, with clean-cut, aquiline features, and are big, fine-looking, athletic men, with pleasant countenances. As a race they are absolutely fearless.

The man I met had just come in from an expedition after lions, and was the hero of a wonderful story. His employer was rushed by a wounded lion, who got him down, and was standing over him. Our friend, the Somali, could not trust himself to



shoot for fear of killing his master, so he drew his knife, jumped on the lion's back, and tried to cut his throat. The lion was so startled, never before having had anything on his back, that he left the white man and bounded away, speedily unseating his jockey. All the Somali remarked when cross-questioned was, "The lion was difficult to ride."

This fine fellow was in a state of great delight when I saw him, for he had just been sent for to join an old employer, one who was starting from Souakim on a punitive expedition after the Khalifa, and had engaged him as his personal orderly and interpreter. Sad to say, they were both killed on this expedition.

As smallpox was raging at Mombasa when we arrived, we went straight up country, gradually climbing to the higher ground. It is a most interesting journey, for the railway passes through the big-game reserve, and from the train one sees herds of congoni (Jackson's hartebeest), zebra, and the smaller kinds of antelope, such as oribi, steinbuck, and dikerbuck, etc. If one is lucky, occasional glimpses are got of giraffe and eland, roan, and waterbuck. Personally, I only saw the commoner kinds.

On arrival at Nairobi, six thousand feet above the sea, I stayed a few days with Jack Riddell in his charming house before going up to Londiani, the station for the Vashingishu, where my host's estate was situated.

I went up to the polo ground, where I met many old friends, and was greeted by my nickname by quite half a dozen players and spectators, just as one might be at a London polo club. This gave me the impression that British East Africa is being colonised by British cavalry officers, of whom a large number are certainly getting their living there.

Captain Chapman joined me after a few days, and we went up the railway through the most lovely scenery to Londiani, where we left the train for the Vashingishu plateau, a ride of eighty miles. This we did in two days, sleeping the night half-way in a rest-house built there by an enterprising colonist. For the first forty miles my mount was a green four-year-old, about fourteen hands, while on the second day I was supplied with a diminutive red mule, a capital little animal, but one which suffered from the drawback of having no shoulders to keep the saddle back. The saddle, in fact, was too big for him, and

as there was no crupper I had during my visit many gentle falls from this little animal, who always stopped dead short when he found the saddle getting too far forward, and deposited me gently over his head. Moral: Never ride a mule without a crupper.

From the window of this house the owner, a month or two later, shot and killed a solitary elephant which had been turned out of his herd.

After leaving the rest-house we rode over the Nandi escarpment for many miles through a beautiful forest, mostly composed of cedar trees. A small tract of this had been slightly damaged, from a scenery point of view, by a forest fire, which had left some of the dead trees standing, whilst others had fallen flat. The fire, however, was limited in area, and had passed so quickly that the timber was only killed, and not burnt, the result being that the colonists already established in the valley could obtain as much dry, seasoned wood as was required. This cedar wood is beautiful timber, and is used by the colonists almost entirely for the inside walls of their brick and stone houses and for their furniture.

Fires are never serious matters in these great forests, as the dense and dank herbage which forms the undergrowth almost immediately smothers them. Here is a great lumber region insured against fire, and, at the time when I saw it, almost untouched by man, a state of affairs which cannot be altered until a railway approaches the region. I understand this railway is already being made. This must happen some day when available lumber regions are exhausted, and Canada and the Baltic can no longer supply the amount of pine required.

As far as I could make out, Government, up to 1912, had done nothing, except that they had granted over 150,000 acres of wood and farm land to two or three concessionaires on certain conditions, which of course have never been carried out. No worse system can be imagined than this plan of granting great concessions to individuals or companies with a pull, especially in a country which has been much advertised as a white man's country, and which is admittedly a hard one to populate with desirable immigrants. It is even worse in the case of the first twenty-five miles from Londiani station, for this beautiful,

fertile, park-like land has been granted in the same manner, and, when I saw it, had not been touched by farmers.

Through this fair land, year after year, have the angry colonists tramped some seventy miles, cursing this system of favouritism which compels them to settle far from a railway and market, while they pass on the way hundreds of sites for well-watered farms, close to the railway, which have been allotted to big companies who have done nothing with their magnificent properties, and apparently would not sell homesteads to settlers on reasonable terms. Things may be better now, but that was how it was in 1912. Land on the Vashingishu was at that time costing ten shillings per acre to buy. Now I hear that on account of the new railway some of it is worth, near the railway, £5 per acre. How much better it would have been for the country if plots of land near the railway had been issued to bona fide settlers on condition that they developed it and were not allowed to sell it for a period of, say, ten to fifteen years.

What struck me forcibly in 1912 was that there was a great deal too much dealing in land going on among the settlers, and too little real hard work in the farming and development. Many of them were like the inhabitants of the Scilly Isles, and were getting their living by taking on each other's washing, when the supply of newcomers ran short. There were many honourable exceptions among the principal landowners, such as Lord Delamere, Rutherford, Swifte, Riddell, and numbers of others, who were building up the country on sound lines, but the railway and steamship freights and facilities were not such as to admit of a real successful land boom, and I am sure that many speculators must have been badly bitten since those days.

We rode across the Sergoit plain and arrived on the evening of the second day at Capt. Chapman's headquarters, a big stone house, with a verandah, well built and solid, his home farm being about ten thousand acres in extent. A few acres near the house were planted out with mealies and some small experimental plots of wheat and oats. The farms on the Vashingishu were all on the lines of big ranches, from five to ten thousand acres in extent. At that time no attempt had been made to grow coffee, sisal, wattle, or any of the more expensive crops, owing to the altitude. The climate is perfect ; the sun is hot, but there is almost always

a cool breeze, and, though it is actually on the equator, one is glad of two or three blankets at night.

I was there in the winter, but there is very little difference between winter and summer, so much so that the European plants and trees get puzzled, and are apt to kill themselves by going all the time and never taking a winter rest. I have seen peach trees with fruit and flowers out all at once on different boughs.

The drawbacks of the country are that it is really a tropical land, where manual labour is a difficult matter for Europeans, and that the air is so rarefied that hard exercise affects the breath, at any rate of a newcomer. But what definitely decided me not to buy any land was the expense of horseflesh, owing to horse-sickness and other diseases. Any horses that were bred there were bred in stables, and the mares were never turned out to graze until the sun was well up. This put horse breeding as a business proposition right out of court, and to my mind took away the chief pleasure of colonial life, viz. a big supply of good and cheap horses and ponies, such as can be produced in the open in Australia, Canada, and the Argentine. Perhaps in time, as the country gets more settled, horse-sickness will die out.

Cattle and sheep seemed to do well, and it was remarkable how the imported bulls and rams stamped themselves on the native herds and flocks, so much so that the third cross looked exactly like English cattle and sheep. Although the native breed of sheep has no wool at all, the second generation produces a fair fleece, and the wool crop on the third is very good.

I had a most delightful time riding about with my host, and we had several shooting expeditions, during which I managed to secure trophies of all the ordinary game, including a nice water-buck. We had one or two tries for a lion, but never saw one, although there were many about, too many for the peace of mind of the inhabitants. Most of the shooting was done simply for the pot, the rule being, never shoot a deer unless you want the meat, and I did not attempt, owing to the cost, to go on a real shooting expedition after good trophies.

I was greatly impressed with the wonderful shooting of my host and of his partner, a professional hunter named Hoey. I asked Chapman how he had learnt to shoot so well with a rifle,

and he told me it was because during his first year in the country he had fired off ten thousand cartridges. They thought nothing of killing deer at over three hundred yards. I once left camp with him to get meat, and a couple of oribi (small antelopes) jumped up in front of him in the long grass, in such a manner that he could only see their heads and backs. He took them both at a gallop, one through the head and the other through the neck, right and left. That was all we wanted, and so we went back to camp.

The most enjoyable day I had was on an occasion when I took a long ride to prospect a farm, which I thought, at the time, of buying. The price was then ten shillings per acre, a price I was the means of getting for Chapman. But now I hear it is worth £5 per acre, as the railway will go right through it. There were six thousand acres of good grass, with some low timber. It was well watered by streams and a couple of shallow lakes—a really lovely spot.

The first startling sight was what looked like telegraph poles above the low scrub. These turned out to be half a dozen giraffe, which moved off as I approached. As I rode into the scrub I also surprised two eland, and they, too, galloped away with great bounds and jumps as high as themselves. They are the largest of all the antelopes, standing higher at the shoulders than a very big bullock. I then arrived at the crest of a hill, and a wonderful sight displayed itself to my astonished view, for I had seen very little game all day. A fertile valley lay just before me, with a sluggish stream running through it. I suppose the grass was extra sweet just there, for all the game in the neighbourhood seemed to be collected in that valley. I saw, with my glasses, in an area of about a couple of square miles, many hundreds of congoni (Jackson's hartebeest), as many zebra, two or three different kinds of small antelope, many warthog, a dozen ostrich, and about twenty giraffe. I got off my horse, and studied them for about an hour, fascinated with this most beautiful sight. When it was time to be moving I jumped on my horse, and galloped down the slope into the middle of the herd of giraffe, which lumbered away at their best pace, with me riding in the middle of them.

The game preservation laws are very strict, and on no account



THE AUTHOR RIDING GIRAFFES  
From a sketch by H. F. Johnston



may an eland, giraffe, or ostrich be shot. Were these laws not so stringent, and the penalties of infringement severe, there would not be an eland or a giraffe left in the colonised parts of East Africa. The laws as regards elephants are equally strict, and I think permission to shoot one elephant costs about three hundred rupees. Lions, of course, are vermin, as are leopards also.

When the Vashingishu was first colonised it was found to be uninhabited by natives because, from time immemorial, it had been the battleground of the tribes. The Masai, who were the survivors, although they would not allow any other tribes to occupy it, did not want it for themselves. The Masai are the tribe who still kill lions with spears.

Hoey, in the early days of the occupation of British East Africa, had, like others of his breed and kind, supported himself by killing ivory, which was, he said, a very simple matter in those days.

By 1912, however, the elephants had for the most part been driven away from the haunts of men, and those that were left had become extraordinarily cunning and dangerous, so that a man who went elephant hunting after certain herds was very likely to find himself the quarry instead of the hunter. Hoey was full of good stories of his experiences; one particularly I remember that he looked on as his narrowest escape. He shot a fine male lion before breakfast, and told his gun-bearer to stay and skin it, and bring in the skin.

The man refused unless Hoey would leave his rifle with him, as he was afraid the lioness might come after her mate. Hoey gave him the rifle, and rode back towards the camp on a small mule. Suddenly, without warning, he was charged from a bush by the lioness. The mule galloped away, and fortunately the lioness did not pursue far, solely because, in his opinion, she had a couple of small cubs with her which she did not like to leave.

Another story was on a different subject.

A Boer farmer on the plateau was murdered on his farm. The settlers knew the culprits, and the men had fled to their tribe without being followed up by police or King's African Rifles. So the settlers organised a punitive expedition to go and take away all their cattle, and so ruin them.



Hoey went down to Nairobi for supplies and recruits, and in the club most indiscreetly let out what was in the wind. The authorities promptly took charge of railway and telegraph lines, and despatched a force of police and K.A.R. that very evening. They marched out and killed a lot of the tribe, but, as Hoey bitterly complained, what good did that do? The tribe discovered that the soldiers were coming, and hid their cattle in the hills. They would not in the least mind their pals being killed, as it simply meant that they would divide up the dead men's wives and cattle. The settlers would have gone for the cattle.

I met one most interesting character in camp on the plateau, i.e. Mr. W. S. Rainsford, the author of *The Land of the Lion*, a most delightful book, which everyone should read before going to shoot in East Africa. He had been a clergyman in London, and then for many years in New York, where he had gone soon after the Civil War. He was getting specimens for the New York Natural History Museum, by whose directors he had been sent to East Africa. A great sportsman and a great raconteur, his chief recreation for the past forty-five years had been hunting in the Rockies, Canada, and, of late years, in Africa.

After a delightful month on the Vashingishu plateau I returned to Nairobi and went out in a buckboard with my cousin E. Rutherford and his partner Swifte, to stay with them at their sisal factory, at Pundamilia, Fort Hall.

It was rather a relief to me when a lion in the neighbourhood did not materialise, as in order to travel light I had left my rifles in Nairobi, and a very doubtful rifle was borrowed for me.

Sisal is a kind of fibre, almost as good as hemp, which is prepared from the cactus plant. The industry looked very promising then, when there were many hundreds of acres of it planted in orderly rows, and big factories and machinery erected. But it has, owing to the war, had many ups and downs since, the price varying from £18 to £80 a ton, I believe. Difficulties of freight, exchange, and the bad state of world trade have now depressed this undertaking badly, but it is to be hoped that this state of affairs is only temporary.

The other chief industry which has rapidly developed in Kenya Colony (as British East Africa is now called) is coffee, which

is grown there of the very best quality, and which is likely to be a prosperous industry.

I had a most blissful time in the colony, and I strongly recommend my readers, if they get the chance, not to miss going there.



## CHAPTER XIX

### MOSTLY STEEPLECHASING, AND ABOUT SOME ALL-ROUND SPORTSMEN

Major Roddy Owen—Mr. Tom Pickernell—Mr. Alec Goodman—Mr. E. P. Wilson—Mr. C. J. Cunningham—Mr. T. Beasley—Colonel Fisher-Childe—Mr. George Thompson—George Stevens—Captain William Browne—Mr. J. Maunsell Richardson—Lord Desborough—Hon. Julian Grenfell—Devereux Milburn—Lord Dalmeny.

SIR EVELYN WOOD was in command at Aldershot, and Roddy Owen was always away riding races. One day the general sent for him and said: "Capt. Owen, I have been here two months, and have not had the pleasure of making your acquaintance." "My loss, sir, not yours," was the reply. And again:

*Sir Evelyn*: "When are you going to take up soldiering seriously?"

*Roddy*: "When I have lost my nerve, sir."

Roddy Owen always said that when he won the Grand National he would give up riding and take to soldiering seriously. No one believed him, but, in 1892, the very evening after he had won on Father O'Flynn, he went to London, and the very next week was off to Africa, where he saw a good deal of service, won the D.S.O., and, sad to say, died of fever.

Major E. R. Owen was the only jockey who pulled off the triple event, the Grand National, the Grand Military Gold Cup, and the National Hunt Steeplechase, the two last mentioned events on St. Cross in 1889, and Monkshood in 1887 respectively.

Hugh and Roddy Owen, Col. B. de Sales La Terrière, and Fred and Charlie Archer were all children together who, at about eight or nine years of age, hunted with the Cotswold Hounds, and this has been recently described by Col. La Terrière in his charming reminiscences.

Many good authorities mention that steeplechasing, especially at Liverpool, was a safer game in the latter part of the nineteenth

century than it is now. Take, for instance, the performance of Mr. T. Pickernell, who rode in seventeen Grand Nationals, only fell twice, and won in 1860 on Anatis, in 1871 on The Lamb, and in 1875 on Pathfinder. Tom Pickernell was in the Royal Engineers for some years in his youth.

Mr. Alec Goodman rode in the National on many occasions, and never had a fall, winning twice, i.e. on Miss Mowbray, and on Salamander.

Alec Goodman's doings lingered in Lindsay Gordon's memory, who wrote in Australia :

Whenever you meet with a man from home  
Who laughs at the falls and the fences here,  
Who tells you of crackers through clay or loam,  
And of gallops with Goodman and Oliver ;  
You may bet your life such a man won't ride  
Here—it can hardly be worth his while ;  
Under a bushel his light he'll hide,  
And we are not worthy to watch his style.

There are many other jockeys of earlier days who hardly ever fell, amongst them E. P. Wilson, C. J. Cunningham, the Beasley brothers, and Capt. " Doggy " Smith.

Mr. E. P. Wilson rode steeplechases from 1864 to 1898, a period of thirty-four years. He rode the following winners of the National Hunt Steeplechase, the only race confined to amateurs : The Bear (in 1877 at Cottenham) ; Pride of Prussia (in 1881 at Four Oaks Park) ; Llantarnum (in 1882 at Derby) ; Satellite (in 1883 at Melton) ; Equity (in 1884 at Leicester) ; a wonderful record indeed, for he won the race four consecutive times, on four four-year-olds, on four different courses. He won the Grand National in 1884 on Voluptuary, and in 1885 on Roquefort.

Roquefort, by Winslow out of Cream Cheese, was half-brother to Miguel, who was second in the St. Leger. He was a very beautiful horse, but difficult to ride, as he was very impetuous and pulled hard, reaching at his bridle and pulling his head from side to side, with an inclination to run out to the left, which indeed he did in the Grand National of 1896, when, going very well, carrying 12 st. 8 lbs., he swerved after jumping the last fence and went over the rails.

Mr. Chris Waller told me that Mr. E. P. Wilson had said to him in 1884 that he meant to get the ride on Roquefort the following year, if possible, and that he would win on him. This he succeeded in doing, as Bobby Fisher broke his leg, and sold the horse to Wilson on behalf of Arthur Cooper for £1,250. He was a dark bay, full of quality, on short legs, with enormous quarters. It is odd that such a wonderfully good-looking animal should have been sold out of Kingsclere for thirty-two guineas as a two-year-old. Wilson's opinion was that Roquefort should have won some of his races that he failed in, and he thought that he himself could do better on him. The result proved that his judgment was correct, for in 1885 he rode him beautifully, and won on him, beating Frigate by a length, with a bit to spare. He prepared him specially for this race, schooled him most thoroughly, and never rode him in public after November.

Voluptuary, Mr. E. P. Wilson's winning mount in the National of 1884, had a marvellous career. Originally a cast-off from Lord Rosebery's stable, Wilson rode him for two seasons as a hunter in Warwickshire, but, with the exception of one hurdle race, he had never run in public before. Yet at Aintree his jumping was faultless. Mr. Wilson's last appearance in the National was seven years later, i.e. in 1891, on Voluptuary, but the old horse could not stay at the pace, and was pulled up.

When Voluptuary's racing career was ended he was sold to Leonard Boyce, the actor, who rode him night after night at Drury Lane in the Grand National race in *The Prodigal Daughter*, when the veteran every evening negotiated the water jump just as brilliantly as he had done at Liverpool.

Mr. C. J. Cunningham in three years rode the winners of one hundred and forty-four races in two hundred and seventy-six mounts, which must be a steeplechasing record, the average being better than one win in two mounts. On three horses, Percy, Merry Lass, and Douglas, he won fifty-one races in sixty-eight attempts. He stood over 6 ft. 1 in., and his ordinary weight was over twelve stone. He was a first-rate man to hounds, a first-class shot and fishermen, and one of the best judges in England at a hunter and agricultural show.

Mr. Cunningham once presided at a shepherd's show in Scotland when General Gatacre, just home from the war in the Sudan,

made a speech descriptive of the shepherd's life in the Sudan, and in the course of his remarks proceeded to inform his audience how the good shepherds were rewarded. If a shepherd increased his flock in one year, Sir William told the company that, according to the increase, he was given a certain number of youngwives. "The next year, and so on," continued the general, "he is similarly rewarded." Here the speaker was interrupted by a roar of laughter which greeted a remark from the chair—"If you speak any more like that, general," said the chairman, "we will not have a single shepherd left on the border."

Mr. "Tommy" Beasley was the greatest of four brothers, and perhaps the greatest amateur race-rider of his own or any other day, for he was equally good on the flat and over jumps. He won three Irish Derbys, and three Grand Nationals. Riding twelve times in the Grand National, he only fell twice. His brother Harry rode in thirteen Grand Nationals, won once and fell once.

Mr. T. Beasley started riding in 1875, and rode at Punchestown in 1921, 1922, and 1923. In 1921 he was unplaced; in 1922 he rode second to his son; and, at the age of seventy-one, on March 11, 1923, he rode Pride of Arras to victory. His steeplechasing career has thus lasted forty-eight years, and the most extraordinary thing is that he has been all his life very short-sighted.

Mr. John Fergusson (Jock) rode over five hundred winners between 1886 and 1898.

Mr. Arthur Yates rode two hundred and fifty-three winners between 1886 and 1898. He trained three winners of the Grand National—Roquefort (to some extent), Gamecock, and Cloister—and probably trained more steeplechase riders, especially soldiers, than any other man.

Colonel Fisher-Childe, well known for so many years as Bobby Fisher, was one of Mr. Arthur Yates's many successful pupils, as he won an enormous number of races, being head of the winning steeplechase jockeys in 1878. Amongst his many good wins were the Grand Military, Irish Military, and innumerable races at Doncaster, Liverpool, Sandown, Kempton, Bibury, and on many other courses. He won fourteen steeplechases on Meerscham alone. Considering how dangerous a sport steeplechasing undoubtedly is, it is wonderful that there are not more

bad accidents, but Colonel Fisher-Childe undoubtedly had more than his share, for, according to *Gentlemen Riders Past and Present*, he had broken both legs, both collar bones, several ribs, and had had concussion of the brain on seven different occasions. Yet, as he said himself, it was only old age that made him give up the game. The hardest blow in his life was in 1884, when a broken leg made him sell Roquefort, who, as I have said, won the National easily in the hands of Mr. E. P. Wilson.

Mr. George Thompson, that great flat-race rider, according to that charming book, *Gentlemen Riders Past and Present*, holds a curious record. He won his first race at the age of seven years, when he only weighed three stone. This occurred as long ago as 1840, but surely it has never been equalled before or since.

His father, Mr. H. J. Thompson, of Fairfield, Yorks, in a private meeting at Rawcliffe, matched his hack against another man's pony, weights for half a mile. On going down to the stand, he found that his opponent's pony was ridden by a professional jockey, who weighed seven stone, whereas his own weight was eleven stone. He strongly objected, but found that there was nothing in the articles drawn up which said that it must be owners up. Much annoyed, Mr. Thompson said no more, but, riding up to his carriage, where were Mrs. Thompson and his family, he said to his wife: "Hand me out George; I am too heavy," and at the same moment a little dark-eyed cherub made his appearance out of the window. The crowd was delighted and cheered loudly as, accompanied by his father, the tiny jockey cantered down to the post, his little red legs showing beneath his white trousers.

"What am I to do, papa?" was the only question he asked. "Hold your reins tight, and, directly they say 'Go,' come as fast as you can home," was the reply.

The order was obeyed to the letter, and Master George, having won in a canter, was returned to the carriage in the same way as he came out, viz. through the window.

George Thompson rode a very great number of races between 1851 and 1883, and, when at his best, few professionals could give him points. He never scaled more than 7 st. 7 lbs.

My earliest recollections of the Grand National go back to



1882, when Lord Manners, on his own horse, Seaman, a regular cripple, won by a short head from Cyrus (Mr. T. Beasley), with Zoedone (Capt. "Doggy" Smith) third. Lord Manners (Hoppy) was master of the Quorn, and a fine man to hounds, but had never ridden in public before, and never, I believe, rode in a race again, except in the Grand Military Gold Cup of the same year, which he won on Lord Chancellor, carrying 13 st. 7 lbs. Mr. T. Beasley was the finest all round jockey of the day, and Capt. Smith perhaps the best man to hounds of his time. All three gentlemen riders and all-round horsemen. Zoedone was Count Kinsky's favourite hunter. She carried her owner to victory in the Grand National the following year, and I believe went back to Leicestershire and carried her owner in many a hunt when her racing career was finished.

Like Lord Manners, Capt. Henry Coventry and Mr. Hobson both won the Grand National on their first appearance in the race, the former on Alcibiades in 1865, and the latter on Austerlitz in 1871.

"Mr. Rolly," afterwards Lord Minto, distinguished himself at Eton as a sculler. As a steeplechase rider he was first rate, riding five times in the Grand National. He won a great many steeplechases and point-to-point races, including the French Grand National on his own mare, Miss Hungerford. He saw active service in the Sudan, and became Governor-General of Canada and Viceroy of India.

Capt. Arthur Smith ("Doggy") of the Carabiniers, was perhaps the best man to hounds of his day. He rode in eight Grand Nationals without success, but won the National Hunt race on four occasions, viz. in 1864 at Melton on Game Chicken, in 1871 at Burton on Daybreak, in 1874 at Aylesbury on Lucellum, and in 1880 at Liverpool on New Glasgow.

Percy Woodland won the Grand National on two occasions, in 1903 on Drumcree, and in 1913 on Covertcoat. He was just as good on the flat as he was across country, for he won the Grand Prix de Paris and one of his Nationals in the same year.

With all records for the Grand National, no one has ever won the race more than three times, except George Stevens, the famous Cheltenham jockey—Stevens, of Lindsay Gordon's "How We Beat the Favourite"—who was, like Gordon, the friend of Tom

Pickernell. George Stevens won the Grand National *five* times ; he won it in two successive years on sisters, Lord Coventry's mares, Emblem and Emblematic, and he won it two years running on the same horse, the Colonel. These are three records held by George Stevens, greatest of steeplechase jockeys, and only the last has been equalled in modern times by E. Piggott, who won in 1918 and 1919 on Mrs. H. Peel's Poethlyn. Stevens met his death on Cleeve Hill, the highest of the Cotswolds, when his pony bolted down a precipitous path at racing pace, and they say no other man in England could have kept in the saddle so long as Stevens, who, when the pony stumbled over a drain-pipe and fell, was thrown heavily on his head, fractured his skull, and died a few hours later. Stevens's fifth victory at Aintree had been on Free Trader.

The famous Tom Oliver also won at Aintree three times, and in later times this has been accomplished by Mr. Jack Anthony, who won at Aintree in 1911 on Glenside, in 1915 on Ally Sloper, and in 1920 on Troytown.

Capt. William Browne, Royal Artillery, "The Driver," rode 1861-75. He could ride 8 st. 7 lbs., the lightest first-rate steeplechase jockey on record. He won the Royal Artillery Gold Cup five times on Conjuror, which he bought as an unridable puller and converted into a first-class hunter. He was a very powerful horseman, in spite of his feather weight. He was killed by being run over by a train at Esher station.

Mr. George Thursby is, I believe, the only amateur who has ridden in the Derby, in which race he was twice second, on John O'Gaunt in 1904 and on Picton in 1905.

Mr. D. Thirlwell rode a midnight trial, three and a half miles, for the Grand National, on The Captain, against Eau de Vie with T. Anson up, and Athlacca ridden by R. Marsh. He won sixteen consecutive races on The Sinner—flat, hurdle, and steeplechases. At another time he rode sixteen consecutive races without being beaten.

H. Barker, one of the very finest all-round horsemen who ever lived, rode Ravensbury into second place in the Two Thousand and Derby, and Æsop into the same position in the Grand National. He was one of the very best men to hounds of his time, and rode all over the continent as well as in England.

It cannot be said that steeplechasing has done very much directly for the breed of horses. Only ten mares and seven entire horses have won the Grand National, and none of these would appear to have bred anything as good as themselves. Not one of them has bred a National winner. Presumably the strain of training and racing has been too great for their constitutions, and they have not been put to the stud early enough in life. Two entire horses have won the great race on two occasions, viz. The Lamb in 1868 and 1871, and The Colonel in 1869 and 1870. The Colonel was ridden on both occasions by George Stevens.

Four geldings have won twice at Aintree, i.e. Peter Simple, 1849 and 1853; Abd el Kader, 1850 and 1851; Manifesto, 1897 and 1899; and Poethlyn, 1918 and 1919. No mare has ever won twice.

The great Cloister, perhaps the best horse that ever won the race, won only once, but he was second on two occasions, i.e. to Come Away in 1891, and to Father O'Flynn in 1892. Some authorities think that Manifesto was a better horse than Cloister, certainly he holds the record in his number of Nationals, for he competed no less than eight times, and only fell once. He won in 1897 and 1899, was third on three occasions, and fourth once, only missing one National from 1895 to 1904. In 1899 he carried 12 st. 7 lbs. to victory, and in 1900 12 st. 13 lbs. into the third place. He was seven years old in 1895, so was sixteen when he ran unplaced to Moifaa in 1904.

To return to Cloister, when he had finished his racing career his owner, Mr. Duff Assheton-Smith, sent him, to spend a comfortable old age at Wembley, to Harry Rich, who did him on the best, and kept him in great comfort in the best loose-box in the yard. During the last couple of years the poor old horse's digestion went all wrong, and he could eat very little, in spite of great care and attention. The result was that he looked very bad, and no one who saw him could possibly imagine what a magnificent horse he had been. He was very thin; his poor old back was hollow; and his coat looked rough and seedy. One day a French sportsman went down with a letter of introduction to buy a polo pony, and Harry Rich, thinking it would interest him, asked him if he would like to see Cloister, the great winner of the National. The visitor just glanced into the box, would

hardly look at the ponies, and left the yard without buying anything. On his return to town he met a mutual acquaintance, who subsequently repeated his remark to Harry Rich, which was : " I do not like that 'Arry Rich ; he thinks he is funny. He takes me to see an old cab-horse, and he say : ' That is Cloister, who won the Grand National.' Does he think I am a fool ? "

The Liberator (1879), Gamecock (1887), Frigate (1889), and Why Not (1894) ran in seven Nationals.

There have been seventy-eight winners at Aintree since Lottery won the first Grand National in 1839, having won the Cheltenham Grand Annual, in consequence of which the winners of the Cheltenham Race were penalised in the Grand National. Ascetic sired three winners, Cloister (1893), Drumcree (1903), Ascetic's Silver (1906). His sire, New Oswestry, was the sire of Zoedone (1883).

Emblem (1863), Emblematic (1864), two sisters were sired by the Derby winner, Teddington. I do not think that any other horse has sired two winners of the Grand National.

Old Joe, who was sold for £40 out of the Duke of Buccleuch's stable, and then won the Grand National of 1886, was a horse of no class ; still, his owner entered him for the Cesarewitch. There is a good story told of a racing man who went to see an old friend in a lunatic asylum, and told him that he thought of backing Old Joe for the Cesarewitch.

" Hush ! " said his friend ; " Don't talk like that, for there are many men in here for less than that."

Some Grand National winners have been purchased for very small sums. Lottery, in 1839, cost £120 ; Chandler, in 1848, £20 ; Roquefort, in 1885, £33 as a two-year-old ; Salamander, in 1853, £35 ; Old Joe, in 1886, £40 ; Rubic, in 1908, under £20 ; Poethlyn, in 1918-19, £8 as a yearling, and £50 later ; Sunloch in 1914, £200.

When I first went steeplechasing, forty years ago, there were more amateur and soldier jockeys than there are now. The first-class amateurs now are few and far between, and perhaps steeplechasing is not in so flourishing a condition as it was then. This, at the first glance, seems odd, especially as the general standard of horsemanship in the Army is far higher now than formerly. The reasons, however, are not far to seek. First,

soldiering is a very much more serious profession now than it was in those days, when men had forgotten war in thirty years of peace. It is far harder nowadays, too, to get leave, and in order to be in the front rank of amateur riders much practice is required, and for this, as a rule, the present-day soldier cannot spare the time. A man must keep absolutely in training, and this can only be done by riding plenty of gallops over fences and on the flat, in addition to riding many races. No amount of walking and running and hunting will get a jockey's wind to the right pitch of perfection without constant practice at a fast pace on pulling horses, for nearly all steeplechase horses pull more or less, and no man, however strong, can hold a puller for four miles over a country, unless he has got himself absolutely fit by riding gallops, and has succeeded in getting his arms and wrists sufficiently strong to hold his horse in a snaffle bridle.

Secondly, polo was not universal in the cavalry in the 'eighties, and the ordinary soldier can afford neither the time nor the money to go in for both sports thoroughly. Polo is a much more suitable pursuit for soldiers, because a man is playing with his regiment and for his regiment at the place where he is quartered, and only goes away to play on special occasions for a tournament. Also all officers can play polo—indifferent horsemanship being no bar to enjoyment of the game—whereas no one but an exceptionally good rider cares to get up in public, even on his own horse, and ride, carrying the public's money, except in a regimental or hunt race.

There is much more jump racing, of a kind, than there was in those days, for point-to-point racing had then hardly been heard of. Now almost every hunt and every regiment has its own meeting, and where, in the old days, one good rider performed in a steeplechase, now half a dozen or more lay themselves out for point-to-point races in the spring, and ride their best hunters themselves in any point-to-point to which they can get, for there is always a race for visitors at every meeting.

There are, of course, regular hunt and military steeplechase meetings too, just as was the case in the old days, such as Rugby, Warwick, Towcester, Melton, etc. There are the Grand Military and the Royal Artillery Meetings at Sandown, Household Brigade



WINNER OF IHL GRAND NATIONAL 1923  
CAPTAIN FINNET

*Clarence H. Hiley*

MR S. SANFORD'S 'SIR JANI MURPHY

GEORGE BLACKWELL



at Hawthorn Hill, the Aldershot Meeting, and one or two others. Many men who practically never take a mount at a public meeting often perform most creditably at these most sporting gatherings. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has set an excellent and popular example at these meetings, and, I think I am right in saying, rode three winners in 1923. Of course there are first-class riders too at these meetings, such as Majors Walwyn and Cavanagh of the Gunners, Col. de Crespigny of the Guards, and good younger men, like R. McCreery (12th Lancers), who won the Grand Military on Annie Darling, and Filmer-Sankey (Life Guards), who has ridden the winners of three Grand Military Gold Cups; surely a record. These, if they devote themselves to steeplechasing, will very likely rival the performances of the giants of old, such as Roddy Owen, Bobby Fisher, Percy Bewicke, Hughes Onslow, and others. But McCreery is adjutant of his regiment and captain of the regimental polo team; Filmer-Sankey is one of the most promising of our younger polo players; and Walwyn is perhaps the best exponent of show jumping in the Army, and one of the best teachers of equitation. Filmer-Sankey was head of the winners among the amateurs in 1924.

In addition to the hunt and regimental point-to-point, there are the Army Point-to-Point Meeting, Lady Dudley's Cup, and others, and at most hunt meetings there is an open race, so that there is now more opportunity for the young soldier to do a bit of race riding after his hunting season than there used to be in days gone by, even if it is not so easy to rival the best professionals as a few soldier jockeys used to do.

In the fields of former days nearly half the riders were amateurs who, even if they were not all first-class jockeys, were powerful horsemen and skilled riders to hounds, on well-schooled horses, which they could keep straight and could thus avoid being knocked over or knocking others down.

The success of this class of horse holds good of late years. In 1923 the winner was Sergeant Murphy (Capt. Bennet); 2nd, Shaun Spadah (Rees); 3rd, Conjuror II. (Mr. F. Dewhurst). Sergeant Murphy was hunted in Leicestershire in 1922, and Conjuror was a favourite hunter in the Dewhurst family. All three jockeys are good men to hounds, Mr. Dewhurst having done very little race riding.



Music Hall, the 1922 winner, was a good hunter, and I believe made his first public appearance in a point-to-point.

Double Chance, the winner of the Grand National in 1925, was, says the *Morning Post*, "bred at the Southcourt Stud in 1914, and as a four-year-old Mr. Anthony de Rothschild gave him to Fred Archer for use as a stallion. His new owner decided to put him into training again, and the son of Roi Hérode or Day Comet became a gelding. As a five-year-old Double Chance won a race at Wetherby, and it was during a race on the flat that he broke down. For some time afterwards Fred Archer used him merely as a hack; then he rode him with the Middleton Hounds, and to his delight found the horse to be a brilliant hunter. No run was too long for him, and no fence too big.

As a seven-year-old Double Chance made only one appearance on the racecourse, coming to grief in a steeplechase at Manchester. During the past few months, however, he has done splendid service. The Grand National was his sixth consecutive success, and he has won eight out of nine races this winter. He joins the ranks of 'chasers who have won the National at the first time of asking over the country.

Great praise is due to Major J. P. Wilson for his superb riding of the winner. It was a master stroke of tactics when he gave Double Chance an 'easy' three fences from the end, allowing Fly Mask and Silvo to race against each other for the lead. Usually the first horse over the last fence wins the Grand National, but this time the winner was only third to land over that obstacle, and, thanks to Major Wilson's judicious handling, he was full of running.

Formerly in the Royal Air Force, Major Wilson has a small stable of steeplechase horses in the Holderness country. About thirty-five years old, he has proved himself 'a rum 'un to follow and a bad 'un to beat' with the hounds. Now he has attained the ambition of every steeplechase rider, though this was not his first mount in the National. There was less grief than usual; out of thirty-three starters, nine finished."

The riders of past days rode with longer stirrups; they sat back, over their fences, and so their seats were firmer in the saddle than those of the average rider of the present day, with his shorter stirrups and more forward seat. I am not saying

for one moment that the best riders of to-day are not as good as the best performers of those days, but I do maintain that there were many more hunting men and more good all-round jockeys in those days than one sees to-day ; also that there was a higher proportion of well-schooled horses, so that the journey round the Liverpool course was a far safer performance for the good riders and good horses than it is now, when the risk of the very best jumper being knocked over through no fault of his own is apparently so much greater. Take, for instance, the bad luck of that splendid sportsman and jockey, Mr. P. Whitaker, who has been knocked over two years running on Arravale.

In comparing the steeplechasing jockeys of to-day with those of old days, F. B. Rees has done in 1924 what no other jockey has ever done, he has ridden 108 winners in one year under National Hunt Rules. I have no doubt that had he ridden among the giants of old, such as Maunsell Richardson, E. P. Wilson, Arthur Nightingall, Roddy Owen, etc., he would have been then, as now, at the top of the tree.

Steeplechases of to-day are probably run at a faster pace than was the case 30 or 40 years ago, and horses on the whole are probably not as well schooled. An increase of pace must call for increase of dash and judgment, and of just as good, if not superior, horsemanship. F. B. Rees's seat is perfect, although his stirrups are much shorter than was the old custom, and he is a perfect artist at getting away in front, staying with the leaders, and in making his mounts jump at great speed. He first came to the front about the year 1912, riding as an amateur, and achieved the ambition of every steeplechase rider when he won the Grand National in 1921 on Shaun Spadah. He is certainly one of the very best steeplechase riders of this or of any other time.

A hundred and eight winners in 1924 under National Hunt Rules beats Elliott's record on the flat ; a performance never done before ; so it is a double record.

Elliott's is also a record, for he is champion jockey when not out of his apprenticeship.

Mr. J. Maunsell Richardson, "The Cat," had a wonderful all-round record, as have Lord Desborough, Brig.-Gen. R. M. Poore, Lord Dalmeny and Devereux Milburn.

The varied record of Mr. Maunsell Richardson is probably

equalled by that of no other man, except perhaps Lord Desborough, and personally I put him in front of the latter, because many good judges consider him the best rider they ever saw. I am glad to say that these great sportsmen were both of them educated at Harrow.

Richardson was the greatest athlete of his day at Harrow, winning all the running and jumping contests, and the challenge cups for fencing and rackets. He was in the cricket XI. in 1864 and 1865. In 1866, 1867, and 1868 he played cricket for Cambridge, and in 1873 and 1874 he rode Disturbance and Reugny, the winners of the Grand National.

He was master of the Brocklesby Hunt for many years from 1875, commanded the 1st Lincolnshire Light Horse, and represented the Brigg Division of Lincolnshire in 1894.

Devereux Milburn, the American, has rowed for Oxford *v.* Cambridge in the Boat Race. He also swam against Cambridge and played polo on the same afternoon against the same University. He has played in every international polo match for America *v.* England since 1909, and has won ten matches out of twelve. He is still considered the best back player in the world.

Lord Desborough (Willie Grenfell) played cricket for Harrow *v.* Eton 1873 and 1874; was in the football team; won the school mile and other races; was President of the Oxford University Boat Club and of the Athletic Club; rowed in the Boat Race of 1877—a dead heat—and again in 1878 when Oxford won.

He ran in the three-mile race for Oxford *v.* Cambridge, was master of the University Drag. Mountaineering in Switzerland, he created records, i.e. ascended Little Matterhorn, Matterhorn, Monte Rosa, Rothern, and Weisshorn within eight days, and established a time record for the Matterhorn. He stroked an eight across the Channel; won the Grand Challenge at Henley for Leander; was Punting Champion on the Thames for three years. Represented England at fencing in the Olympic Games of 1906, and won the épée competition at the Royal Military Tournament. He has been President of the Four-in-Hand Coaching Club, M.C.C., Achilles Club, and of the Lawn Tennis Association. He is a distinguished big-game shot and fisherman.

Captain the Hon. Julian Grenfell, 1st Dragoons, Lord Desborough's eldest son, was educated at Eton and at Balliol

College, Oxford. He rowed in the College boat, and in 1907 and 1908 was three in the Balliol eight in the Ladies' Challenge Plate, and in the following year was bow in the Balliol four which won the Wyfolds at Henley, and he also rowed in the O.U.B.C. coxswainless fours. He was a fine boxer, and knocked out two professional pugilists in the same week in which he wrote *Into Battle*. At Johannesburg in 1914, on Kangaroo, he made the record high jump for South Africa. An excellent shot, he was a fine all round sportsman. Julian Grenfell was twice mentioned in despatches for his services in the Great War, was awarded the D.S.O., and died on the 26th May, 1915, of wounds received on May 13th.

“ The thundering line of battle stands,  
And in the air death moans and sings ;  
But day shall clasp him with strong hands,  
And night shall fold him in soft wings.”

Lord Desborough's second son, Lieutenant (8th S. Batt. The Rifle Brigade) the Hon. Gerald William Grenfell, was killed in action, 30th July, 1915.

An exceptionally fine all-round record is that of Lord Dalmeny, elder son of Lord Rosebery. He was in the Eton cricket and football elevens and is said to have been the best football player ever turned out from Eton. He captained Surrey for some years. He is one of the hardest men to hounds in England, and is now master of the Whaddon Chase, a position he fills with great success. He won the Champion Cup at polo in 1923, with a scratch team of good players. He was for a short time a member of Parliament. In the Great War he served as military secretary to Lord Allenby ; was awarded the D.S.O. and the C.M.G., and has had a most successful career as manager of his father's great stud of racehorses.

Nearly all polo players are hunting men, and some of the best known among them have been masters of hounds too, from the time when that great sportsman, Robert Watson, in the very early days of polo, took on the game in his old age, when his son came home from India about the year 1880. Both father and

son were, as I said, playing in the Phoenix Park in 1877, when my uncle, Robert Darley, was killed.

Among the many polo players who have been masters of hounds are :

*Robert Watson*.—Carlow and Island ; and County Dublin Polo Club.

*John Watson*.—Meath Hunt ; 13th Hussars, County Dublin, and founder of the Freebooters.

*Earl of Harrington*.—South Notts ; and Hurlingham and Elvaston.

*Third Lord Chesham*.—Bicester ; and 10th Hussars.

*Nigel Baring*.—Kilkenny ; and Ranelagh.

*Isaac Bell*.—Galway Blazers, Limerick Hunt ; and Old Cantabs.

*Major Godfrey Heseltine*.—Ootacamund, Essex Hunt ; Carabiniers and Old Cantabs.

*Rowland Hudson*.—Mozufferpore Hunt. One of the best polo players of his day in India and one of the very finest horsemen.

*Capt. M. L. Lakin*.—Wexford Hunt ; and 11th Hussars.

*Major Clive Pearson*.—Cowdray Hunt ; and Hurlingham.

*Lord Southampton*.—Grafton ; 10th Hussars and Freebooters.

*Lord Stalbridge*.—Fernie's ; 14th Hussars, Hurlingham, etc.

All the above hunted their own hounds.

*Lieut.-Col. M. Borwick*.—Yorkshire ; and Scots Greys.

*T. Bouch*.—Belvoir, Atherstone ; and 10th Hussars.

*Lord Chesham*.—Following in his father's footsteps, is master of the Bicester ; and 10th Hussars.

*Lord Dalmeny*.—Whaddon Chase ; Hurlingham, etc.

*Sir Charles Lowther*.—8th Hussars, Northampton Yeomanry, Hurlingham, Rugby, etc. Joint master of the Pytchley with—

*Major J. Lowther*.—11th Hussars, Northampton Yeomanry, Hurlingham, Rugby, etc. Joint master of the Pytchley with last mentioned.

*C. Grogan*.—Carlow and Island ; and County Dublin.

*T. Moore*.—Ward Union ; and County Dublin.

*Major Harold Pearson*.—Joint master with his brother Clive.

*H. de Robeck.*—Kildare ; and County Dublin.

*Duke of Westminster.*—Cheshire ; and Eaton.

I have in the above list given the names of twenty-three, of whom more than half were their own huntsmen, doubtless there are many more polo players who have carried the horn, but, with the exception of Robert Watson and the third Lord Chesham, I have played with all these.

The latest recruit to the ranks of masters of hounds from polo players is the most celebrated English player of the day, viz. Mr. W. S. Buckmaster, and he is likely to make a great success of it, for not only is he an excellent business man, but he is most popular with the farmers, and as I heard him described the other day, as " the man who can ride closer to hounds than anyone else without interfering with them."

But unfortunately his fox-hunting duties have compelled him to give up polo altogether.



## CHAPTER XX

### THE GREAT WAR! THE ARMISTICE AND AFTERWARDS

The first Le Touquet Polo Tournament—The Rugby Club follows Sir Francis Drake's example—In France with the Northamptonshire Yeomanry—Morgan Bletsoe, the Steeplechase Jockey, renders first aid—The French peasants seem to be impervious to bullets—"Voilà Cambrioleur"—Stories of a popular Corps Commander—Colonel C. Miller, and l'ordre agricole.

IN July, 1914, I got orders, in case of mobilisation, to report to H.Q. 17th Lancers Depôt at Woolwich, as an officer of the Reserve. Thinking this meant Ireland, and knowing nothing of any European trouble, I promptly resigned my commission as, if there was any coercion of Ulster, I had no intention whatever of fighting against my Ulster relations.

When I discovered what mobilisation was for, I stupidly asked to be reinstated. This led to a lot of trouble later on, for I was nearly sent home from France in December, when the War Office discovered that I was in France with the Yeomanry. I had been in France three months when I got orders to report myself to my Reserve unit at the Curragh, and I had the greatest difficulty in getting out of it. When France actually went to war on July 31, I was at Le Touquet, near Etaples, and had just finished the last day of the first polo tournament ever held there. Everyone disappeared like magic, and I had to stay behind, pay all the stable bills and settle up, and had a good deal of difficulty in getting back to England on August 2.

The Duke of Westminster, being under the impression that England was not coming into the war, wired me to take my ponies and meet him at Boulogne, and go off with him to join the French Army; but, as I knew that I ought to report myself in England, I refused.

I came straight back to Rugby for the commencement of the Rugby Tournament, which personally I did not much wish to start, but at an informal committee meeting on the Sunday,



Charlie Lowther carried his point, and we decided to play the first day, i.e. August Bank Holiday, for, as Charlie said, "Sir Francis Drake played bowls when the Spanish Armada was coming"; which was a good enough precedent, he contended, for us to play polo.

We had a couple of good matches, but I did not see much of them, as I was busy commandeering all the refreshments supplied for polo players and visitors and despatching the food to the station to feed my brother-in-law's (Cecil Nickalls's) Territorials, who were arriving from camp on mobilisation and had difficulty in getting food on Bank Holiday. I maintain I did the first commandeering of the war.

I had great difficulty in getting a suitable job, for I was forty-nine years of age. I first tried de Lisle at Tidworth, who commanded the 2nd Cavalry Brigade, but, though he had taken on Rivy Grenfell and Hardress Lloyd, he had no job for me, except to hand over the troops left behind to my charge, temporarily.

General Smith-Dorrien was very kind to me, and I was staying with him at Salisbury when news arrived of the death of Grierson and of Smith-Dorrien's appointment to go out in his place.

General Pitcairn Campbell got me a job with remounts, when I had finished my temporary Tidworth billet, but fortunately I did not have to take this up, for I got an offer of a squadron in the Northamptonshire Yeomanry, and went out with the 8th Division in October to fill up a gap in the line at Armentières, while the first battle of Ypres was being fought to the north of us. The 8th Division was commanded by that most popular Guardsman, Major-Gen. Davies (Joey), who subsequently became Military Secretary at the War Office.

We spent the winter of 1914-15 in front of Merveille, with occasional short spells in the front-line trenches, but were occupied for the most part in digging support and communication trenches, which all became running watercourses in the wet spring of 1915, and so were perfectly useless.

On the outbreak of war Hardress Lloyd rejoined his old regiment as second-in-command of Charlie Hunter's squadron, in which capacity he served on the retreat in 1914. He then went on de Lisle's staff, and the first time I met him was when I went

to stay with de Lisle at the Forest of Nieppe. We had one of the most amusing day's sport that I have ever experienced. It was organised by Hardress Lloyd and Pat Armstrong, a charming boy in the 10th Hussars, killed not long afterwards. They collected all the small boys they could find to make a line of beaters through the wood, and Hardress on his charger drilled the line in a mixture of French and broad Irish as if they were a lot of gossoons from the bogs of his native King's County. He beat the woods up to de Lisle, Pat, and myself; the bag was not very extensive, but it was enormous fun. Dusk came on, and we started home, but we missed Pat Armstrong, and then we heard a succession of revolver shots. We rode back to see what it was, and found Pat had emptied his revolver without result at a cock pheasant which had gone to roost at the top of a fir-tree.

In the Ypres salient we had a nasty job one night to repair the front-line trench, which had been blown to pieces by shell fire, and my squadron was lying on the reverse slope of Hill 60, waiting before going up to the front line.

I was at the end of the line, and word was passed up to me that one of the men had been hit at the other end, so I made my way down to see how he was. I found a corporal, a well-known steeplechase jockey, named Morgan Bletsoe, doing first aid, and laughing as he applied a bandage to a tender portion of the man's anatomy. I asked him what the joke was, and he told me that, as the man's face had been covered with blood, he had wanted to apply the dressing to it, till the patient explained that the shrapnel had hit him where he was accustomed to sit, because at the time he was lying on his stomach. He had clapped his hand to the spot, and then wiped his face with his hand. The shrapnel had only caused a superficial wound, so the corporal extracted it successfully, and we got the man away on a stretcher.

When we had been a month or two in the salient I was given a newly arrived yeomanry squadron to train to the work of digging trenches and fortifying posts at night in the line. So I used to mix them all up with my men, and set them to work together. One night they were working in a very quiet spot, with some of these men who were there for the first time, fortifying a barn with sandbags and making rifle emplacements. I looked round to see how they were getting on, and finally, no work proceeding,

lay low in the dark to watch. I found that, whenever there was a rattle of rifle or machine gun fire heard, my jokers, who had filled their pockets with pebbles, shouted out: "Look out; heads down!" and they rattled the pebbles against the corrugated-iron sheets which were lying about. These boys were nervous the first time or two in the line, but they soon learnt their work, and, I heard, did exceedingly well later on.

Two subalterns I had known in the Scottish Rifles in Lucknow were Brig.-Gen. Lowry Cole and Major-Gen. Wanless O'Gowan. The former was killed at Neuve Chapelle when in command of a brigade in the 8th Division, and the latter I came across in a dug-out when in command of a division in the Ypres salient, when I was doing some digging work for his brigade. We did a lot of work for Gen. O'Gowan during my time in the salient, and he was always most kind and hospitable, as indeed were all the officers for whom the yeomanry worked. They were always delighted to get my yeomen for digging work, as they were great big, fine, strong men, accustomed to agricultural work and the use of a spade. In their four-hour shifts they could do, and did constantly, more than double the allotted task. Indeed, the first time they were given a four hours' task they finished it in an hour and twenty minutes.

We were once fortifying the reserve line, east of the Dickey Bush Lake, in full view of Hill 60, in the middle of the day. The men were on the top of the parapet, and no care was being taken to keep out of view as I imagined we were quite safe, having read in the Continental *Daily Mail* that morning that we had taken Hill 60. A sapper officer (Colonel Leveson) suddenly appeared, and asked me if I was mad, risking my men in this manner. For the *Daily Mail* was wrong, and Hill 60 was in the hands of the Germans. We went to ground like rabbits.

Rumours were always flying about—about spies—and one day we heard that the Mayor of Poperinghe had been shot. Out of curiosity, I sent off my quartermaster-sergeant, who spoke French well, to find out the true story which, as we heard it, was that the mayor had had an underground telephone connecting with the German lines. The mayor himself received the quartermaster-sergeant, and said that he had heard the story, which had already caused his friends much amusement.

On the Somme we heard the same story of the Mayor of Cleroy, who had been shot for making his way into the German lines. The same N.C.O. went to investigate, and found out that the mayor had been unable to persuade his old mother to move from her house, which was right up in front of the German lines, and two or three times a week he used to go up at night to see her, with a basket of food.

Soon after this all French civilians were evacuated from the trench area, but early in the war they were allowed to occupy their houses. The French peasants were apparently entirely impervious to bullets, and even shell fire, which was not very vigorous in those early days.

My squadron was once fortifying a detached post near Laventie. I had given orders to my men to stop work and take cover on account of a burst of machine gun fire and some odd shells that were coming over, when I saw a little girl emerge from a cottage close by and walk past us with a jug in her hand. She was going to fetch her father's morning beer from the *estaminet* in the neighbouring village.

I went back in 1919 to look for some of these places that we had occupied early in the war, but was unable to find them. They had been completely obliterated by shell fire. One whole village where I had done a lot of work I was unable to locate. The same day that we saw the child with the jug I watched a man ploughing. A shell dropped behind him, and so accustomed to it was he that he never even turned his head.

Coming out of Arras one day by the western gate, I put my horse into a gallop past a dangerous spot which had been christened "Hellfire Corner." Just beyond it I saw a farmer's wife, knitting a sock, and leaning against a gate-post. Close to her in the field was her daughter milking a cow.

There was a similar story going the rounds then of a woman looking up as an officer galloped by, and remarking: "British officer. Wind up!"

That summer we moved down to the Somme, where we had many months of a peaceful time, and my men were chiefly occupied in patrol duty, cutting timber, and digging in the line.

When on the Somme in 1915-16 part of my duty was to guard the bridges and ferries, and allow no communication between

the French and English to persons unprovided with passes. Some of the sentries got very bored with the work, and on one occasion in the distance I spotted a sentry with his back to the river, his rifle leaning up against a tree, deeply occupied in fishing, and intently watching his float on a small backwater. I rode up on the grass, stood opposite to him without attracting his attention, and said quietly: "Good sport, I hope." The man, who was a great character, and who, I believe, in private life was a Northampton fishmonger, looked up, said never a word, turned round, picked up his rifle, and proceeded to do sentry-go. The episode was never again referred to.

On another occasion, while riding down the towpath, I spotted a boat-load of men in khaki crossing the ferry that they were supposed to guard. They were forbidden to even enter the ferry-boat. I galloped down, and stood waiting for them as they landed. I knew there was an *estaminet* on the far side, where also there was a French post under an officer. The explanation given me was that the officer had been awarded the *croix de guerre*, and had invited my men over to drink his health. So, beyond pitching into the corporal on the spot, I said nothing about the matter.

In my squadron I had practically no crime, no entries in the defaulter sheet, and almost no drunkenness. There was only one man who gave me any trouble, and he was such an excellent man ninety-nine days out of every hundred, and was so very funny, that when he lapsed he was always forgiven. He was an old soldier and a wild Irishman, and when full of drink was sometimes a bit difficult.

For instance, when at work on the transport, he was once displeased with a man who was working with him, and who was distinctly lazy, so he chucked him into the farm pond.

On one occasion, when on the march, we officers billeted ourselves in a disused *estaminet*. He walked in on us after dinner, came up to me at the bar, where I was sitting, and, mistaking me for the landlord, ordered a packet of cigarettes. I had him conducted to bed, but he was soon back again, exceedingly annoyed because I had not served him with the cigarettes, and told me so in very plain language.

In 1915 we were billeted near Poperinghe with a dear old

lady, the widow of a doctor, who was very kind, and took great care of us. She had a lovely garden, with a beautiful orchard full of apples, pears, and cherries, to which we officers were allowed to help ourselves as much as we liked. One day my brother-in-law, Pat Nickalls, came to see me. He is very tall, and so I put him on a table, and told him to pick the whiteheart cherries which I could not reach. The old lady came out and saw him, and remarked to me: "*Voilà, cambrioleur!*" I did not know what a "*cambrioleur*" was, and thought it was a compliment to his personal appearance, such as "*beau sabreur*," and called to him to come and be introduced. The next day a Belgian friend of mine paid us a visit, and I asked him what "*cambrioleur*" meant. "Oh," he replied, "what you would call a b——y thief!"

In the spring of 1916 we occupied a peaceful part of the line in the marshes east of Cleroy, on the extreme right of the British line, next the French, who occupied Fricourt on our right. We had no trouble while we were there, but two days after our departure the Germans came in, and, surrounding Fricourt, took the whole lot of Territorials prisoners, also a patrol of our successors, who mistook them for the French.

One young sapper did an extraordinarily daring patrol through our lines one night, his object being to locate a hidden battery in a wood. He waded and swam through the marsh and river, and came to a cross road, where a German sentry was posted, slipped up behind him and knocked him senseless with a loaded stick, appropriating a flag as a trophy. He then, in order to escape observation, climbed into a waggon, which moved off and he slipped out half a mile farther on. He then proceeded to investigate the front line from behind, and, spotting two officers in a dug-out, threw a bomb behind them. This raised a tremendous uproar, but naturally search was made in front of the trenches, not in rear, so the scout slipped away into a wood in order to search for the battery which, however, he could not locate. He then calmly made his way back to the marshes, through which he waded and swam back and passed through our lines before daylight. The Divisional General, Sir C. Kavanagh, told me the story next day, and the hero of the night's adventure was rewarded with the D.S.O. It was a gallant performance

and worthy of the light-hearted British subaltern, who goes out simply to get information of the position of a battery, yet cannot resist the temptation of knocking a sentry on the head, stealing a flag and chucking bombs, when most people would think that his one object would be to evade observation. His name is Eaton.

The Somme country is very like Salisbury Plain and like the country round Stockbridge, and is a wonderful place for partridges and hares. Hare-hunting was strictly forbidden, but we got some greyhounds and lurchers out from England, and great sport we had over these undulating, rolling cultivated lands. I never got into trouble, for, like the fox, who is supposed never to rob the hen-roost near home, I never did any coursing near where I was billeted, and so my poaching expeditions were never brought home to me. Besides the excellent sport we had, we constantly benefited—with roast hare and partridges as additions to the menu.

The best dog I had was a handsome, sandy lurcher, named Dick; who remained with the regiment the whole war, going to Italy with them, and in 1924 was still in France at Le Touquet. This dog once caught three hares in one day in the heavy ploughlands near Dunkirk, but the hares in that part of France are not nearly as strong and fast as the English hare, or as those that live on the open Somme lands.

Other amusements we had in that summer of 1916 were jumping competitions and mounted sports. We built a very good jumping course near Albert and had lots of fun on Sunday afternoons.

Some of the gunners of the New Army were, on their first arrival in France, very badly trained in the care of horses. One day I was riding on the heights of the Somme, near Albert, and I saw a large number of artillery horses out at exercise. The officer and N.C.O. in charge were pegging along at the head of the column, instead of one at the head and the other at the rear, so the lads, who were all riding one horse and leading another, were holding a race-meeting by halting on the road and then closing up to their places at a gallop. When I got back to Albert I went to the R.A. headquarters and reported to the O.C. what I had seen. He was very grateful and, moreover, recognised me, saying that the last time we had met was pig-sticking in Cawnpore in 1887, twenty-eight years before.

That summer we were billeted on a charming old couple called Doucet, at Saily-le-Sac, which, sad to say, was the last place the Germans reached in 1918 in their rush for Amiens. They had a delightful little country place right on the canalised river, with a duck decoy and nice fishing, so we were able to bathe every day from the bottom of the garden.

Many stories are tacked on to certain generals, some doubtless false, some true, but all, for the most part, funny.

One very well-known, popular, and most kind-hearted general had to send a regiment up to the trenches on Christmas Eve when the men had got ready for Christmas, and had expected to spend it in billets. They were all entrained ready to start, and the general had come down to see them off, and in a sort of apologetic way to wish them luck. He put his head in at the door of a carriageful of men, beginning: "I am your Corps Commander, I have come——" A voice from the dark: "Well, I'm Haig; shut the door!" The same corps commander had another amusing experience.

A young subaltern, after a strenuous night and no breakfast, came across a jar of rum, with disastrous results on an empty stomach. Another officer found him who had just heard that the corps commander was at the moment coming down on his way to the front line, and would pass through the communication trench where this officer was lying helpless. He therefore decided to make a casualty of him, wrapped him up like a corpse in a blanket, and sent him off on a stretcher. Unfortunately they met the corps commander, who drew himself to one side and stood at the salute, saying: "I always salute the noble dead." Voice from under the blanket: "What is the silly blighter talking about?"

In the autumn of 1916 I was given command of the Pembroke-shire Yeomanry on the East Coast, but just after my appointment they were made a draft-finding unit, put on the home establishment, on bicycles. So I was scored off, as I expected to take them out.

The yeomen with whom I have had to do, both in South Africa and in the European War, were wonderful soldiers; in physique, horsemanship, intelligence and keenness, and in the care of horses they were quite unsurpassed, and as regards discipline they were



admirable. During all the time I was connected with them there was never any crime, except when I had a command on the East Coast, when I got more than enough of it. But after the first lot of real Pembroke Yeomen had gone to France the new recruits were nearly all conscripts, and I once had a nice little lot of thirty bad boys, all sent to me at one time. However, we managed to train these lads, mostly boys from the slums of Liverpool and Manchester, who had grown up during the war, without their fathers to keep them in order. When the real call came in March, 1918, for every available man these lads were sent out, some of them little over eighteen, and I heard that they went straight into the firing-line, and acquitted themselves most gallantly, suffering terrible casualties. I remember saying good-bye to some of them, and three of the naughtiest came up to me, and said: "We know that we have given you a lot of trouble, but, by gad, sir, we'll fight!"

And they did; very few ever came back.

Once when I was away on leave a South Wales' miner went on the drink, ran amok, and held up the guard with a loaded rifle. The quartermaster, subsequently my adjutant, an old 7th Dragoon Guard, Captain Diment, walked straight up to him, and, putting his hand on his shoulder, persuaded him to go to bed. As soon as he had got his boots off, Diment took a rope, jumped on him, tied him up, and marched him off to the guard-room. I sent him for a court martial, and he got six months, of which four were remitted in order to let him go out with a draft. We shook hands at the station, and he promised me he would never give any more trouble, which promise I heard he carried out.

On service no better men could possibly be found for any job than the real bona fide yeomen of my Northamptonshire squadron. Some twenty-five of them eventually got commissions, and among them, as officers, there was not one failure.

I have worked on active service with yeomen from Gloucestershire, Warwickshire, Yorkshire, Northumberland, Cheshire, Lancashire, Leicestershire, Hampshire, Bucks, Nottinghamshire, and Northamptonshire; they were all excellent, and the last named as good as the best. One distinguished regular cavalry general told me that the best brigade he ever saw

was the one he commanded for a short time in Palestine, i.e. Worcesters, Gloucesters, and Warwicks.

I nearly got into trouble once. We had been during the winter in Lowestoft, and in the spring moved out to camp at Wrentham, some six miles away. I had many bad characters, and was having a lot of trouble, so I told the men that if they behaved I would send as many as possible into Lowestoft on lorries on Saturday afternoons to see their girls and go to the pictures. The lorries were found in Lowestoft, and I was reported to Corps Headquarters. My reasons for the unauthorised use of the lorries were asked for in writing, and I heard there was the devil to pay. However, it was all smoothed over, and my brigadier told me that the G.S. officer Colonel Blair—who, luckily for me, was an old friend of South African days—said: "You tell Ted Miller he would do better if he brought the girls to the camp instead of sending the boys to Lowestoft."

In the Northamptonshire Yeomanry, in which I served for the first two years of the war, there was a very good polo team, all the members of which distinguished themselves. Had they been eligible for the Regimental Tournament on their return in 1923, I think they would have made a very good fight for it with the 17th Lancers.

					<i>Handicap</i>
1.	Capt. M. Nickalls, M.C.	..	..	..	7
	or Major Lord Stalbridge, M.C.	..	..	..	6
2.	Lieut.-Col. Sir Charles Lowther, D.S.O.	..	..	..	8
3.	Major P. W. Nickalls, D.S.O.	..	..	..	7
Back.	Major J. Lowther, D.S.O., M.C.	..	..	..	6

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Total : 27 or 28

There were several other polo players in the regiment ; indeed, we once had a squadron match at Acheux in July, 1916, on the troop ponies, between A and C Squadrons, in which we got badly beaten, for it was the first appearance of our ponies in a game, and in A Squadron there were several good trained polo ponies.

A SQUADRON		C SQUADRON	
Sir Charles Frederick	(1)	Lieut. G. Steele	
Capt. T. E. Manning	(2)	Lieut. F. Lichfield, M.C.	
Major G. Middleton	(3)	Major E. D. Miller	
Lieut. F. W. Stops	(Back)	Private W. Tarrant	

We had a good many onlookers, for the Corps Commander, Sir Charles Monro, had just held an inspection, and he stayed on with his staff to watch the match. Sir Charles Wilson, the Divisional General, entertained us, and I also met there for the first time for very many years a dear old Trinity, Cambridge pal in Brig.-Gen. C. P. A. Hull (subsequently Major-Gen. Sir Charles Hull, K.C.B.), who has now, alas ! joined the great majority.

The Northamptonshire polo players are well-known hunting men, too. Sir Charles Frederick was master of the Pytchley, a position held by Sir Charles Lowther and his brother Jack today. Lord Stalbridge is Master of Fernie's Hounds. Pat Nickalls and his brother are always in the first flight of the Pytchley and Warwickshire respectively, and almost all the others are regular followers of the Pytchley, including Tarrant, my groom in the war, formerly one of my polo pony trainers, and now acting in the same capacity for Harry Rich.

The first night in the town of Lille Guy Nickalls (the great rowing man), who was a brigade transport officer, told me a nice story of the kindness of an old French lady. He got a small boy to show him where he and two friends could get a meal at a small restaurant. The proprietress sent them away, telling them she would have dinner ready for them in an hour. When they returned a delicious meal was prepared for them, with some excellent claret. After dinner she brought in her daughters and her servant and her last bottle of champagne, to drink the health of the British Army. She told them how she had managed to hide this wine ; they had drunk the last of the claret and the last of the champagne ; she had hidden it from the Germans in the hope of being able to bring off just such a dinner-party, and she utterly refused to take one penny of payment.

I remained on the East Coast for a year till I got back to France as a corps horse adviser to the 13th Corps under de Lisle, where I had a most intensely interesting time up to and for many months after the Armistice.

In the last advance we were the first arrivals in Turquoin and Lille, and I went with the Corps Commander on his official reception by the Mayor and Corporation of the towns, and never shall I forget our enthusiastic welcome from the populace of all the different towns.

Many people thought that the Armistice was granted too soon, but all the soldiers in the higher commands were very thankful when it came, for on our advance we were killing far too many of the helpless Belgians with our shell fire. Had it gone on any longer the loss of life would have been terrible, for they simply could not understand their peril, and just waited for the deliverance in places that we could not have taken without great loss of life through shell fire, unless we ran the risk of heavy casualties ourselves, if we attempted to take them without artillery preparation.

When war broke out my two brothers went into the Remount Department. George could not pass the doctor owing to a very bad accident in 1913 at polo at Rugby, so he formed a Remount dépôt at Spring Hill, our home. This he ran most successfully right through the war, with George Sumner as his assistant, and Hartwell, our old stud-groom, and Hockliffe, our chief trainer of polo ponies, at the head of the stable-men.

Charlie went off to Avonmouth, and was shortly afterwards transferred to Hantot near Dieppe, which he was in charge of for more than two years.

He knew as much about fruit, flowers, and vegetables as he did about horses, and, having got Sutton and Sons to most kindly give him a supply of seeds, he ran a wonderfully successful garden which supplied his men and the local hospital with an ample supply of fresh vegetables, and flowers for the patients.

This was the first garden of the kind attempted, and, the fame of it having spread abroad, he was sent for by the French Agricultural Department to Paris to advise about starting them everywhere. The advantages were evident, as there was an unlimited supply of manure and of free labour, so the results were phenomenal.

The Minister of Agriculture offered him *l'ordre agricole* in recognition of his services in the good cause. My brother had never heard of such an order, and thought it was a very good joke, and laughed it off. Later on he told the story at the headquarter mess of the 5th Army, telling them that he supposed he could wear a cabbage in his buttonhole : he could not understand why they were so amused, till they told him that it was considered a

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Many people thought that the Armistice was granted too soon, but all the soldiers in the higher commands were very thankful when it came, for on our advance we were killing far too many of the helpless Belgians with our shell fire. Had it gone on any longer the loss of life would have been terrible, for they simply could not understand their peril, and just waited for the deliverance in places that we could not have taken without great loss of life through shell fire, unless we ran the risk of heavy casualties ourselves, if we attempted to take them without artillery preparation.

When war broke out my two brothers went into the Remount Department. George could not pass the doctor owing to a very bad accident in 1913 at polo at Rugby, so he formed a Remount dépôt at Spring Hill, our home. This he ran most successfully right through the war, with George Sumner as his assistant, and Hartwell, our old stud-groom, and Hockliffe, our chief trainer of polo ponies, at the head of the stable-men.

Charlie went off to Avonmouth, and was shortly afterwards transferred to Hantot near Dieppe, which he was in charge of for more than two years.

He knew as much about fruit, flowers, and vegetables as he did about horses, and, having got Sutton and Sons to most kindly give him a supply of seeds, he ran a wonderfully successful garden which supplied his men and the local hospital with an ample supply of fresh vegetables, and flowers for the patients.

This was the first garden of the kind attempted, and, the fame of it having spread abroad, he was sent for by the French Agricultural Department to Paris to advise about starting them everywhere. The advantages were evident, as there was an unlimited supply of manure and of free labour, so the results were phenomenal.

The Minister of Agriculture offered him *l'ordre agricole* in recognition of his services in the good cause. My brother had never heard of such an order, and thought it was a very good joke, and laughed it off. Later on he told the story at the headquarter mess of the 5th Army, telling them that he supposed he could wear a cabbage in his buttonhole : he could not understand why they were so amused, till they told him that it was considered a

very distinguished order by the French, and that there was an officer sitting at the table who was wearing it.

He tells the following good story of a recruit. A new draft arrived, and it was very difficult to find men who knew anything about horses, as all sorts and conditions of "B" men were being sent out to Remount dépôts in order to release fit men for the Front. Out of several new arrivals, one man only professed to know something of a horse. When, however, he mounted the horse produced for him on the wrong side, face to tail, by putting the wrong foot in the stirrup, my brother decided that he was as ignorant as the others.

The man then admitted that he knew nothing of equestrian matters, but wished to avoid fatigues and learn all he could of the habits of the noble animal, so he was kept in the horse lines and found to be keen, energetic, and anxious to learn. A week later this man's letter was censored and found to contain the following :

"Dear Mary,—I am very well as I hopes this finds you. I like the work very well and the officers and non-coms. is all right. The only thing I don't like is the horses and the mules. The horses is very dangerous at both ends and most uncomfortable in the middle. The mules makes friends with you for a week, just to get a chance of kicking you in a tender part of your body when you ain't looking. . . ."

My brother was promoted lieutenant-colonel and moved from Hantot to the command of the Rouen Dépôt. While there he had lots of fun organising paperchases in the neighbourhood ; but his first experience of this sport was rather thrilling. He had no time to go and look at the course, which the Royal Engineers had offered to build for him, saying they knew all about it.

To his horror, when he arrived down a ride in the wood, the Engineers had erected all the fences close together, of solid timber over four feet high. His officers pulled back to see the colonel go, so there was no help for it. His horse hit the first fence all round, came on his nose, and picked himself up ; after that the horse never touched another obstacle, jumping perfectly ; but

very few followed him. The fences were all arranged like a show ring, and the rest of the course was flat ! He afterwards won a race with this horse, bought it, and sent it home and gave it to my son. The horse jumped so badly that I sold it for £40 to Harry Rich, who passed it on as a hack. The new owner discovered the animal was nearly blind. I had never looked at its eyes.

From Rouen Charlie went to the 5th Army—as full colonel and D.D.R.—with which he finished the war.

While I was in the Army my wife worked with the Red Cross at Rugby. She was a commandant and of Warwickshire. She started and supervised seven hospitals. For her services she was awarded the O.B.E.

After the Armistice I was sent up to Spa to advanced G.H.Q. as horse adviser, and, as I had very little to do, occupied myself in resuscitating the old golf ground and in helping to make a steeplechase course. We formed a small mess, and occupied a delightful house in that charming spot ; we passed a delightful three months there, and it was extraordinarily pleasant for me because my elder son, Gordon, afterwards killed in Russia, who was too young to come out before the Armistice, now joined his Horse Artillery battery in the 2nd Cavalry Division close to Spa.

I soon got some interesting work, too, for the Cavalry Corps D.D. Remounts went home on leave, and I did his work, and was brought into contact with my friends in the Scots Greys, 12th Lancers, 20th Hussars, 10th Hussars, and my old regiment, the 17th Lancers, and many other regiments. I went to Cologne twice, and made many other long motor journeys, making Remount dépôts at Charleroi, Namur, Liège, and other places.

I found the Belgians universally kind, hospitable, and generous. The beautiful villa we occupied at Spa was put at our disposal by an absentee landlord, who utterly refused any rent or compensation.

The occupants of the lovely châteaux round Spa had lived a very retired life during the war, and the girls, with their brothers and fathers away fighting, had had a very dull time, and had met few young men for years.

My son persuaded me to attend a beautiful ball given by a



Belgian count up in the mountains near Spa. These châteaux remind one of the best Scotch houses in perfect mountainous scenery.

He had helped to organise the ball and the invitations, and, as he was 6 ft. 2 in., he was used to measure the chandeliers to the proper height, so that none of the officers should bump their heads. But no allowance had been made for Noel Scott Robson of the Greys, who was considerably taller, and this caused much amusement. It was a most successful ball, and it was amazing to see the delight of these charming girls, as they danced and made friends with all the nice boys from the Scots Greys, 12th Lancers, 20th Hussars, and R.H.A. who came to the dance. The boys apparently could not talk much French, and the girls did not know much English, but that did not prevent them from getting on excellently.

As I once heard in Cairo, Charlie Beresford, when asked by a lady if he could talk French, replied: "Dear lady, I can make love beautifully in French."

When this job was over I was sent to Brussels to sell horses and mules for the British Government to the Belgians. While I was at Brussels my son broke his collar-bone in a steeplechase at Spa, and was invalided home. Later on my duties took me as far as The Hague in one direction and Boulogne in another.

I was sent by the Director of Remounts to the Hague to investigate a robbery that was being attempted in the horse-dealing line, and I had a most interesting time, as I was most hospitably received by the Minister, Sir Walter Townley and his wife, Lady Susan, and met there an old friend, Princess Blücher, married to a German of high rank, who had spent the whole war in Germany, and who had hardly spoken to a compatriot, except a prisoner, for years.

I was greatly impressed with all the wonderful work which Sir Walter and Lady Susan had done all through the war for the English prisoners, and in many other ways, and many nice Dutch people told me how hard it was on Lady Susan that her entirely accidental appearance at the German Emperor's arrival in Belgium should be twisted by the English Press into the statement that she had gone to receive him.

When I had finished my Brussels work my brother Charles

who was D.D. of Remounts at Lille of the 5th Army, wanted to go home on leave to set the Roehampton Club going, so I went there for a month and took his place, getting home to England in April, 1919.

While at Brussels I saw a good deal of the work of an enthusiastic band of young ladies called F.A.N.Y.S.

† They were under the command of a very gallant lady, who, at the beginning of the war, had been taken prisoner by the Germans when they entered Ghent, but had escaped, and who had the distinction of returning to Ghent with the vanguard of the victorious Belgian Army in 1918, where she had a great reception. These ladies had worked all through the war driving ambulances, lorries, and cars for the Belgians; making their headquarters in a nice house in Brussels, they carried on their good work long after the Armistice.

Their occupation was attended with a good deal of risk, and it was extraordinary to see the calm manner in which they set about some of their dangerous duties. The cessation of operations let loose a certain number of the criminal classes, who deserted, and (dressed in the uniforms—English, Australian, Canadian, French, or Belgian) set to work to live by their wits. Some of them took to highway robbery, pure and simple, and quite a number of them, mostly Belgians, lived in abandoned huts and dug-outs in the devastated area, among the rivers and marshes between Dunkirk and Ypres, whence they emerged and preyed on passers-by, and it was many months before the last of them were rounded up.

Others, educated criminals, located themselves in the towns on forged papers, and made quite a good livelihood by stealing horses and mules and motor-cars, or anything else that came to hand.

Others, again, remained with their units, and exercised their wits to enrich their pockets in a variety of ways.

Among the many stories that were flying about I give the following to show the intelligence of some of these scoundrels. One night a lorry, in charge of two men, was held up a few miles outside Brussels by men armed with revolvers. The two men on the car were made to take it up a side road, and then turned off it, and told to walk back to Brussels. The lorry was found

several months later on a farm a few miles away in the middle of a haystack, which had been built round it. Of course the farmer was in league with the robbers.

Several cars had disappeared from Brussels and the neighbouring towns and villages, and the police were everywhere on the *qui vive*. One day in a small town on the Lille road a car was left outside a restaurant. Three men walked up to it, one dressed as an Australian officer, one as a chauffeur, and the third as an orderly. The chauffeur took the wheel, the officer sat beside him, and the orderly started to crank up, when, fortunately, the owner of the car came out of the restaurant, and they were all caught.

The young ladies, the F.A.N.Y.S., most of them pretty girls of from twenty to twenty-five years of age, went about their work by day and night with supreme disregard of the risks involved. One rule invariably observed was that, if they left the environs of the town by day or night, they always travelled in pairs. One of them drove, and the other sat beside her armed with a revolver, in the use of which she was well trained. I saw two pretty girls start off one cold winter's night, after dark, to drive a lorry from Brussels to Bruges. One of these girls was aged about twenty and the other twenty-three. They seemed to think nothing of it, and declared that they were well able to look after themselves, and, with their revolvers strapped to their belts, I must admit they looked like it.

Between Charleroi and Namur was an Australian cavalry regiment and an infantry regiment, and, as many horses were being sold by the British Government to the Belgians, the farmers thought they could buy any horse, and, as they were short of horseflesh for their ploughing, were always on the look-out for animals. The cavalryman rode his horse out for exercise, and handed it over to his infantry friend, who took it to a farmer, and sold it cheap for cash. The cavalryman the next day went to the farm and found his horse, kicked up a great fuss, and swore that it had been stolen, retrieved it, dividing the price with the infantry soldier.

Two men billeted near Namur stole a couple of horses and sold them to a farmer. They then went that night and stole the horses again, and resold them.

A night or two later they visited the second farm, and tried to steal the horses for the third time, but this time they were caught.

I was very fortunate in Brussels, for I was billeted on some very kind people named Behergal, in one of the finest houses in the town, who not only entertained me royally, but put up my son and my brother when they came to pay me visits.

I met various old friends of Ostende polo days, Comte Borchgrave d'Altena and his charming daughters, Van der Straten, a well-known polo player, Count d'Hendicourt, the Grisar family, and others.

The ladies told me some interesting stories of the behaviour of the Germans during their occupation. They were domineering, rude, and disagreeable, but committed no atrocities, as far as I could make out.

Of course I do not deny the horrible brutality of the Germans when they first arrived in Belgium, or of their bullying ways, but, singularly enough, I never came across an instance personally, with the exception of the ruins of Louvain.

On the advance we were always hearing rumours of it, and often inquiries were made in villages, when the answer given was : " Oh, nothing happened here, but they did dreadful things in such and such a village." Then, when we arrived at the village named, we would hear the same thing of the last place.

At Namur I once met an old *concierge*, who told me she had seen dreadful sights just opposite the window out of which we were looking into the square, i.e. children and women shot down, by infuriated Germans, but I could get no corroboration of this and an educated bookseller, next door, told me that there was no truth in this woman's statement, and that the Germans had committed no atrocities whatever in Namur.



## CHAPTER XXI

### MY SON'S LIFE AND DEATH

THE greatest blow of my life was the receipt of the following telegram :

" Telegram from FIELD-MARSHAL SIR HENRY WILSON, G.C.B.,  
D.S.O., Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

" To LIEUT.-COL. E. D. MILLER.

" Very much regret to communicate following telegram received from Lord Rawlinson. (Begins.) Please inform Col. E. D. Miller, Rugby, that I very much regret to inform him of the death of his son, who was shot dead by a sniper when doing forward observing officer for armoured train near Ligma. (Ends.) Allow me to tell you how sorry I am.

" *September 20, 1919.*

" War Office."

My elder son, George Gordon Darley Miller, was born in February, 1900, when I was serving in the South African War. Educated at Bilton Grange, Rugby, from 1910 to 1913, he reached the first form and showed keenness and energy in all games and athletics. He was in the cricket XI. and was captain of the football XV. As a boy scout, he earned several badges for efficiency, and in 1912, when twelve years of age, he gained the Scouts' Gold Medal for Merit, for assisting a lady who was in difficulties while bathing.

On the outbreak of war, in August, 1914, he turned out with the Rugby Troop of Boy Scouts and worked with them at all kinds of duties for the remainder of his holidays ; his first few nights being spent in guarding the L. & N. W. Railway bridges with the Territorials.

He was at Harrow from 1913 to 1917, in the headmaster's House, and played all the usual games ; but left too early to

distinguish himself at football and cricket ; however, he was a good runner, representing the school in the long distance race against Charterhouse ; he also won the House Challenge Cup for the best swimmer under sixteen. He reached the upper sixth form, and was a House monitor. In 1916 he won the Inter-Public Schools Motor-bicycle Hill-climbing Competition. As quite a small boy he hunted with the Spring Hill Beagles, the Pytchley, the North Warwickshire, Warwickshire, and the Atherstone Hunts ; he won various prizes for running and jumping in the children's riding sports at the Polo Club, and in 1909 gained the Challenge Cup for the best rider ; also in 1913 he won a prize, on his own pony, at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, at the Polo Pony Society's Show. Even before he went to school he had determined to become a soldier ; he took the keenest interest in every detail of military life, and at Harrow had become one of the most efficient signallers in the Cadet Corps.

When war broke out, so anxious was he to be in it, that he begged to be allowed to go into the Navy, and there is no doubt that he would have been taken on as a cadet had he not been six months too old.

In his holidays in 1915 he went through a course of signalling at a camp in Bedfordshire.

He was very fond of flying, and in the summer holidays of 1916 took every advantage of the kindness of the R.A.F. officers at Hillmorton, who took him for many trips, his intention being to get a certificate as a pilot in the future—an idea he never gave up.

Passing into Woolwich in 1917, when he was just over seventeen, he found himself the youngest cadet, and again became a prominent leader of sport and games—captain of the lawn-tennis team, a keen boxer, representing the Academy in football, hockey, and cricket matches, winning more prizes, and finally gaining the saddle which is given as the riding-prize for the best rider of the year.

On leaving Woolwich he went to Weedon as an instructor, for he was not old enough to go abroad, and while there was able once more to hunt with the Pytchley and Warwickshire Hounds. On one occasion in the same week he won a three-mile race on foot across country, in which forty-two competitors took part,



SECOND-LIEUTENANT GORDON D. MILLER, R.A.





represented the garrison at Rugby football at Cambridge in a match against Cambridge University, and rode a good hunt with the Pytchley.

When the Armistice was declared he was eighteen and a half years old, and then began his service abroad. He went in November, 1918, to join E Battery, Royal Horse Artillery, in Belgium, and quickly earned for himself a good reputation as a soldier and sportsman. In February, 1919, he broke his collar-bone riding a steeplechase at Spa, and was invalided home; when he came out of hospital he was sent to Newcastle, where he occupied his time training recruits in riding, until he volunteered for service in North Russia. He spent his leave before sailing playing polo at Rugby, at which game he showed great promise.

He left England on July 14, 1919, for Murmansk, and while there took part in several raids. He served with the machine guns, with the lake flotilla, and with the armoured train, and in every capacity distinguished himself by fearless courage, ready judgment, and prompt resource in emergencies. On September 15 he fell in action, when acting as forward liaison officer with the armoured train on the Murmansk Front; he was in charge of some signallers, and had with him a Lewis gun to cover the artillery observing officer. He was shot dead while capturing a Bolshevik railway engine.

“ H.M.S. *Braemar Castle*,

“ *July 4.*

“ This is a very comfortable hospital ship, and fortunately the food is excellent. There are a capital lot of fellows on board, mostly officers returning from leave. There are also some Russians and Italians, and a few R.A.F. officers, and a large party of Y.M.C.A. workers (mostly demobilised men, and nearly all decorated). There is one V.C. on board; he won it in 1915, at Hill 60. There are two or three English ladies on board, wives of diplomatic officials; they speak Russian; I am learning the alphabet from one of them. Please send me a Russian Grammar.”

“ *July 6.*

“ We entered the Arctic Circle about three o'clock. We

have to go slow, as there are so many mines about ; we only missed one yesterday by thirty yards.

“ I am making good progress with Russian.

“ I have come to the conclusion that I do not like international bridge ; it is too exciting. I played yesterday with an Italian, a Russian, and a Swede. We conversed in bad French. At one time I thought the Swede was going to use his large knife, which he made quite obvious on his belt ! ”

“ *July 17.*

“ I am now up at the front line ; at present I am unattached, and am acting as orderly officer to the colonel, commanding the brigade, a Col. Lawrence, who is very kind to me, and is very nice.

“ After leaving Murmansk, the first place of importance reached was Kandlacsha, where there is a reserve battery of gunners, and very good salmon fishing. We reached Kem, the advanced base, after two days, and I stayed the night at Popoff, the port. The next day I travelled down through Sorota and Sageja (where there was a big battle last winter) to Medveja Gora, which is H.Q. of the 6th Brigade R.F.A. and the Infantry Brigade. It is twenty miles behind the front line, and was captured last month. The troops in the firing-line are divided into three columns. The centre column, with which I have been the last few days, is at Kapeselga, on the railway, and the others are about fifteen versts on the right and left. The left column is at Onitza, on the shores of an inlet of Lake Onega.

“ An intermittent artillery duel is being carried on between it and Spars, which is a village on the other side of the inlet, two miles away, and which was captured by us, but which was unfortunately lost by the Russians a few days later.

“ The day before yesterday I rode to Onitza with the colonel on mules. It is thirty-two versts (twenty miles) there and back, and I am still very sore !

“ The Bolos have been, and are still, making quite good shooting on Onitza. Their gunners are their best men, and their guns are almost entirely manned by ex-officers of the Russian Army. It is generally believed that they have a Hun commanding their artillery.

" We have had an important success at Tibdea with the right column, and knocked out a lot of the blighters, with few casualties on our side.

" At present things are quiet here at Kapeselga. We fired a few rounds the other night in order to try and knock out an enemysix-inch gun on the railway which had been giving trouble. I don't know with what success.

" Another officer and I went forward on mules about two miles into Bolo country to try and observe the fire. The woods were so thick that we could not find an O.P. to get observation of the fire, nor did we see anything of the enemy. The country between the three columns is unoccupied, and we have to move under armed escort, as it is quite probable that we might hit a Bolo patrol. The Bolo is, however, a shy bird, and usually leaves British troops well alone, unless he is in greatly superior numbers.

" The enemy is, I believe, more than half composed of Chinks and Mongols. This accounts for the fact that we all have a price on our heads. It is the first and last time that I shall ever be worth £500, I expect. Dadoff, the leader of the Partisans (the only decent Russian troops) is, I believe, valued at Roubles 1,000,000; he is a very fine fellow, and his men are not very scrupulous about taking prisoners.

" The main portion of our troops are to be withdrawn at the end of August, I believe. But the few that have come out since January are to remain on till November.

" It is not very cheery to think that we shall have to depend on the Russians.

" A brigade of artillery and a regiment of infantry of the French Foreign Legion are, I believe, on their way, and this is very cheering, as they are, I am told, among the very finest fighting troops in the world.

" Excuse bad writing, as I am now in the train on my way back to Medveja Gora. The latter is a very nice spot, in fact, the best I have struck since I reached Russia.

" The bathing in Lake Onega is the very best. I bathe two or three times a day when there. The heat is still terrific.

" They have a lake flotilla of armed motor-boats, which has done *very* good work, and on occasion has been eighty miles nto enemy waters. The best ship, the *Jolly Roger*, unfortunately

blew up thirty miles out the other day. Only five were killed and drowned, luckily, as the seaplanes got there in no time.

"I must stop now. This is a *very* good war. I *am* enjoying myself."

"Armoured Train *Syren*,

"N. Russian E.F.

"*August 21.*

"General Rawlinson was here yesterday, and was very pleased with all he saw. He created a great impression among officers and men.

"I had my most exciting bit of war about a week ago. I managed to get attached to the lake flotilla for a raid on the Bolo coast, about sixty miles down on the west of the lake, to help with a small field gun, which was going to be landed with the storming party. We were to have gone down in motor boats, but it was so rough only a small steamer and a tug (both captured from the Bolos a week before, after a very good naval action) could put to sea. I went on the steamer, on which were also 50 picked Russian troops and about 35 naval ratings, supplemented by a few army officers (volunteers) and their batmen. It was terribly rough, and our machine gun officer, a man of forty-four, and professor at Adelaide University, was washed overboard. He was in a great-coat, with rifle, ammunition, and bombs, so stood no chance, and was never seen, as it was pitch dark. Poor fellow, he was to have gone home in two days.

"It had been arranged about a hundred Russians should march by land and surround the village on the landward side, with posts of about twenty-five men. We approached the place about five o'clock in the morning, and opened fire with the ship's guns at 2,500, and then went right up and alongside the landing-stage under cover of a barrage from our machine guns all along the side of the ship.

"The Red Finns held a trench along the top of a hill, which rose steeply from the water's edge and was practically impregnable against a force of our size, but, after firing a few shots, the enemy retired through the village. It took a little time to get ashore, and by the time we were there the enemy had about

fifteen minutes' start. They were going hard for the woods behind the village, where they always prefer to fight. We shot up the village with machine guns, and took a few prisoners who were in hiding, and then went after the Finns as fast as we could. The tug carrying the gun was late ; it was therefore decided to leave it out of the operations. I therefore formed a Lewis gun crew with a R.G.A. captain and R.A.F. subaltern. We had our batmen to carry the ammunition, and were each armed with a revolver and two or three Mills bombs. We had quite an exciting time, and took quite a lot of prisoners in our part of the village, most of them, however, afterwards proved to be harmless. That is the difficult part, only a few of the enemy have uniform, and the peaceful villager is hard to distinguish from the Bolo or Finn, sometimes.

"Meanwhile the main body of the enemy had reached the woods, and we heard a tidy scrapping going on. We advanced rapidly and soon the noise died away. Suddenly we caught sight of men ahead—among the trees—a hundred yards away. We advanced extended, but a shout from these men informed us that they were our Russian troops. We came up and found that they were about seventy-five men, consisting of the three right-hand posts, who had closed together on the Finns, bumping into the left centre post. They had caught it pretty severely and had only one officer left—their men had also suffered severely—the Finns having been lucky in getting a good position for their M.G.'s.

"We then heard firing to the left, and formed up and advanced. We found that the retreating Finns had bumped into the left-hand post, who had caught them in the open with a machine gun and wiped out about a third. There remained about seventy, who escaped into the woods, and a few days later Dadoff, the Russian colonel, bumped into them with his main body, took forty prisoners and wiped out the rest, so the peninsula is now clear of Red Finns.

"I got some very interesting souvenirs of that show. I am going out for a similar affair on the east side of the lake in a few days.

"I am now acting orderly officer to the colonel again, but expect to be with the armoured train shortly when our reliefs come out.

The 6th Brigade went home yesterday, and there are only the colonel, a few officers, and two men left.

"All our guns are being temporarily manned by R.M.A., who have just arrived, and the line is being held by the R.M.L.I. Our gunner reinforcements should be here in a week or so."

"Armoured Train Syren,

"North Russian E.F.

"September 3.

"I have just returned from a very interesting and exciting expedition with the flotilla. The objective was Rimskaya, about eighty miles down the lake from here (Medveja Gora), and the headquarters of the Bolshevik movement on the eastern side Lake Onega.

"The plan was to start from Shunga, the flotilla advanced base, in the *Sileny* (a captured Bolo small steamer), the *Azod* (a captured Bolo tug), the fleet of Russian 'chasers,' and the English armoured motor-boats; the force to consist of 130 Russians (approx.), 25 Serbians, 60 men of the British motor flotilla R.N.R., and a few Russian partisans (Russian peasants from the Bolo territory fighting for us).

"There was no job I could get officially, but I had made friends with Commander Curtiss, R.N., commanding allied naval forces operating on Lake Onega, and in command of this operation in question. He very kindly said he would take me as a surplus officer, to make myself useful as needed. I therefore obtained five days' leave to go fishing.

"The plan was to leave Shunga at 14.00 hours on the Thursday afternoon and proceed to Megastrof, a fortified island down the lake, which we have captured, twenty miles from our objective, then to proceed at 19.00 hours to a point within two miles of our objective, and rendezvous at 01.00 hours. At 03.00 hours a party was to land a mile north of Rimskaya and proceed to the road-junction and cut the telephone wire from the landing stage to the village. (N.B.—It is dark from 21.00 to 04.30.) The party was then to split up, and one party, under Major Burroughs, M.C., 5th D.G. (liaison officer to the Russians), with a mixed party of twenty-five Serbs, Russians, and British, and another under Capt. Littledale, second-in-command of the

flotilla, similarly composed, which I was to accompany, were to proceed, the former to the landing stage, the latter to the northern group of houses on the shore.

" Their object was to scupper without noise, with knife and bayonet, the Bolo outposts and all male inhabitants, as they are all fighting for the Bolos. It was all to be done without noise. (The Serbs being especially chosen, as they are good at 'winkling.') When this was done, a signal by lamp was to be sent out to the waiting fleet, who were to sail in and land at the landing stage. This force was under Commander Curtiss.

" Our two parties, meantime, were to reform and advance towards the village and take up a suitable position. (A Russian signaller had been left at the end of the cut wire to misguide the Bolos, should they get suspicious.) The main body was to follow up and get into position. Meanwhile a Russian land force, under General Kniglikoff, had advanced by land and taken up a position with one hundred men, surrounding the village on the landward side. At 05.00 three seaplanes were to fly over and bomb Rimskaya. This would drive the Bolos into their dug-outs and cellars. When finished, the seaplanes were to fire red Very lights, then we were to rush, Mills bomb the cellars, and generally round up and scupper the 400 Bolos known to be in the village.

" Unfortunately this plan, which I think you will agree was excellent, miscarried owing to the *Azod* having to stop continually to pick up rowing boats which broke lose, and to take motor-boats in tow who feared they would not have sufficient petrol to get back. We completely lost touch with the *Sileny*, and when we found her (I was on the *Azod*) it was only after waking everybody for miles around with Very lights and signals, and we did not reach our final rendezvous till 05.15. Aeroplanes had bombed the village, and Kniglikoff had commenced to attack from the land side.

" It was decided to make a landing in daylight. The motor-boats were therefore sent ashore, and opened fire on the landing stage and northern houses with three-pounders and M.G.'s. This was answered by rifle fire from the vicinity of the landing stage. After a few minutes bombardment we were given the



signal, and the *Azod* went along the side of the landing stage. I had managed to get in the bows and was first man ashore. I then led the men forward at the double and occupied the buildings and wood-piles. We then had a short interchange of fire with the Bolo outpost, who surrendered suddenly. We sent them back, put out a screen, and covered the disembarkation of the troops. (The prisoners numbered eighteen, and turned out to be mutineers of 'Dyers' battalion at Archangel, who mutineered, shot their British officers, and joined the Bolo. They have, I think, since been shot.) We then advanced, and I was sent ahead with a Russian officer and two Russian soldiers to patrol, and find out if there were trenches or Bolo positions between us and Rimskaya. One of the Russians was a local man, and guided us through the woods. We got as near the village as possible, having soon heard distant M.G. fire, which, on getting near, we took to be Kniglikoff fighting for the landward side of the village.

"We returned, and I reported to the commander, who had by this time advanced to just the village side of the road-junction. He determined to advance, and again sent me out with the same patrol and an A.B. as messenger to try and get right up the southern end of the village, and find out where the Bolos' position was. We pushed ahead, and, when 1,000 yards from the village saw some bluejackets 500 yards ahead. We hurried up and found that it was a motor-boat crew of five men (with a Lewis gun) and one officer who had been on our right flank, lost touch, and come right across our front, and were quite lost, but determined to be the first into the village at all costs. I sent the A.B. back to the commander with this information, but he never got there.

We then commenced to advance. When 300 yards from the village heavy M.G. fire opened on us from what turned out to be Bolo H.Q. at the northern end of the village. We replied with our Lewis gun, and commenced to advance up the hill over a ploughed field to the village. The Bolo M.G. shooting was atrocious. We ought never to have got there.

We encountered no opposition among the outlying houses but rifle fire was opened on us from the houses in the centre of the village. We advanced, and suddenly saw a horse saddled

and bridled outside a house. We surrounded it, and a Bolo commissary (leader) broke cover and surrendered.

We then determined to keep away from the centre and devoted our attentions to the southern end of the village. I got separated from the rest with one seaman. He and I advanced and collected two prisoners from other houses, and were then fired on from a big house. We returned their fire, and "copped" another man in an outhouse. Suddenly a man with a white handkerchief came out of the house—they must have thought we were in force and have seen we had not killed the prisoners—I cannot think of any other reason for their surrender; the Bolo is a—— bad shot, and has no more guts than a chicken. I decided we were quite far enough ahead, and would catch it in the neck if we advanced, so I formed up the twenty-three prisoners and marched them back, out of the village, with the help of the A.B. with me, down the hill to where our troops had taken up a position. We happened to meet the commander. He was somewhat surprised, especially as thirty-five others shortly afterwards appeared!

Meanwhile, the officer and his boat's crew, with the remainder of my patrol, with their Russian officer, had gone more right-handed, and captured the above-mentioned thirty-five in similar fashion. He got a target of a hundred Bolos (range 200 yards!), shortly afterwards crossing a 100-yard open space, and at the critical moment his Lewis gun jammed. It afterwards turned out that the Bolo general was amongst them, and the whole hundred got clear away to the south. It was the worst bit of luck in the whole show.

Meanwhile, Kniglikoff had advanced from the other side, and captured the east of the village. Our main body then advanced and mopped up the centre, and left of the village after a good fight. Our total casualties were very slight. The Bolo has a happy knack of shooting in the air! Thirty British could have held that village for days, the position on the west of the village, the top of a hill, being unassailable with good troops defending; our total bag was 200 prisoners, including three commissars, five M.G.'s, 600 rifles, bombs, and any amount of ammunition.

The officer in charge of the boat's crew I went into the village

with is in for an M.C., and also, I think, the Russian officer, and the man who was with me when I got the prisoners for a military medal. Officially, you see, I was on fishing leave, and was not there.

The commander has, I hear, said he will try very hard to get me officially for the next stunt, which will be a much bigger affair, and put me in then, if I do any good. Unfortunately a reverse on the right flank, and I am afraid their colonel was wounded.

"I hear we will be home in six weeks. I am now on the armoured train. Two 4.5-inch how's, a French 75, two 3-pdr's, and many M.G.'s. I have 3-pdr's. We go up the line to-morrow, and should get a good show."

The following was his last letter, written four days before his death.

*"To the Censor.*

"I hope you will not mutilate this; I don't think I have said anything contravening the regulations. If necessary to cut anything out, please make it a minimum, as I am particularly anxious for my people to get the information contained."

*"Armoured Train Syren,*

*"N. Russian E.F.*

*September 11, 1919.*

"I am now, as I predicted, on the armoured train. We have a major (my late adjutant of the shop), a topping fellow, in command, and there are two other subalterns, one, Calvert-Jones, is a two pipper with four years' service, the other, Morrish, was junior to me at the shop, and done in by the 'nineteen-year-old' rule, like me.

"I can't, of course, tell you numbers of guns and calibres, but we are well provided. My two guns have been found to be inaccurate, and so have been scrapped (owing to age).

"We are now in the line waiting for a big stunt, which you will no doubt have read of in the papers by this time. Finding myself without a job, therefore, but with my late gun crews under my command, I applied to the major for the charge of the six Lewis guns we have on board.

" This he agreed to, and I have trained up a pretty efficient machine gun section for the impending stunt, as there are ample officers to work the artillery side. I asked to be put in charge of 'Lewis guns and communications,' to which he agreed. I am very pleased, as I have become by now quite convinced that my true *metier* (in this kind of warfare at any rate) is that of infantry soldier, and not gunner. Running the communications is no small job, as the headquarters of the whole column will be at the armoured train, and O.C. column (Major Eastwood, General Rawlinson's staff) will direct operations from there, and also I have only a very limited number of signallers. (In the last show up here an officer of our battery was patrolling the line from the battery. He espied a cast-off rifle without ammunition, which he annexed; two minutes later two Bolos appeared with rifles out of the woods, he covered them, and they promptly surrendered.) For this reason I have trained all my signallers and Lewis gunners to be first-class shots.

" The train while in motion is defended by L.G.'s, and when the show comes off so will the O.P. be. The odds are that should operations be successful the Bolo will run like——, blowing up the bridges, and our sappers cannot, naturally, produce bridges in five minutes. The armoured train may therefore only be in action the first day. Should this eventually occur, I have obtained leave from the major to volunteer as an additional M.G. section with our infantry. As it was not their job, I asked my men if they would volunteer. They did so, to a man, and are a jolly fine crowd, four ex-infantrymen among them.

" The following may interest you. These are three extracts in consecutive days from the official *Syren* communiqué issued to all troops :

*September 7*

" 1. Reuter learns from Polish circles in London of the transfer of German troops to Russia (Bolshevik) formations in the Baltic provinces (presumably Esthonia) despite German official denials. The Independent Socialist newspaper, *Treihlit*, states ; ' We consider it an undoubted fact that whole German military formations have passed and are passing over to the Russian Army, and the whole of Courland is full of German soldiers in Russian uniform.'

*September 8*

" 2. A Berlin message states that it has been decided to adhere to their decision regarding the speedy evacuation of Courland.

Unconditional obedience to Government orders will be demanded from officers and men ; otherwise their pay and provisions will be stopped.

*September 9*

" 3. The Berlin Government has addressed a note to the Entente regretting that the evacuation of the Baltic provinces, which has been ordered, is *impossible* owing to insubordination of German troops in Courland ; reason given : ' In consequence of the restrictions imposed by Allied Governments, Germany is not in a position to compel obedience in its troops by military means.'

" Take the above in conjunction with the following facts :

" (a) Among a squad of Bolo prisoners digging gun-pits for me a few mornings ago were two self-admitted Huns, partially in Bosch uniform. They said they were ex-prisoners in Russian hands. The odds on the truth of that statement are about evens, in my mind.

" (b) In the fighting that has been taking place during the last week with our right column (twenty *verst*s to the west of us) we have been twice driven back, before at length, the third time, we captured our objective, Ussana, a week after the offensive on it commenced.

" (c) The rifle and machine gun fire of the Bolo has inexplicably increased amazingly in accuracy, and our casualties more than in proportion became also.

" (d) He is showing far greater tactical ability with ambush, counter-attacks, etc.

" (e) Dum-dum and explosive bullets are used exclusively on the right.

" (f) We know, almost for certain, that a Bosch is in command of the artillery operating against this column.

" From the above you may draw what conclusions you like,

but I will give you my honest and firm opinion, for what it is worth.

"It is:

"That we are up against the *Bosch*, either in fair strength, or at any rate a sprinkling to strengthen the Bolos and advise their leaders. Whether this is correct or not I shall probably know in three days. Whether it is or not, we are not up against a band of cut-throats, but some trained soldiers.

"Our men on the right were regular Marines, jolly fine soldiers, though of course lacking in military experience. They were, of course, as is *always* the case out here—with no exceptions that I know of—inferior in number to the enemy. Their casualties have been, I am sorry to say, very heavy. I wish to God the people at home knew the true state of affairs out here, and were not continually yelling for our recall.

"It will be a scandal if we leave these wretched loyal Russians in the lurch here (as they undoubtedly will be if we go). I, for one, will most certainly volunteer to stay on if we are allowed to, and I guarantee the majority of our relief troops, who have just arrived, will do so.

"Everybody is convinced out here that, if we are not now up against the *Bosch*, should we evacuate we shall be leaving the country open to the Hun, and it is not an opportunity for expansion that he is likely to miss.

"Archangel is an undoubted failure to my mind for three reasons:

"1. Because Koltchak failed to get into touch with them.

"2. Because the River Dvina has fallen so low that naval co-operation cannot be effectively carried out.

"3. A glance at the map will show you the position of Murmansk, Onega, and Archangel, and to my mind the expedition to Archangel was, in the first place, a strategical mistake.

"Granted my knowledge of strategy is nil, and my opinion worthless, you can but judge for yourself.

"The funny part is that the Archangel people have their tails well up—affect to be unaware that we are fighting; think we are on police duty and have no need for so many (!) troops,

and can't we spare them some. Goodness knows we have insufficient men in all conscience !

" Make up our strength to two full infantry brigades, one brigade artillery, and we could come home via Petrograd and the Baltic in a month. I have this direct from a major R.E. just returned from Archangel. We give them credit for the undoubted good work they have done of late. If only more publicity was given to the Murmansk Force operations I am sure they would do the same. Take a map—look at Murmansk and Lake Onega. Not a bad performance to win their way down here as they have done.

" By the way, the engagement at Rimskaya I told you of last week will probably be referred to in the papers (if published) as the engagement of Pudojgora, which is the name of the five villages we took."

" FROM MAJOR HUGH SIMPSON, R.F.A.,  
Officer Commanding Armoured Train.

" North Russia.

" 18-9-19.

" DEAR COL. MILLER,—It is my very painful duty to tell you that your son, Gordon D. Miller, was killed in action on the 15th of this month at " Siding 5 " on the Murman Railway, about thirty miles north of Petrozavodsk. I am at present commanding the armoured train operating with the force. Your son had been with me about three weeks.

" He had previously been attached to 1203 Battery, R.F.A., which I commanded before it went home for ten days or a fortnight. I did not, therefore, know him well, but, from what I did know, liked him exceedingly, as did everyone he came in contact with. He was always cheery and ready for any job of work, and on more than one occasion acted with great gallantry.

" I understand his name has been recommended to the Russians for some work he did in connection with a landing at a ' Bolo ' village on the shore of Lake Onega when he volunteered for service with the lake flotilla.

" He was always anxious to be in the thick of everything. On the day of his death he was in charge of my signalling

arrangements, and had a Lewis gun detachment up, covering my forward observing officer. He was pushing forward to try to get better observation after the attack on the siding, which had just succeeded. The siding was held by Red Finns as well as Russian Bolsheviks—who put up an obstinate fight for half a day—and was eventually carried about 6 p.m.

"Your son was entirely regardless of danger, and was shot by a rifle bullet through the heart, causing instantaneous death.

"The Army has lost a promising officer and a gallant gentleman, of whom there are not too many left since the big war.

"Personally the other officers of the train and myself feel his loss very keenly. We were a very 'happy family' in this mess, and his death left a painful blank.

"Yours sincerely,

"HUGH SIMPSON,

"Major."





## CHAPTER XXII

### SOME SOLDIER POLO PLAYERS AND POLO REGIMENTS

A BOOK mainly about sport and soldiering would be more incomplete than it is without mention of one of the best sportsmen of the lot, i.e. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

I would like to pay some small tribute to His Royal Highness for the enormous amount of good that he has done by his participation in and encouragement of the two great games of hunting and polo.

I met His Royal Highness once in France in 1915, when he walked over to Merveille one evening with Barry of the 10th Hussars, to see the Northampton Yeomanry. I had met him once before, for Willie Cadogan, who was killed early in the year, had bought the Prince's first stud of ponies when he was at Oxford.

Since those days I have ridden many a hunt with him and played many games of polo. I also saw him in the Pytchley Point-to-Point Race in 1922.

Whatever he does, whether work or play, he puts his whole soul into it ; his personal charm and keenness far more than his great position make him the most popular personality in the world to-day.

In all branches of sport he is ably supported by his brothers, who play the game all round, both in work and play, in the same spirit, which is a wonderful asset to the Empire.

The Duke of York, in the midst of his innumerable public duties, finds time to hunt regularly with the Pytchley and other packs of hounds. He plays polo keenly in London, and is Chairman of the Ranelagh Club Committee.

Prince Henry is in the 10th Hussars, in which regiment his grandfather, King Edward, and his uncle, Prince Eddie, served. He plays polo hard all the summer ; he hunts and shoots in the winter, and rides in point-to-point races when he gets the chance in the spring.

Prince George has not, so far, owing to his naval duties, had the same chance as his brothers, but no doubt he will follow the same lines.

Most cavalry regiments in the Army play polo whenever and wherever they can, but there are some with extra good records and traditions, where the game is more particularly looked upon as part of the training for officers. Amongst these are the Household Cavalry, the 7th, 8th, 10th, 11th, 13th, 15th, and 20th Hussars, and the 9th, 12th, 16th, and 17th Lancers, the Inniskilling Dragoons, and the 4th Dragoon Guards.

The Indian cavalry regiments most distinguished in this respect are the 8th, 9th, 11th, 15th, 17th, 18th, the Central India Horse, and the Guides.

The Royal Artillery have lately taken up the game with special keenness, and succeeded in reaching the final of the Inter-Regimental Tournament at Hurlingham in 1924. Moreover, they made a rare good fight of it with their experienced opponents, the 17th Lancers.

Unfortunately polo is now a most expensive amusement for infantry officers, because they have not free stabling and other cavalry advantages. In days gone by, however, the Durham Light Infantry, 60th Rifles, the Rifle Brigade, the 5th Fusiliers, and many other regiments, could find good teams.

In the following chapter I have only discussed the performances, in peace and war, of a few of the best polo players whom I have personally known, and in most instances have played with or against. I have also mentioned a few civilian-trained players, who became soldiers in the war.

The Royal Horse Guards have the distinction of being the only regiment who have won the Champion Cup, and that was on its inauguration in 1876.

The Blues had a very good polo team for many years, and they were unlucky not to win the Regimental Tournament more often, especially in 1903. They won in 1910 and 1912. Their best players were Reggie Ward (killed in the South African War), Gerald FitzGerald, who commanded the regiment before the war, Lord Tweedmouth, D.S.O., who commanded the regiment in the war, and who was subsequently Chairman of Hurlingham, the Duke of Roxburghe, very badly wounded in the war, Lord A.

Innes Ker, Major J. F. Harrison, still one of our best players, and probably the best player of his weight in the world, and, last but not least, Captains G. V. S. Bowlby and Harold Brassey, who (with the exception of Major Harrison and the Duke of Roxburghe) are probably the best players the regiment ever produced, and certainly there have never been two more popular men on or off the polo ground, but, sad to say, they were both killed in France.

Of the above list only one is still serving in the regiment, and he has given up the game.

I have made some mention of the Duke of Westminster earlier in this book.

Col.-Comdt. A. E. W. Harman [Jakes], C.B., D.S.O., of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, was a temporary major-general in the war, commanding a cavalry division. After the war he commanded the Cavalry Brigade at Aldershot. He is one of our very best cavalry leaders. He did most of his service in the 3rd Dragoon Guards, which regiment he commanded in the early part of the war. A wonderful fighting regiment, which has the proud record of never having had an unwounded man taken prisoner in the whole war.

They have never been a good polo regiment, or Jakes would have had the chance of much more first-class polo. He has never had much opportunity of playing the game in good company, or he would have undoubtedly been in the international class. A very powerful horseman and a great striker, he is still one of the best players in the Army.

Major-Gen. R. L. Mullens, C.B., commanded the 4th Dragoon Guards in 1914 and eventually rose to the command of the 1st Cavalry Division. I did not meet him till after the Armistice, when he was most kind and hospitable to me on my journeys to and from Cologne.

He occupied as his divisional headquarters a very fine country house a few miles west of Cologne, belonging to an Oppenheim whose sons had been educated at Trinity College, Cambridge.

My work as temporary D.D.R. of the Cavalry Corps took me there on more than one occasion. He was a very keen polo player in days gone by, and once brought a regimental team to play in the tournament at Rugby. He was always beautifully mounted,

and helped his regiment greatly with ponies, which he lent freely.

Brig.-Gen. Hardress Lloyd, D.S.O. (with bar), late 4th Dragoon Guards and 21st Lancers, is a distinguished officer of whom the polo world is proud. His polo record includes playing for England against America in 1909, and in America in 1911; winning the Champion Cup at Hurlingham for the Roehampton Club in 1905, 1906, 1909; the Ranelagh Open Cup, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907; the Irish Open Cup in 1904, 1906, 1910, for the Woodpeckers. He is probably the best back that England has so far produced, and, in addition, he was an admirable captain. The team that he captained in America in 1911 was only beaten by four and a half goals to three, and by four and a half goals to three and a half; had his team been better mounted it might have been a very different story. His team was Capt. L. Cheape, Capt. Noel Edwards, Capt. Herbert Wilson, and himself, of whom he is the only survivor from the war, all the others having been killed in action. The team against him was the redoubtable big four, viz. M. Waterbury, L. Waterbury, H. Whitney, and D. Milburn.

On the outbreak of war Hardress Lloyd rejoined his old regiment as second-in-command of Charlie Hunter's Squadron, in which capacity he served on the retreat in 1914. He then went on de Lisle's staff, and the first time I met him was when I went to stay with de Lisle at the Forest of Nieppe.

Hardress Lloyd had a most distinguished war record, for after his return from Gallipoli with the 29th Division, he took command of a battalion of Inniskilling Fusiliers, eventually becoming a brigadier-general of the Tank Corps.

No fewer than six officers who belonged to the 4th Dragoon Guards in 1914, and one ex-officer who was attached to them reached the rank of brigadier-general or higher, viz. Major-Generals Mullens, Sir T. Bridges, Sir Robert Hutchinson, Solly Flood, Carton de Wiart, and Brigadier-Generals Sewell and Hardress Lloyd.

When they went out in 1914 Colonel Mullens commanded them; Major Solly Flood was second-in-command; and the three squadron leaders were Majors Bridges, Hutchinson, and Hunter. Major Bridges' career is referred to elsewhere.

Major-Gen. Sir Robert Hutchinson, K.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O.,

who led a squadron of the regiment in 1914, subsequently held various important staff appointments, including being Director of Organisation at the War Office and brigadier-general in charge of administration. He was M.P. for Kirkcaldy in 1922. Sir Robert played polo in his time, as did all his brother officers, but he was never a very good performer.

Lieut.-Col. H. S. Sewell, C.M.G., D.S.O., of the 4th Dragoon Guards, commanded the 1st Cavalry Brigade in the war, and after the war the 7th Hussars; he is a very keen polo player, but not a very good one.

Another officer, Col. Carton de Wiart, V.C., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., belonged to the same regiment, and I believe was wounded no less than thirteen times, still fighting on and being again repeatedly wounded after he had lost an arm and an eye in Somaliland.

He bought three ponies from me just before the Regimental Tournament of 1911, for the 4th Dragoon Guards were short of one man to play with Hornby, Mathew Lannowe, and Hunter. They won the tournament, he sold the ponies for the same sum that he had given for them, and, as far as I know, never played polo again, but went off to Somaliland.

No more gallant, determined soldier ever stepped; so repeatedly was he wounded that it is said that a special room was kept for him in the nursing home at 17 Park Lane.

I met him in command of a squadron of the 4th Dragoon Guards on his first arrival in France from Somaliland. He soon got command of an infantry regiment, and announced to a friend that there was no difficulty in infantry drill, for all you have got to say is: "Come on, boys," and they come! On one occasion it is said that he was seen in the trenches throwing bombs with his only hand and picking the safety pins out of the bombs with his teeth.

He has been continually occupied since the war in military missions in Poland and the other disturbed countries between Germany and Russia. What his friends say about him is that he could turn his hand to any game of sport and was good at everything, but that he never stuck to any one sport long, except fighting, and of that he was never tired.

Major-Gen. A. Solly Flood, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., is another

distinguished 4th Dragoon Guard who succeeded Col. Mullens in the command of the regiment. He was in command of a division in 1917 and after various appointments in Ireland and elsewhere, in 1923 was in command of a territorial division in Lancashire. He was in command of a division at Charleroi after the Armistice and had lots of trouble over some of the robberies that were being perpetrated by and on the inhabitants, and I got from him some amusing stories as regards the different thefts the robbers were up to.

Other distinguished officers in the 4th Dragoon Guards are Lieut.-Col. C. F. Hunter, D.S.O., Lieut.-Col. Mathew Lannowe, Capt. R. B. Oldrey, who was killed early in the war, Major C. B. Hornby, D.S.O., and Major A. Gallagher, D.S.O., M.C.

Major C. B. Hornby, D.S.O., earned his decoration in a very gallant manner two days before the Battle of Mons. With his troop he pursued some Uhlans in the forest of Soignies, and drew first blood in the war by killing a Uhlan with his sword. Unfortunately he was very badly wounded in November at Ploegstreet and was partially paralysed for years; had he had luck he would have gone far. He had to leave the Service, but is so far recovered that he was playing polo in London in 1922. He was a very good regimental polo player.

Capt. R. B. Oldrey was another good polo player and gallant soldier in the same regiment who was unfortunately killed early in the war.

Lieut.-Col. Hunter, also of the 4th Dragoon Guards, has been for many years one of the best polo players in the position of back, and is one of the strongest and best horsemen we have. He has never yet represented England in international polo though many people consider that a great mistake was made in not playing him in 1921.

He commanded a squadron of the 4th Dragoon Guards in 1914, and then held an important staff appointment. After the war he commanded the regiment for four years, and took them to India. He was a member of one of the best regimental polo teams that ever appeared in India, consisting of Crosbie, Hunter, Mathew Lannowe, and Hardress Lloyd. Curiously enough, they never won the Inter-Regimental Tournament. They have only one big regimental success to their credit, viz. at Hurlingham in

1911, when Carton de Wiart, C. B. Hornby, Mathew Lannowe, and Hunter won the Tournament.

Mathew Lannowe had left the 4th Dragoons for the Bays before 1914. He has been, and is still, one of the best and hardest polo players in England, and though perhaps he was not quite in the international class, he was very near being chosen in 1913.

Gallagher greatly distinguished himself on the retreat, being taken prisoner, and escaping with the aid of the French peasants. His thrilling experiences would make an admirable war novel. Unfortunately he was very badly wounded three times.

The 4th Dragoons lost one of the best polo players in the Army in 1905, when Crosbie was killed at polo in India.

The Royals have turned out one specially fine horseman, distinguished soldier, and all-round sportsman in Brig.-Gen. H. Tomkinson (Mouse).

His polo performances include having represented England v. America in 1914 and in 1921. He never was a very accurate hitter, but his superb horsemanship, great dash, and tremendous pace contributed very largely to the success of the team in 1914: Lord Wimborne was able to mount him on very fast ponies that few polo players could ride. He was bred for a horseman, for his father was the celebrated Jim Tomkinson of Cheshire (nicknamed Jumpkinson owing to his fondness for stiff timber and forbidding obstacles, which was the eventual cause of his death). He is a fine man to hounds, good after pig, first class in point-to-point races, and no mean performer between the flags.

In the war he commanded the 10th Hussars for a short time, till he was severely wounded, and in 1924 was selected for the command of the Cavalry Brigade in Meerut.

Unfortunately he broke his right collar-bone very badly in 1923, which will, it is feared, handicap him in the future, both at polo and pig-sticking.

The Royals have not turned out many first-class players, but they had two very sound players in 1924, in Major Styles and Peter Wilson.

The King's Dragoons have never been a successful polo regiment except that they produced Leslie Cheape, the finest English player who has so far appeared.

His death in the War has caused a loss impossible to fill. As  
Ts



back, three, two or one, he was an absolutely first class player, and I feel sure that had he played No. two in 1913 we should have brought back the cup in that year.

He represented England in America in 1911, 1913, and was one of the Team to bring back the Cup in 1914. The other players being Capt. Tomkinson, Capt. Barrett and Captain Lockett.

I have given some account of the 4th Hussars as a polo regiment earlier in this book.

The 5th Lancers have not done much of late years at polo, but they were one of the early pioneer regiments of the game. In 1878, 1879, 1882, and 1887 they won at Hurlingham. Their best players being Wengy Jones, Cosmo Little, and Judy Spicer, who also helped John Watson in his early efforts to beat the Peats with his Freebooter Team. The year 1878 was that of the inauguration of the Inter-Regimental Tournament.

They also beat the 17th, as elsewhere related, at Meerut in 1890.

A great many years ago I had a conversation with Col. Green Thompson, who commanded the Inniskilling Dragoons in Natal before the Boer War, and I remember his telling me that he thought he was the first C.O. who consistently encouraged his officers to go on leave for sporting purposes, and to take other jobs, chiefly in order to give junior officers the chance of taking positions of responsibility early in their careers.

He maintained that no regiment could be efficient unless the junior officers could run the regiment at an inspection or on a field day or in barracks in the absence of their seniors.

He was a very proud man when, in this war, out of the officers he had trained, Allenby was in command of the cavalry; Rimington of the Indian Cavalry Corps; Ansell of the 5th Dragoon Guards; Neil Haig of the regiment. Yardley had come back into a big position in the Remount Department; Fryer had an infantry brigade, and Paterson, after commanding the regiment, was brigadier-general of the 3rd Cavalry Brigade.

Lord Allenby I knew when in the Inniskillings, which was a very celebrated polo regiment when they played Yardley, Paynter, Ansell, Neil Haig, and Rimington in many winning tournaments in England and Ireland.

I went to lunch with him near Poperinghe in 1915, on Dalmeny's invitation. We had a cheery reunion party, and it was an extra pleasure to meet there my old friend of Lucknow days, Sinkum Browne, who was then one of Major Gambier's subalterns in the Chestnut Troop, R.H.A., in 1915 a brigadier-general of artillery ; he was the son of Sir Sam Browne, V.C., as I think I before remarked.

A funny story, for the truth of which I cannot vouch, was going the rounds in France when Byng took over the command of the 3rd Army from Allenby when the latter was sent to Palestine. Allenby's nickname has always been "The Bull." A friend of Byng's asked him how he was getting on, and he replied : "The Bull having gone back to Bashan, his staff are busy trying to find out what sort of a blighter I am !"

The Inniskilling polo team was for many years captained by Mike Rimington at back, with Neil Haig at Number 3 and George Ansell at Number 2. They used to change their Number 1—Fryer, Paynter, Yardley, Paterson, and Higgin—holding this position in turns ; but three, Rimington, Haig, and Ansell, always played.

I met them first when they were quartered at Brighton about the year 1894, when I went to buy some ponies from Rimington and Haig, who were in partnership in a stud that they had got together. The Inniskillings won the Regimental Tournament in 1897, 1898, and 1905.

When I got the Rugby team going we met them in many matches and the Open Cup at Hurlingham, Ranelagh, and in Dublin, and always found them a tough, hard lot to play against, who were up to every turn and twist in the game.

Mike Rimington first made his name in the South African War, for he knew the country from one end to the other, having been through it two years before war broke out as a spy on a bicycle ; he had served in the Bechuanaland Expedition of 1884, and in Zululand in 1888. He raised the first corps of scouts under the name of Rimington's Tigers, and subsequently held an important cavalry and mounted infantry command.

He became Inspector-General of Cavalry in India, and brought the Cavalry Corps to France.

Neil Haig, a marvellous polo player and rider to hounds in Fernie's country, in spite of his weight, was a most prominent, popular, and leading figure in the London and Irish polo worlds for many years. He took the regiment to France, and rose to the command of the Cavalry Brigade comprising the Scots Greys, 12th Lancers, and 20th Hussars. He was a wonderful man at getting up any form of sport. At Spa, after the Armistice, he built two steeplechase courses, and on one occasion when the going was bad owing to the frost, and the subalterns were doubtful if the ground was fit, he challenged the divisional general (Pitman) to a match round the course as a first event of the meeting in order to force his point, and when they got round successfully the meeting took place.

His language was sometimes more forcible than polite at polo, and it is said on one occasion, when he was A.D.C. to the Governor-General of Western Australia, that he excused himself to the Governor for cursing his team in front of the polo pavilion, where all the ladies could hear his bad language, by saying that he had begun to curse on the back line, but that, owing to his infirmity of stammering, he had been unable to get it out till he got to the middle of the ground.

George Ansell was one of the very greatest losses that the Army received when he was killed early in 1914 on the retreat, when in command of the 5th Dragoon Guards. He would have gone very far, for he was perhaps the most brilliant of our younger cavalry leaders. I knew him very well in the polo world, and helped him in the work of rewriting the Riding School part of the *Cavalry Drill Book*. He was a charming man, and a sad loss to the Army, to the art of equitation, of which he was a past master, and to the polo world. His only son is likely to follow in his father's footsteps, for in 1924 he won the saddle at Woolwich, and joined his old regiment at Bangalore.

The Inniskilling Dragoons also produced one player of outstanding merit in Jerry Ritson; he led an Inniskilling Dragoon Team, consisting of himself, Nixon, Horace Colmore, and Bowen, to victory in the championship at Delhi in 1911 for the Coronation Cup.

He also captained the English team in America in 1913, when they only lost the second match by a quarter of a goal.

Unfortunately his health broke down in the war, and he is unable to play now.

Colmore still plays in London in spite of having been laid up for a very long time from an air crash in France. For he served in the Air Force in the war with great success.

The 7th Hussars were a great polo regiment in days gone by, and such good soldiers were they that many of them, including Haig, Vaughan, Brooke, and others, were taken away to command other regiments. The 7th have seven inter-regimental tournaments to their credit, but they have had no success at polo since 1899. Lord Haig played polo regularly for many years, and in several winning tournaments for the 7th Hussars, and when in command of the 17th Lancers at Edinburgh in 1903 he captained the 17th team, and led them to victory at Hurlingham in the inter-regimental of that year. When Lord Rawlinson went to India Lord Haig succeeded him as chairman of the Hurlingham Polo Committee; he was at the head of the committee which drew up the code of universal polo rules for the whole world.

My brother Charlie tells a story of playing polo with Col. Haig (as he was then) in 1903 at Deauville. The team was C. D. Miller, F. J. Mackay, Capt. Neil Haig, and Col. D. Haig. They went out on the ground, and Douglas Haig, having played back for his regiment, took up that position, so my brother went Number 1. Although they were up against a very inferior team, they did badly, and only just won, for Col. Haig's ponies, though very handy, were quite outclassed on this big, open galloping ground. In the final they were to meet a far better team, so my brother went to Neil Haig, and said to him: "If we are to have any chance of even making a game of it you must put Uncle Douglas at Number 1 and let me play back." "Then you must jolly well tell him so," replied Neil, which my brother did, with the result that they had a tip-top game and a very close finish.

In 1903 my brother had won the Champion Cup, and was the best back player in England; he was beautifully mounted, too.

Lord Haig has been a very keen hunting man all his life, and at one time kept his horses in Warwickshire. In latter years his chief recreation has been golf, and the only time I came across him in France was at Le Touquet on the links. Le Touquet was near G.H.Q., and I was there on leave.

Lieut.-Col. R. M. Poore, 7th Hussars, played in the winning team for his regiment in the Inter-Regimental Tournament at Hurlingham in 1899, and the same year won the prize as best man-at-arms at the Royal Military Tournament, and held the best average for the year in first-class cricket. The last performance was exceptionally extraordinary, for he was educated at Eton, and never got into the cricket XI., his name never having been heard of in the cricket world until he made it in India with his regiment.

John Vaughan has been a celebrated all-round sportsman for very many years, and has seen service in Matabeleland in 1896; Nile Expedition, 1898; South Africa, 1899-1902; and the Great War.

His first important win at polo was in 1899 at Hurlingham for the 7th Hussars, in which regiment he learnt his polo. He was transferred as second-in-command to the 10th Hussars, which he afterwards commanded. In India he had much to do with the polo organisation of the 10th Hussars when they won six years in succession, from 1907-1912, though he only played for them in 1909 and 1910.

Every sport in turn occupied his attention—shooting, big-game hunting, steeplechasing, pig-sticking, and hunting. He now lives at Melton, where he rides to hounds as hard as ever, in spite of bad falls in 1922 and in 1923, and he has won many point-to-point races in 1923, 1924 and 1925, including the Army Point-to-Point in 1924 and the Past and Present in 1925.

He took Spring Hill in 1920 for a couple of years, and was thought to have given up polo in 1922, but has now, in 1925, taken a new lease of polo life by becoming polo manager of Ranelagh.

The 8th Hussars and the 13th Hussars have had no success at Polo since the South African War, where both regiments lost several officers, including Le Gallais and Duff of the 8th, killed, MacLaren very badly wounded. The 13th had an exceedingly good team in the nineties; they won at Hurlingham in 1892, 1894, and 1895 with Pedder, Church, Aikman, Wise and MacLaren.

The 13th have the credit of having turned out two of the finest back players of all time in John Watson and MacLaren.

The 8th were the best regiment in India in 1886 and 1887 with Le Gallais, Vesey, Duff and Henderson.

The 9th Lancers have as good a record at polo as in war, and this is saying a good deal, for they have fought hard in the Mutiny, Afghanistan, South Africa, and in the Great War, losing heavily in each campaign.

They have turned out many distinguished soldiers and many first-class polo players since 1877, they won the first Inter-Regimental Tournament ever played in India.

Major-General Malcolm Little, C.B., joined the 17th Lancers in England in 1879, and, when they would not take him to the Zulu War, got transferred to the 9th, which his father had commanded in Afghanistan, and joined them in Africa in the middle of the campaign. He commanded the regiment in the South African War, and then got a brigade. Well do I remember his being severely wounded on the road from Lichtenburg to Mafeking.

I went to a farm-house where he was living, and there met his A.D.C., Sadlier Jackson, now Brig-Gen. L. W. Sadlier Jackson, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., who has a brilliant record as a fighting soldier in South Africa and in the Great War. He went to Mesopotamia as Inspector of Iraq levies. I first remember him as a small boy, hunting with the Atherstone on a very small pony, which his uncle, Captain David Beatty, had borrowed from my small sister about the year 1893. Hounds went away from All Oaks Covert, and almost the first obstacle was a flooded brook, which Charlie Beatty jumped first; when I arrived I found this very small child with the tears streaming down his face because the tiny pony could not negotiate about fourteen feet of water, and because his cousin had left him behind. The next time I came across him was when as I have mentioned, he was A.D.C. to Brig-Gen. Malcolm Little in South Africa. I often played polo against him in London. He was an exceptionally hard player, but not a lucky one, as his name only appears in a regimental winning team, viz. in India in 1906.

Lord Charles Bentinck was another star player produced by the 9th Lancers; he was the best back of his day in the Army, and captained the team which won at Hurlingham in 1896, consisting of himself, David Campbell, Sir W. K. Jenner, and George Ellison.

The 9th had other good teams besides the 1896 side, viz. in 1890, Captains Jenner, Little, Colvin, and Lamont; and in 1891, Captains Jenner, Little, the Hon. C. Willoughby, and Major Lamont. Then in 1912 there were Sadlier Jackson, Francis Grenfell, A. C. Bovill, and G. Phipps Hornby. Curiously enough they did not win anything with this lot, except two subaltern tournaments at Ranelagh.

They were so hard hit in the war, losing Edwards, Grenfell, Abadie, Brooke, Hood, Bretherton, and others, that, though they are training on well in Egypt in 1925, they have not yet got over the effects of their grievous losses. They lost two good players in the South African War too, in G. Ellison and E. P. Brassey.

Noel Edwards played for England in America in 1911 and in 1913. Francis Grenfell was a better number 2 than anyone we have at present, and undoubtedly, had they lived, he and Rivy would have represented the country in 1921 and in 1924. Major G. Phipps Hornby, who left the regiment after the war, did play for the country, and played well, in the second match in 1924. Phipps Hornby is a very fine man to hounds, a beautiful horseman, and a successful steeplechase rider. He got a brevet in the war, and the horses in his squadron were the best in the Army.

The most distinguished soldier and sportsman probably ever turned out by the 9th Lancers is Lieut.-Gen. Sir David Campbell, of whom I have given some account elsewhere.

The 10th Hussars, previous to 1914, had a record second to none. Not only had they the honour of introducing polo to England at Aldershot in 1869, but they played in the first recorded match against the 9th Lancers at Hounslow in 1871.

Their polo record, so far as the number of winning Inter-Regimental Tournaments is concerned, is equalled only by the 9th Lancers, and surpassed only by the 17th Lancers. Also the regiment won six Inter-Regimental Tournaments in India, winning from 1907 till 1912, a feat never performed by any other regiment.

Lord Byng, whom I met on more than one occasion in France, I had known when he was in command of the 10th Hussars. I had also met him in Cairo, when he was in command of the Army of Occupation.

The best players in the 10th Hussars of late years have been : Capt. the Hon. A. Annesley, who was killed in the war ; Capt. W. Gibbs, who has left the regiment ; Major-Gen. John Vaughan, Capt. E. W. Palmes, and W. L. Palmer. Since the war the 10th Hussars have hardly yet got into their stride again at polo ; but, with such traditions, this can only be a matter of time.

Many of the 10th Hussars distinguished themselves in the war ; notably, Lieut.-Gen. Sir C. Kavanagh, K.C.B., etc. ; Maj.-Gen. J. Vaughan, C.B., etc., 3rd Cavalry Brigade, Maj.-Gen. Sir R. Barnes, K.C.B. ; Lord Hampden ; and, above all, Lord Byng of Vimy.

Major-Gen. T. T. Pitman (Tommy), C.B., C.M.G., commanded the 11th Hussars on the retreat in 1914, and rose to the command of the 2nd Cavalry Division in 1918.

He has always been a great influence for good in soldiers' polo, and has done much in the organisation of the game both for the Army and on the Hurlingham Committee. He played Number 1 for the 11th Hussars when they won the Regimental Tournament at Hurlingham in 1909, with Capt. P. D. Fitzgerald, Capt. F. H. Sutton, and Capt. M. L. Lakin. He managed the polo of the 11th Hussars, but did not always play for them, as his one and only object was the good of the regiment, his entire unselfishness invariably caused him to think that there were others better than himself.

There were two very fine players in the 11th Hussars, viz. Fitzgerald (Fitz), now Brig.-Gen. P. D. Fitzgerald, D.S.O., and Capt. M. L. Lakin (Toby), D.S.O. The former did most of his war service on the cavalry staff, and eventually commanded a brigade in Palestine. He was a very clever cavalry leader, who should have gone far had he stuck to the Service. The latter was in 1914 master of the Wexford Hounds, a position which he holds still. He rejoined on the outbreak of war, and commanded a squadron. He was quite at the top of the tree as a polo player, especially on a heavy ground, and an extraordinarily hard man to come up against, and was distinctly rough, but no one could ever be annoyed with him, for he treated everything as a joke and very often saw a good joke where no one else did. It is said that his services on the retreat in 1914 were absolutely invaluable, because he laughed all the way from Mons to the Marne.



He is the only man I ever jumped on out hunting, and even that did not annoy him. It was with the North Warwickshire Hounds, the first fence away from Cook's Gorse, a fair-sized fence with a nasty drop and a wide ditch. Toby Lakin was riding a very good horse that I knew well ; I was riding a bad, shifty brute that would probably refuse ; so I jammed my mount close up to the tail of Toby's horse, with the unfortunate result that for once in his life his excellent hunter fell on landing. His cheery manners and temperament exactly suit the Irish, and he has been able to carry on in Wexford through all the troublous times. He is a great loss to polo, but a great gain to Irish fox-hunting.

Another hard nut in the 11th Hussars is Major F. H. Sutton (Squeak), M.C., just about to command the regiment, I believe. He was the third regular member of the team. The last time I played against him was in 1904 in the final of the Irish Championship. Squeak Sutton was a worthy follower of Toby Lakin, and never shall I forget the many cheery matches I played against this lot in London and in Ireland or the nights we spent afterwards in Marlborough Barracks, where the 11th always gave a big polo dinner after the championships to all the players who took part in that tournament and the County Cup.

Lieut.-Gen. R. G. Broadwood, C.B., of the 12th Lancers, was a very keen steeplechase rider in his time, he rode his own mare, *Frigate*, in the National. I served under him for a short time on the East Coast, whence he went to France, and was most un-luckily killed by a chance shot when in command of a division.

Major Eustace Crawley, 12th Lancers, was, as I said before, educated at Harrow, and I have, earlier in this book, given a brief sketch of his career.

The 12th Lancers had a splendid regimental polo team in 1914 when they won the Tournament at Hurlingham, consisting of : E. H. Leatham, Capt. T. R. Badger, Capt. B. G. Nicholas, and R. Wyndham-Quin. But, alas ! they are all gone.

Leatham, probably the best young player we had, an undoubted candidate for international honours, was killed ; Nicholas died as the result of the war ; Reggie Badger, a very fine player and captain of the team, was so badly wounded that he will never play again ; and Wyndham-Quin has left the service.

Their C.O., Fritz Wormald, an old and keen player, was killed early in the war. I knew him as a small boy at Harrow.

Still, the polo prospects of the regiment are good, for they won the Subalterns' Cup in 1923, chiefly owing to the efforts of R. McCreery and W. S. McCreery, to whom I gave lessons when they were very small boys ; so well do they play now that they have both been selected to play for the Army against America.

There are some other good players in the regiment, including Major Charrington, M.C., and Captain de Pret, M.C. So there is no reason why, in time, they should not repeat the triumphs of those that went before them.

The 15th Hussars had a most successful polo career in India, winning the tournament four years running, from 1902 to 1905, inclusive ; their principal players being A. Courage, P. Hambro, F. W. Barrett, Capt. F. C. Pilkington, the Hon. D. Bingham, and N. J. Livingstone Learmouth.

In 1913 they repeated their triumphs at Hurlingham with B. Osborne, Capt. the Hon. D. Bingham, Capt. F. W. Barrett, and M. A. Muir.

Of all these players the only one remaining in the regiment is Lieut.-Col. the Hon. D. Bingham, D.S.O., who commands the regiment and captains the polo team, and trains it with such success that they got into the final at Hurlingham in 1921 and 1922 with a new team, consisting of himself, the brothers Leaf, and Capt. G. V. Douglas.

By far the best player the 15th have produced is the international player of 1914 and 1921, Major F. W. Barrett, who was a staff captain in the war.

Col. Sir Percy Hambro, K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G., commanded the regiment, and in the war filled various high staff appointments.

Col. Courage was very badly wounded, and poor young Osborne was killed, a very great loss to the Army and to polo, for he would undoubtedly, had he lived, have been a likely choice as Number 1 or number 2 to represent England against America.

The 15th should have a good future at polo, for they have several other good, young, keen players, viz. C. Cokayne-Frith, W. R. N. Hinde, and T. Meyrick, among others. These three and J. G. Leaf only just succumbed to the 12th Lancers in the final of the Subalterns' Cup of 1923 at Ranelagh. J. G. Leaf

represented the Army in America, and put up a good show against the redoubtable Meadowbrook Team in the final of the championship.

Capt. George Bellville, 16th Lancers, was the Number 1 in former days of the Old Cantabs; he was very seriously wounded in South Africa and in France, so badly in 1914 that he had to give up polo, and is now master of the Woodland Pytchley.

A great civilian polo player is Lord Wodehouse, M.C., who joined up with the 16th Lancers, earned the Military Cross, became a captain in the regiment, and was severely wounded. He has won the Champion Cup four times with the Old Cantabs and twice with the Freebooters. He represented England against America in 1907, was fifth man in 1913, and put up a great game against them in 1921. He would have played for England against America in 1924 but for an unlucky accident.

When he recovered from his war wound he joined the staff of Lieut.-Gen. Sir J. M. Babington, who commanded a division in Italy.

Babington was a great all-round sportsman during the whole of his long soldiering career, a steeplechase rider above the average, first-class man to hounds, and was a very fine polo player when I first met him at Lucknow in 1895. I stayed with him for a polo match with a team of Behar Wanderers, which my brother and I took there from Motihari. He commanded the 16th at the time and played back for them brilliantly.

Another well-known horseman and polo player in the 16th is Geoffrey Brooke. He is one of the best horsemen and exponents of the art of show jumping that we have in the Army, and one of the best teachers of equitation. He is also a steeplechase rider above the average, and a first-class man to hounds.

Hubert Gough I first met in 1905 at Lucknow, when he played for the 16th Lancers against our Behar Wanderers team. The next time was at Spring Hill, Rugby, about ten years later, when he played with the King of Spain there for the 16th Lancers.

He first made a reputation for himself among all the Irish Loyalists in 1914, and earned the lasting admiration of the vast majority of Unionists, by refusing to fight against Ulster.

He eventually rose to command the 4th Army in France, and though he lost the command when vastly superior forces of



# 17TH INFANTRY SUBACTIONS 1924

HUGH WATT RD

HARRY FORSLER

BLANDMOND MILLER

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Germans broke through his army, it is a very doubtful question if any commander could have done better with the forces at his disposal ; many authorities consider that few generals would have done as well.

Malise Graham, who has now taken over command of the 10th Hussars, is another great horseman turned out by the 16th. I think there is no more finished and artistic rider to hounds, especially on a young, keen horse, than he is, and I am quite sure that there is no better teacher of the most difficult art of horsemanship. He is now master and huntsman of a pack of hounds at Aldershot.

The 17th Lancers have won more Regimental Polo Tournaments than any other regiment ; their record is only approached by the 9th Lancers and 10th Hussars. The 17th Lancers won seven Regimental Tournaments in England and four in India, and have won every time at Hurlingham since the War, i.e. five years running. What is more extraordinary is that the same Team with only one exception won the Indian Championship in 1912 and the Inter-Regimental at Hurlingham in 1925. Melvill, Lockett and Boles have played in every match : and Turnor played till 1922 ; Lister took his place in 1923 and Miller took Lister's place in 1924.

Six officers in the regiment reached high commands : Lord Haig, colonel of the regiment, who commanded it in 1902 and 1903, Commander-in-Chief ; General the Hon. Sir H. A. Lawrence, Chief-of-the-Staff in France ; Brig.-Gen. B. P. Portal, C.B., D.S.O., commanded a cavalry brigade ; Brig.-Gen. N. T. Nickalls was killed at Loos when in command of an infantry brigade of the New Army ; Brig.-Gen. D'Arcy Legard, C.M.G., D.S.O., commanded a cavalry brigade ; Col. Comdt. B. D. Fisher, C.M.G., D.S.O., commanded an infantry brigade.

Col. Tilney has been a great all-round sportsman all his life—big-game shooting, hunting, pig-sticking, polo, shooting, and fishing in turn occupying his attention. Of late years he has done his hunting in Ireland, but in former days he was a well-known figure in the Melton district. He was captain of the regimental polo team for many years, and played for them when they won at Hurlingham in 1903 and 1904.

Lieut.-Col. D'Arcy Legard, C.M.G., D.S.O., succeeded Tilney, and commanded the regiment till he got the Midland Mounted

Brigade, when he was succeeded by Lieut. Col. T. P. Melvill, who commanded them for two years till the Armistice. After the war Col. B. D. Fisher gave up his brigade and took over command from Melvill.

Col. Fisher was never a great polo player, but his name will live in the annals of polo on Salisbury Plain, for while brigadier at Tidworth he has made what is hoped will be, and what had never been there before, a first-class ground.

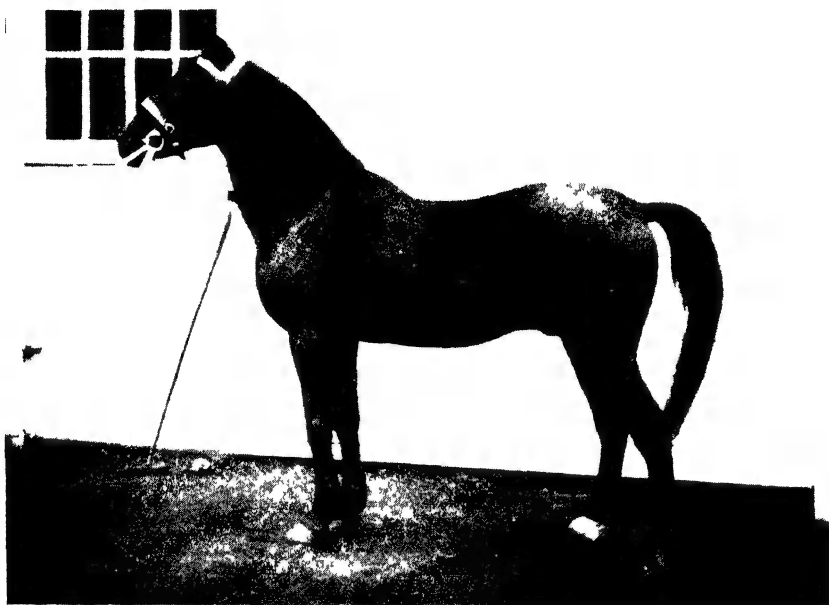
Lieut.-Col. Melvill, D.S.O., is admittedly still one of the best Number 1 players to-day. He represented England against America in the last match in 1924.

Major W. V. Lockett, has a great record as a back in international polo, and put up a great game in America both in 1913 and in 1914, besides being captain of the English team in 1921. He is also a good cricketer, and a good man to hounds. Major H. B. Turnor, M.C., if not quite of international class at polo, is a Number 2 who knows the game from A to Z. Capt. D. C. Boles is a great all-round sportsman. In spite of his great weight he is a first-class polo player at back or Number 3. He is one of the best cricketers in the Army; as a boy at Eton he made one hundred and eighty runs for Eton against Harrow. He has played the game all round—pig-sticking and big-game shooting in India and Burmah—and now gets as much hunting, shooting, and polo as possible.

A good polo player was lost when Lieut.-Col. R. J. W. Carden was killed; he was also an exceptionally good man after pig and to hounds. The first time I ever saw him he was leading the field in a good run from Hillmorton Covert with the North Warwickshire Hounds about the year 1895. He played in the winning team of the Regimental Tournament in 1903 and 1904 with Tilney, Fletcher, Portal, and Col. Douglas Haig.

He was killed while gallantly leading an infantry battalion, and was a sad loss to the regiment and the Army, for not only was he a great sportsman, but he was a first-class officer, a great personality, and there was no more popular man in the Service than he.

The polo prospects of the 17th are all right, for they have a fine young subaltern team in R. B. Cooke, Hugh Walford, Desmond







Miller, and Henry Forester, who won the Subalterns' Cup at Ranelagh in 1924.

The following is a curious record : *Royal*, a bay Arab, foaled in Arabia, 1883 ; played for 17th Lancers in Inter-Regimental (winning) Tournaments, 1888 and 1889, in India, and at Hurlingham in 1903 and 1904, and in practically every regimental match in the years between : a period of seventeen years.

*Royal*, his son, out of a mare called Miss Wembley was bred by Sir John Barker in 1905. Was played by Philip Magor for sixteen years. He gave him to me in 1924, and my son played him for the Coronation Cup and in the winning team of the Subalterns' Cup at Ranelagh, 1924.

The 20th Hussars have not had much success in turning out a good polo team since they lost the players who won the Regimental Tournament at Hurlingham in 1906 and 1907, viz. J. S. Cawley (killed very early in the war), Dunbar, Hersey, P. A. P. Schreiber, and Romer Lee. The last named still plays in the Blackmore Vale, and Lieut.-Col. Dunbar was for many years the polo manager at Ranelagh.

A good player of to-day was trained in this regiment in Lieut.-Col. J. Hurndall, who represented the Army against America in 1923, and played in the first match *v.* America in 1924 for England.

The 21st Lancers have never been a great polo regiment in the way of winning tournaments, but they have always played the game, and two of their best players were Paul Kenna, V.C., and Major Pirie, both, sad to say, killed in the war.

Kenna was better known as a hunting man, steeplechase rider, and show jumping expert, and, of course, as a most distinguished soldier. He was killed on that disastrous day in Gallipoli, at the head of his brigade, when so many other good fellows went west, among them Lord Longford and Gurney Sheppard.

Pirie was a first-class polo player, fine soldier, and good all-round sportsman. Major Charles Lister, the present polo manager at Roehampton, played Number 2 for the 17th/21st Lancers when they won at Hurlingham in 1923.

The Royal Artillery have never taken up polo very seriously, as they are as a rule scattered, and it is very seldom that a battery can produce a team. I only remember in old days among good Gunner players : Algy King, at Lucknow, then a subaltern in Gambier's

Chestnut Battery, now, since the war, a brigadier-general ; Jack Hanwell, a very fine player, killed in South Africa ; and Schofield, who won his V.C. at Colenso.

But now there is a different feeling in the air, and it is said that the gunners are out to play the game, since they got into the final at Hurlingham, and made a right good battle with the 17th, under the skilful leadership of a very fine player in Corbould Warren.

They also produced the best player in the Subalterns' Tournament in Jock Campbell, who came over from the Rhine. This player is rather handicapped by a big weight, but he plays polo as well as he goes to hounds, which is saying a lot.

The gunners have plenty of keen players at Woolwich, Aldershot, and Bordon, and if they take up the game really seriously they will do very well. The Royal Artillery Team in 1924 was H. E. Russell : Lieut.-Col. H. O. Hutchison : Lieut.-Col. E. Corbould-Warren, and Major E. Pease-Watkin.

The Indian Army has turned out many fine polo players whose names it is impossible for me to chronicle accurately. For among those I have mentioned in this list are hardly any with or against whom I have not played, and the only ones that have come under my notice from the Indian Army are those that have played in England. The best player that I have seen from India was Dokhal Singh of Jodhpur, and I mention him because he is a Rajput soldier, and I met him in France in 1914, with Sir Pertab Singh, the day before Lord Roberts died. Next to him was Jack Atkinson (killed in France) of the 9th (Hodson's Horse).

But we have had some very fine players home of late years in Billy Kirkwood and Joey Atkinson of the 17th Cavalry. We all thought the former the finest Number 1 we had seen for years when he first appeared in London in 1923, but a severe illness and a bad accident sadly handicapped him when he came to play against America in 1924. Atkinson on the other hand, thoroughly justified his selection, and made an admirable and scientific pivot for the team in both the matches.

Other good players who have appeared in England of late years are Dening, 11th Cavalry, and Williams of the Central India Horse ; they are probably, on ponies that suit them, quite first class.

One of the best players of the day, especially in the position

of back, is Col. K. Wise, late of the 33rd Indian cavalry. He finished up the war as a wing-commander of the Flying Corps, and then for some years commanded the big Uxbridge R.A.F. camp. He started the war in the infantry, and then served with the Balloons and the Flying Corps, earning both the D.S.O. and C.M.G.

Among the great civilian polo players who distinguished themselves in the war, were the three brothers Nickalls, viz. Major Pat. W. Nickalls, D.S.O., and Capt. Bobby Nickalls, M.C., both of the Northamptonshire Yeomanry, and the late Lieut.-Col. Cecil P. Nickalls, D.S.O., of the Royal Artillery. They all joined up in 1914, and fought right through the war; the latter was most severely wounded. Pat and Cecil Nickalls represented England against America in 1902, and the former played also in 1909.

They also won the Champion Cup in 1905, 1906, and in 1911, and Pat and his brother Bobby, playing for Roehampton with Bertie Wilson and Hardress Lloyd, won the Ranelagh Open Cup four years running, from 1904 to 1907.

Their names also appear in the winning teams of the Irish Open Cup, and in almost all the important tournaments in England.

The late Cecil Nickalls was one of the best Number 1 players of his day; his only rivals being Toby Rawlinson and my brother George.

These three brothers were, and the surviving two still are, first-class men to hounds, especially Pat, who appears in the best dozen with whom I have personally ridden to hounds.

Bobby would have been in the front rank of amateur steeple-chase riders had his health allowed him to stick to the game, and, in my opinion, one of the very best horsemen at polo that I have ever played with.

The Old Cantab team which played together for the last time in 1914, consisting of Capt. G. Bellville, F. M. Freake, W. S. Buckmaster, and Lord Wodehouse, was probably the strongest combination that they ever put into the field.

Another Old Cantab who played very often for them was Ikey Bell, well known for many years as the master of the Galway Blazers and of the Kilkenny Hounds. He did his bit right well in the war with the mine-sweepers in the North Sea, and subsequently played for the Duke of Westminster's Eaton team.

Us

Three Old Cantabs have now joined the select band of celebrated polo players who have become master of hounds.

Mr. W. S. Buckmaster worked with the French ambulances in the war, and earned the *croix de guerre* for his work on the Verdun Front. His name is a household word wherever polo is played, and he has the marvellous record of ten champion cups to his credit. He first won the final against my Rugby team in 1896, his last win being twenty-five years later in 1921. Apparently he was playing just as well at the age of fifty as he did twenty years ago. Owing to health and accidents he has not represented England against America since 1902. He is as good a man to hounds as he is at polo.

For the next ten years, from 1896, most of the finals or semi-finals of the open tournaments were fought out between the Old Cantabs and the Rugby team, and many other friendly matches too, for there were not as many tournaments in those days as there are now. In the middle of the game it was always a ding-dong battle between "Buck" and Freddie Freake on the one side, playing three and two, against my brother George and myself. In those games there were nothing like the number of brilliant runs that one sees now—we watched each other far too closely. But the polo, if not so spectacular, was certainly more scientific, and I am sure that the ponies were better trained.

During all those years I do not believe that "Buck" ever committed a foul against us, and, since I gave up first-class polo about a dozen years ago, I have umpired scores of matches in which he was playing, and I do not believe that I have ever given a foul against him.

He has a wonderful record for winning big matches, but his record of scrupulous fair play is one equally to be proud of. The only cross that I can remember seeing him commit was in 1923 in the very last game he played, and then he was riding a strange pony, which stood over the ball and would not move out of the way.

He is incomparably the most able captain of a polo team that we have had of late years, and he will be a very great loss to the game both from the point of view of spectators and players, for he has given up the game in order to take up the mastership of

the Warwickshire Hounds, which is a five or six day pack, and which will take up all his time.

His association with Freddie Freake lasted from 1898 till 1914, when the latter gave up the game in order to go to France with the Royal Artillery ; Freake never took it up again after the war. He represented England v. America in 1902, 1909, and in 1913.

The best civilian pre-war teams did not put up a bad show in the War.

#### ROEHAMPTON TEAM.

M. Nickalls became a captain and was awarded the M.C.

Cecil Nickalls became a lieutenant-colonel and was awarded the D.S.O.

P. W. Nickalls became a major and was awarded the D.S.O.

Bertie Wilson was awarded the D.S.O. in the South African War, and was killed at Arras.

Hardress Lloyd became a brigadier-general and was awarded the D.S.O. with a bar.

#### OLD CANTABS.

George Bellville was wounded and taken prisoner.

Fred Freake served all through the war with the Royal Artillery.

Lord Wodehouse was awarded the M.C.

W. S. Buckmaster served with the French and was awarded the croix de guerre.

One of my oldest and best friends died in September, 1924, Lieut.-Colonel Cecil Grenfell. The news of his death reached me in America and was a great shock, for he had arranged to travel out on our ship for a trip, and I fully expected to find him when I went on board.

The Grenfells are a most distinguished family and have served their country well, four actually being killed on active service. There were no less than nine brothers, of whom Cecil was the second. He served in the 1st Imperial Yeomanry Brigade as company commander of the Bucks Hussars. I was brigade major.

In this war he commanded the Bucks Hussars at Gallipoli till invalided with rheumatic fever. When recovered he served in France and was with the Canadians on Vimy Ridge. A very good steeplechase rider in his time, he owned and rode Father

O'Flynn, and it is said that, had he not taken up his whip at a critical moment, causing the horse to shut up, he would perhaps have defeated The Soarer in 1896.

Later on he had hard lines so far as his chances of winning at Liverpool went, for he bought Manifesto for Duff, and, had he not got married then and been obliged to give up steeplechase riding, he would have ridden that great horse in all his races, and would also have ridden Father O'Flynn in his later engagements.

Cecil was a keen polo player, but never of the same class as his younger brothers, to whom he was devoted. He lived for many years at Scraftoft, in Leicestershire, and was a first-class man to hounds, and in fact a great all-round sportsman, as well as a most charming and popular man.

He sat in the short Parliament in 1910 as a Liberal for the Bodmin Division of Cornwall, and was a member of the Stock Exchange.

Another brother, Reggie, joined the 17th Lancers in 1888, a few months after I did; he was a capital all-round sportsman, who died of the effects of the Indian climate.

R. S. Grenfell was killed in the charge of the 21st Lancers at Omdurman. It was for trying to save Grenfell that Captain Kenna and Lieutenant the Hon. R. H. L. J. de Montmorency were awarded the Victoria Cross.

Pascoe St. L. Grenfell was killed in Matabeleland.

Harold commanded the 3rd Dragoon Guards and became a brigadier-general in the war attached to the Lancers.

John served with the 1st Imperial Yeomanry Brigade in South Africa.

Arthur, a major in the Bucks Yeomanry, and subsequently Lieutenant Colonel, served in the European war, was twice wounded, thrice mentioned in despatches, and awarded the D.S.O.

Of the twins, Francis and Rivy, I have had something to say elsewhere in this book.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### POLO IN AMERICA TO-DAY

THE English visit to America last year, disappointing as it was from the polo point of view, was a most interesting and delightful experience. The Americans are past masters in the art of organisation in any branch of sport they undertake, and their detail work is unrivalled. Also, as hosts, the leaders of Long Island society take just as much trouble to ensure that their guests are perfectly entertained as the directors of the different sports and games, by their forethought and careful preparation, do to eliminate, where humanly possible, the risk of defeat.

Long Island is quite unique as a resort for the country-loving workers of New York of all ranks of society. The scenery is superb, especially on the coast, which, owing to the irregular coast-line, consists of a great number of deep bays and harbours, and is of very great extent. The island itself is about 120 miles in length from east to west, and not more than 45 miles in breadth from north to south in the widest part. In 1886, when I was first there, it was chiefly occupied by farmers, with a few country houses and large estates dotted about, owned by some of the predecessors of the present inhabitants, such as the Whitneys, Hitchcocks, Russels, Phipps, and others.

Now the great Brooklyn bridge and the railway tunnels have linked the island to New York, and converted it into a most accessible suburb which, especially at the New York end of the island, is being rapidly exploited by the real estate people and by the speculative builders. When I was there in 1913 there were no good roads, whereas now the whole island from end to end is intersected with the most perfect motoring highways, and these are being added to day by day.

As one emerges from New York over the great Brooklyn bridge one passes through an untidy suburb, chiefly of old wooden houses, then come big blocks of new tenement buildings and



flats, to be succeeded by garden cities of picturesque villas and small modern houses. About 15 miles out the real country begins, undulating and beautiful, very similar to our counties of Worcestershire and Gloucestershire.

A great number of sports and games are catered for on Long Island. There are a large number of golf courses ; some of them, notably the Southampton and Links Clubs, being among the best in America, which is saying a good deal. This summer 1925 there will be eighteen polo grounds on the island, while some of the biggest race-meetings in America take place at Belmont Park, both on the flat and across country.

For many years the Meadowbrook Hunt has been one of the leading packs in America, but owing to building on the western end of the island, the hunting is now being driven farther east, and foxes are not so easy to preserve. Consequently there is a good deal of drag hunting. The horses, however, to follow these hounds must know their job, for the obstacles are almost entirely solid timber fences between four and five feet high, which the majority of the field jump as a matter of course. Certainly they know how to school their horses over timber, for I saw some young people, hardly more than children, both girls and boys, larking over these big solid fences in cold blood.

There are two or three packs of foot beagles which hunt Jack rabbits, a species of hare which is preserved for the purpose, and these packs are descended from the Otho Paget, Halstead Place, and Spring Hill beagles. I saw several fine descendants of hounds that I had known in England. Then all along the northern coast of the Sound are a number of flourishing yacht clubs, which give an enormous amount of amusement, both to the rich and poorer members of the community.

Sport has done a very great deal towards the improvement in relations between England and America, for I think they have realised that we play the game for the game's sake, and that when we are defeated at any sport we take it all right and try again. At the same time that our polo team visited America last year, there were there the amateur English golf team, a good team of yachtsmen with their own yachts, and also an amateur team of Oxford and Cambridge cricketers called the Incogniti. English professional golfers, also, constantly visit America, and

have always acquitted themselves as good sportsmen, whether in victory or defeat.

The standard of horsemanship is high on Long Island, and the horses are very well schooled over timber. One sportsman well-known at Melton Mowbray and for many pre-war years a follower of the Pytchley (Mr. Ambrose Clarke), has such wonderfully trained horses that on one occasion, in order to show his guests how his animals could jump timber, he took a horse out of the stable, jumped on his back without saddle or bridle, with the rug still on him, and with the head collar strap in one hand jumped him backwards and forwards over a stiff flight of rails at least four feet high. This gentleman still keeps a coach-and-four going, and as a rule arrives at polo driving a beautiful team of four grey horses.

The original plan when we arranged to take a team to America was, as in 1913, that we should all be put up at the Piping Rock Club, with our ponies in the stables at the club. These quarters were most kindly placed at our disposal by the committee of the club, and no arrangement could have been better, but something went wrong with the polo grounds, which were unplayable, and so the arrangement fell through. Mr. Julius Fleischman, with great generosity, then came to the rescue of the Polo Association committee, and placed his beautiful house at Port Washington at their disposal for the lodging and entertainment of the selection committee, players and their wives.

None of us has ever experienced such hospitality. It was an old-fashioned wooden and shingle house, with a garden sloping down to the sound, where there was an admirable swimming beach. Close by was our host's farm, where he occupied a cottage, and on this farm is one of the best polo grounds I have ever seen, a practice ground, and a nine-hole golf course, all of which were entirely at our disposal for play or practice. Nor was this all, for his twelve ponies were also there, and we could order them out when and where we liked. He mounted us at polo and for practice, and also gave us three motor cars with chauffeurs under our orders, for we were 15 miles from Meadowbrook, where the ponies occupied the army stables.

These three motors not being enough for the large party of twelve people in the house, Mr. Ford, who has lately bought the

Lincoln business, sent four beautiful high-powered cars for us to use as we liked during our stay. Could hospitality and kindness go further? If we did not wish to go to New York by motor (the train was never considered) we could always get our host's fast motor yacht, which would take us very quickly from Port Washington to the city. As a matter of fact the only train I was in was a special consisting of our host's private railway car, in which he took the whole party to see the Firpo and Wills fight in New Jersey.

The Prince of Wales's presence on Long Island had, of course, much to do with the brilliant success of the social side of the visit of the polo team.

The difficulty was, how to accept all the tempting invitations that were showered on us, for till the matches were over the players were in training, and could not stay up late and attend all the dances and other entertainments offered.

Some of these balls and parties were on a most lavish scale, and no Englishman present will ever forget the effect of the myriads of lights on the trees and the interior floral decorations at the houses of Mrs. Mackey, Mrs. Sanford, and others, on the occasion of their great entertainments to the Prince and the polo team.

Sad to say, since the above was written news has been received of the death of Mr. Fleischman from heart-failure, while playing polo at Miami Beach. This will be a very great loss to American polo.

I much regret also to record the death of Mrs. Sanford, one of the most popular ladies on Long Island.

Another most delightful party was a dinner to some 250 men guests, given by Mr. Winthrop and the committee of the Piping Rock Club, not the least amusing part of which was when the great cowboy comedian, Will Rogers, took the chair vacated by Mr. Winthrop. His address of welcome to H.R.H. was the wittiest speech ever heard, and he fairly brought down the house, which had rocked with merriment for quite twenty minutes with his peroration which finished up with a hope that if ever United States of America were turned into a monarchy that the Prince would come over and take on the job.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales had a marvellous success with all

classes, his personal popularity being simply astounding. One or two leading men in the business world expressed to me their astonishment at his success and influence for good as regards the relations between America and England.

One of them said : " I do hope he will come again, and come often. He does more good among the masses than all the diplomats, statesmen, and business men that you people sent over here."

Mr. Will Rogers played polo a few times on the private grounds on Long Island, describing himself, which he certainly is not, as the world's worst polo player. Even if he is not a first-class player, he is a great horseman, and a wonderful performer with the rope. He gives nightly a great show at the Follies in New York, and one of his turns is marvellous, for he twirls a rope in each hand while he addresses the house on topical subjects for some twenty minutes without a pause.

He gave me a great send-off the last night that I was in New York, for he addressed me personally, condoling with me on our defeat, but congratulating the team on the sporting manner in which they played an up-hill game.

As regards the organisation of polo in Long Island, the successful U.S.A. " Big Four " are quite the strongest combination ever got together, excelling even Mr. Harry Whitney's famous team when at their best. The development of American polo, however, is not confined to a few of their crack players. The advance has been general.

I noticed a very marked improvement in the quality of the play, as well as in the organisation of the game, since my previous visit to America. In 1913, outside Long Island, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, and a few other centres, polo was hardly known, but now it is going ahead at a great pace all over the States. In 1922 there were 50 clubs affiliated to the Polo Association, but in 1924 there were 81, with an aggregate membership of more than 3,000 players, and a total of 150 grounds. There are 1,500 officers in the U.S.A. Army playing the game, while fifteen colleges and universities have taken it up.

With characteristic and whole-hearted energy, the American Army authorities have taken up the game since the war. Evidently they have decided, in co-operation with the Polo

Association and with the university directors, to make polo a national sport. They are wise enough to see in the game a training school for most of the qualities that go to make the ideal sportsman and leader of men.

First-class polo is concentrated on Long Island, where there are fourteen grounds within a radius of fifteen miles, and four more in process of construction. Whereas this season London will have eleven grounds (including Worcester Park and Templeton), Long Island will have eighteen. Twelve of those grounds are kept up entirely at their owners' expense, and are thrown open to the public. These enclosures do not get too much play, and are therefore level and in good condition at the very end of the season. There are also at least a dozen good practice grounds kept up for the benefit of the community.

Then, of course, America enjoys a better climate and a longer season than in England. We have only May, June, and July in London, but it is a case of May to the end of October on Long Island. In South Carolina, in Florida, and in California there are many good polo grounds where the game can be enjoyed in the winter in a perfect climate.

The Long Island community is so wealthy that not only can they mount themselves, but they boast a club of 30 well-mounted boys between the ages of 15 and 19.

There are now fifty-five Regular Army stations in America where the game is played, and nearly every regiment of cavalry and infantry has a team, while no fewer than 1,168 soldier players are handicapped. There is a polo department at the War Office at Washington, with funds at their disposal for expenses connected with the game, such as transportation of men and ponies to polo tournaments, while saddlery and other necessities are also paid for. Many officers are now buying and training their own ponies, but remounts are bought specially with a view to their being suitable for the game.

Two hundred have lately been secured in Canada, and have been sent to Ohio under the charge of a celebrated rough-rider named White, who has fifty-two ponies already in training there, with six other good horsemen to help him.

It almost goes without saying that polo receives every encouragement from Gen. Pershing, Maj.-Gen. Bullard, Brig.-Gen.

Weigel, and other senior officers in the American Army. The success of their Army team against the British Army representatives who visited the States in 1923 gave a great fillip to the game.

At the second inter-collegiate polo tournament held at Fort Hamilton this year General Bullard (in command of the 2nd Corps Area) spoke in the following eulogistic terms of the national value of the game :

“ The success of this tournament proves conclusively that polo belongs to the forefront of athletics in our leading colleges. These young men will be our country's leaders of to-morrow ; and to guide the destinies of the nation and industry they need certain vital human qualities, which are often fostered in youth in the realm of sport.

“ Polo is the best training school of all. Polo develops team-work and self-restraint, strength, endurance, dash, quickness of decision, and courage. It brings into play all these qualities, and more ; in fact, almost every requisite for a successful leader of men. The attributes of a good soldier are in no way different from those that spell success in civil life, the realisation of which may account for the gratifying start the galloping game recently has made in the universities.”

The advantages of the game are highly appreciated by military authorities in America, who are spending money freely in organising it as part of the training both in the Army and in the Colleges.

Unfortunately, here in England our War Office authorities have not the funds. Still, they could do more than is done at present if the Remount Department were allowed to buy a sufficient number of lighter animals in order to supply subaltern officers of the cavalry and mounted branches of the artillery with an animal which would serve the dual purpose of a polo pony and a second charger. At the same time it is only fair to say that our military authorities do a great deal for sport, and help young officers all they can. That great sportsman, Lord Cavan, C.I.G.S., and the Army Council have authorised officers not only to use the Government chargers for fox-hunting, but they are now allowed to select a troop horse also for the same purpose. Lord

Rawlinson has done much for officers quartered in India on the same lines. This is an enormous advance on the conditions which prevailed when I was a young officer, for then we had to buy our own chargers, and though they belonged to us we were not allowed even to ride our first chargers with hounds. It must be remembered that in our Army hunting is considered an even more important part of an officer's education than polo, besides which we like our boys to be brought up as all-round sportsmen—cricketers, football players, etc., and that while they are at school and college training in polo, as a rule owing to financial and other reasons, is quite out of the question.

At West Point, which corresponds to our Sandhurst, there are sixty ponies belonging to the U.S.A. Army, and there are teams representing both the instructors and the cadets. Most of the big colleges and universities have polo clubs, and in many instances ponies, saddlery, and instructors are supplied by the American Government.

At the Middle West Tournament at Dayton, Ohio, the following colleges were represented: Buffalo, Detroit, Toledo, Columbia, Cincinnati, and Indianapolis. At Fort Hamilton, both this season and in 1923, Yale, Harvard, West Point, Princeton, Cornell, Norwich, Pennsylvania, and the Virginian Military Institute competed. Yale won in 1923; Princeton in 1924.

In America experienced players are encouraging the boys to begin learning the game at as early an age as possible under the best possible instructors. On Long Island the training of young players is conducted on the most elaborate and careful lines. The moving spirits of the Meadow Lark Polo Club are Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, the parents of America's great Number 2. They keep up a ground on their place at Westbury, the club consisting of well over thirty boys between the ages of 15 and 20.

Mrs. Hitchcock has played for many years herself. Indeed in 1913 I saw her playing with and training her eldest son. Her second son's education was begun at the age of twelve, when she organised a team from Aiken Private School. That team has now been playing together for three years, winning the Meadow Lark Challenge Cup in 1922 and in 1923, though beaten in the final last year.

When I umpired for several of these Meadow Lark boys' games and matches I was much impressed by their play. They are well mounted, and, although they go very fast, I never saw a dangerous piece of play. They are very hard, but I never heard a cross word, and their tactics were unselfish and excellent. One could not help being greatly impressed also with the excellence of their horsemanship. Their tactical standard of play, in my opinion, was higher than one sees in an ordinary country club in England. I talked to one lad of 15 who owns three trained ponies, and is training a fourth, and I do not imagine he was an exception. Never have I met a more cheery, well-mannered, charming lot of boys than are these members of the Meadow Lark Polo Club, who have adopted polo as their principal amusement, just as our boys play football and cricket and go out hunting as a matter of course. Is it to be wondered at that polo in America is making such great and rapid progress?

Not only do the Governments do all they can for the encouragement of polo in the Army and universities, but the funds of the U.S.A. Polo Club are used solely for the furtherance of the interests of the game.

They do not keep all their money for themselves, either, for they handed over to the Hurlingham Committee some £10,000 out of the profits on the gate money received at Meadowbrook on the occasion of the 1924 international matches.

This year there will be a series of tournaments held all over the States, confined to teams of not more than an aggregate of twelve goals. The winners of these local tournaments will then be brought to Meadowbrook at the expense of the Polo Association for a twelve goal championship, and from the best players among them will be selected a team to compete in the Junior Championship.

If we are ever to have a chance of bringing back the cup to this country we must, in spite of the drawbacks under which we undoubtedly labour, revise our methods, and do our best to train our young players on sound lines. We have the great field of recruitment in India, where, after all, polo is the great game of all others for English soldiers, and where it can be played all the year round on first-rate grounds.

I left America at the end of September, and arrived home just



in time to take part in the general election, for I have taken to politics in my old age as chairman of the Conservative and Unionist Association of the Rugby Division of Warwickshire. I am thankful to say that, like the vast majority of constituencies, we were able to turn out the sitting member, and to elect a Conservative with a majority over the Liberals and Labour candidates combined.

These last words of my reminiscences I am writing at Cannes, where I am acting as manager of the Polo Club. It is just thirty-eight years since I played in my first game at Lucknow, and I am thankful to have been able to play in the opening match of the season on January 15, 1925.

In the course of a long career I have been so fortunate as to have taken part in more sporting events than fall to the lot of most, but what I take the greatest pleasure in looking back upon is that my career has been such that I have had the opportunity of making a host of friends among the best sportsmen of my time in every rank of society.

I've lived my life, I've nearly done,  
I've played the game all round,  
But the best of my fun, I freely confess,  
I owe it to Horse and Hound.  
—*Whyte Melville.*

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